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Very truly yours,  
C. L. Wood



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ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1853, BY

SAMUEL HUESTON,

CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE  
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK



# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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JANUARY, 1858.

No. 1.

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## The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF  
THE FUDGE FAMILY.

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RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

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CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

WITH NOT MUCH IN IT.

'THE heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters. It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner,  
yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.' Hooo.

It is strange that a man living so comfortably as Mr. BODGERS should not have been satisfied. Why, pray, does he not take the world easy? And you, my dear Sir, or Madam, turned of forty, with enough of money and no family; with a house and old silver; with a horse and gig, and, may be, a good pew in the church; why on earth are you not satisfied?

What business have you to be troubled about your cook, or your carpenter, or your broker, or your life past, or your life to come? Haven't you got it all nearly in your own way? Are you not, like an old fool, quarrelling with yourself all the while, simply because you haven't any little family about you to tease you, and worry you, and so give you some sensible reason for being annoyed?

Well, Mr. BODGERS was fidgety. The fire vexed him: it wouldn't burn as he wished. The sunshine vexed him: it was so warm, and so grateful, and so cheap, and none but he in the great parlor. His coat vexed him; and the people of the town vexed him: most of all, it vexed him to see his next-door neighbor (who was only a carpenter) fondling his little daughter. What business has a man to be enjoying himself in this way, and to be eternally taunting us with our condition? And Mr. BODGERS took snuff for relief.

And having taken snuff, he thinks of his Will, and of KERRY: and glancing out of the window again, he thinks he will go to town and see how little KIR is getting on.



being in town, and learning that cousin PHOEBE was to give a party to which the Miss FUDGES, with KITTY, had been invited, (at a very early hour,) he insists in his usual way that KIT should go and have a look of the world. Partly, no doubt, he was anxious to tease the old lady by his presence, and partly to enjoy the admiration he felt sure would belong to his little country-friend.

'Fig for dress!' said Mr. BODGERS. And so, (although between the objections of JEMIMA and BRIDGET, about the purple dress and the pink and the salmon-color with gimp trimmings, KITTY came near having no chance to dress at all,) it was arranged that our little country-girl should wear a simple white muslin. And very prettily she looked so prettily that the spinster cousins insisted upon half a dozen compliments each, much to the admiration of the fond old Mr. BODGERS; and vexation too.

Even the coral necklace, the only ornament she wore, rather added to the effect of KITTY's complexion; it was certainly the most charming ever seen. Mrs. BRIGHT, who had no daughters, and was a brunette, made the same remark. 'Perfectly irresistible,' said I — 'for a young lady.'

BRIGHT bowed, and begged me to join her party for the ninth. (FUDGE's ball was on the sixth of the month.)

KITTY enjoyed it all very much, as a sensible young lady from the country on her first visit ought to do. For she was made of flesh and blood like the rest of us, and admired the brilliant dresses, and the music, and the dancing; and in short, was quite intoxicated with it all.

'Who is she?' said a great many, looking through their quizzing-glasses. And KITTY, whose ears were sharp, heard them say it; and her cheek, which was not altogether a flint one, bounded under the little white cap in a way that sent the blood, in a very lively manner, over her face.

'How pretty!' said other ladies, (old ladies mostly;) and KITTY blushed at that too, and received it, as young ladies always do, in a most courteous and grateful manner. For she was no saint. I do not think a saint could make a sensation in our world, or be greatly admired in New-York. I should not like to marry a saint. I am sure that she would be one very uncomfortable.

Strange as it may seem, KITTY enjoyed the attentions of such elegant gentlemen as Mr. QUID and Mr. SPINDLE; so unlike as they were to the monotonous chamber-talks of her spinster cousins. And it belonged to them such piquancy of chat, and such admiring humors, (bless her guileless innocence!) and such good-tempered, sportive sallies about this old lady's head-dress, and that one's blue and yellow brocade!

And in an evening, or in a month, does the healthful and exuberant young girl's mind attune itself to the artifice of the town, and the affected kindnesses which cloak so much that is vain, and be not worse than vain.

Uncle TRUMAN, with his slung arm, wandering here and there, giving smiles, that reddened more and more the rich cheeks of SOLOMON, kept his eye ever upon the flitting figure in white.

and upon the coral necklace. Indeed, I suspect it was only to watch that little figure that he had found his way up to town; and I more than suspect that all the home vexations which so preyed on him, would have found very great relief if he could only have wandered, as in past years he was used to wander, into Mrs. FLEMING's cottage, and be greeted with one of KITTY's kisses.

Where our benefits and favors go, we like to go ourselves: and having lavished more than he ever lavished elsewhere upon KITTY FLEMING, it was natural enough that he should love to watch her. But in the face of young Mr. QUID, there was something that greatly disturbed Mr. BODGERS; and only the more because KITTY seemed ever so intent upon what he whispered in her ear. It was strange enough that the old man should be so jealous of a boy, and of a boy he must have seen and despised; yet a boy, after all, who when he has Mr. BODGERS' years, and his gravity, will not look unlike our Uncle TRUMAN himself.

How can it be?

And when, after it is over, Mr. BODGERS, with KITTY leaning on his arm, strolls to her home, without any mention of a name, (but with very much thought of the sleek-looking boy,) he cautions her, in an old man's way, against the vanities and the pretensions of which the world is full.

And she, all tremulous with the excitement which such an evening will strew over the fancies of seventeen, listens kindly — how kindly! and smiles, and blushes to the moon, and feels her heart made twin with the love of the pleasantness gone by, and with grateful yearnings toward the old man (alas, that he is so old!) who watches over her, and guards her!

And Mr. BODGERS, listening to the trip of those young feet, as they twinkle between the heavy tread of his own, and looking down — oftener than he thinks — upon the little hand that clings so confidently to his strong arm, provokes her gay prattle, and drinks it in, and admires, and smiles, and advises, with most curious and perplexed attention.

'Never mind wealth, or beautiful things, KITTY.'

'Not mind them, Uncle TRUMAN?'

'You shall have enough of them, Krr. I will see to that.'

And the little hand closes over the stout arm — so kindly!

'Dresses, and jewels, and whatever you like, KITTY, if — only —'

'Well, Uncle TRUMAN — ?'

'— If only — (he cannot say it) — if only — you will be always the same true-thoughted girl, and not have your heart turned topsy-turvy by these tricky, good-for-nothing fellows.'

'Oh no,' says KITTY, wondering what he means all the while.

And when they are at the door, he says, with his hand in hers, (which he hurts without meaning it,) 'Remember, KITTY!'

And she says, 'Yes, Uucle TRUMAN.'

'I told you you should have whatever you wished, if you will only take it.'

'You are so kind,' says she.

'Good night, Krr: one kiss.'

And he takes it. 'Yes, she *shall*,' says he to himself, 'every thing, *every thing*!'

It is a starry and a moon-light night, and the old gentleman walks



away, summing up the bounties and the luxuries he could and he will bestow upon her. There is a luxury, after all, in wealth, when we can give. But alas for us! it is almost always given too late.

BRIDGET is waiting to receive KITTY, who in the first burst of her excitement tells of all the kindness of Mr. BODGERS. (If he could only have heard her!)

‘What a dear, good, awkward old gentleman,’ says BRIDGET. (If he could only have heard her!)

Afterward, upon a very restless pillow, KITTY runs over the scenes of the evening, and wonders (as young girls do wonder) if Mr. QUID, and the rest, were altogether so earnest as they seemed? And wonders if she herself is altogether so charming as they would make her believe? And wonders if this or that one, such elegant young fellows, will come to call upon her, as they have more than hinted? And wonders if she could love any one of them truly, as she only means to love? And wonders what Mr. BODGERS could mean by promising her ‘every thing,’ in such a gentle manner? And then she blushes at the wonder, and says, ‘Oh no, absurd!’ and composes herself for the night’s rest.

But even now, her thought runs swiftly to the old village, the evening’s excitement deepening her affection only because the blood is flowing faster and freer, (which she does not know;) and murmuring blessings upon that country home, and upon her mother, and all, she drops to sleep with a smile; a smile that (if one could see it) is all the prettier, because it is lighted with a tear.

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CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

CONTAINING A GREAT DEAL

— ‘The scene begins to cloud.’

LOVE’S LABOR’S LOST.

NEXT morning Mr. BODGERS sent to KITTY a pearl necklace, and very rich it was; far prettier than one that WILHELMINA had worn the night before.

‘Cousin PHOEBE, with all her airs, sha’n’t turn up her nose at little KITTY,’ said the old gentleman; and with that he took an amiable pinch of snuff, and blew his nose quite loudly, and walked off in a grand way.

It vexed him not a little to think of young QUID. To be sure, he knew nothing bad of him except his look, and his parentage. Squir BODGERS was not the man to treat complacently such a person as QUID senior. To pay one’s debts was a part of what he counted good character; and he professed no sort of regard for a man who robbed legs and paid his dues with what he wickedly called, a ‘damnable civil.’ He always felt a strong disposition to cane the sleek-looking Mr. QUID whenever he caught sight of him picking his steps through the street with his gold-headed cane, and forestalling sneers with the most profound obsequiousness.

If he had only suspected — what I must confess I had suspected long time — that QUID’s late wife, and the mother of the dashing fellow who showed such annoying attentions the evening before, was a blood relation of himself, (although a woman of uncertain character)

I think his disposition to cane the widower would have been much stronger than it was.

It is certain he would not have left his Will so long unsigned in the pigeon-hole of his desk.

However, Mr. BODGERS returned to Newtown, quarrelled (amiably) with the foreman of his tan-works, scolded his house-keeper, and indulged in a hundred of those bachelor vexations which are so natural to men of his age and condition; and finally, one bright morning, (it was spring weather,) stepped round to Mr. BIVINS' office to execute his Will.

Mr. BIVINS was out; but HARRY FLINT, who had not yet arranged the leave-taking, at which I have hinted — and who, I am bound to say, had grown somewhat sallow and melancholy — occupied the office.

Squire BODGERS, who always went straight to his mark, and entertained (honest man that he was) a considerable contempt for legal talk and forms, wished to sign a paper. Mr. FLINT was as good a witness as Mr. BIVINS: and although two might have been better than one, one was better than none.

'Give us a pen, HARRY,' said the Squire.

And the pen was brought; and the Squire, with a very tremulous hand, (for his arm was still lame,) wrote 'TRUMAN BODGERS.'

'Witness it, HARRY.'

And HARRY witnessed it without a word; for he thought of the marriage settlements, and wished (almost) that the excellent Mr. TRUMAN was in the other world. And he noticed with his lawyer's eye that the Squire's lame arm had executed a signature without his usual flourish.

'Give us your hand, HARRY,' said the Squire. 'They tell me you are off?'

'Off to-morrow, Sir,' said HARRY, 'for California.'

'God bless me! so far?' said the Squire. 'Well, be honest; stick to work; you're young, HARRY, very young.'

And I think Mr. BODGERS sighed, as he marched home.

Three days after, he set off for town. His village was three or four miles from the river, and he drove down leisurely, taking little notice of a road which he passed over so often, and which he would probably pass over a great many times again. The people who lived there, his neighbors, bade him good morning, and said to themselves carelessly, 'So the Squire is going to town.'

And the widow FLEMING saw him, and called after him to 'give her love to KITTY.'

'That I will,' said the Squire, and chuckled, when he thought that he would give his own too.

'I wish I was a trifle younger,' says Mr. BODGERS to himself.

'Young enough,' says Duty, silently, (as Duty always talks when she talks loudest,) 'young enough to do good.'

And Mr. BODGERS could not say nay, so he whipped on, and at the landing he took the fast boat. It is a sad American cure for neglected duty, or for lagging charity, to get over the ground, or the water, fast. When we feel the spur of conscience, we stick the spur in our horse, and the glow of haste we take for the flush of fulfilment. In our hurry and scurry, the nerves grow dead: when the inner monitor asks what victo-

ries we have won, we point only to the wide space we have gone over. But there is coming a time to us all, when the distance that a life has made good will be measured, not by miles or by hundreds of them, but by the worthiness of deeds.

‘Fudge!’ you say. And the word brings me back to my story.

Mr. BODGERS took the Eclipse, being a faster boat than the Rapid. Yet the Rapid had made good time that day, and the boats were nearly abreast at the dock.

‘We shall beat her twenty minutes into New-York,’ said the captain, looking at his watch; and he went below to the fire-room.

And Mr. BODGERS, although a cautious man, (we are all cautious in our way,) regarded the race with considerable interest. It was hinted, indeed, by some timid people, that there might be danger, and that it was ‘an abominable risk;’ but no body, save some few nervous ladies, were disturbed by such a hint as that. Once, indeed, there was a slight crash, which created some uneasiness; but it proved to be only the result of a playful manœuvre on the part of the pilot, who had dexterously run the bow of the Eclipse into the guards of the other boat, crushing a few timbers, and exciting quite a laugh among the loungers on the forward deck.

Mr. BODGERS thought such management improper, and said as much to Mr. BLIMMER; whom he accidentally found on board, and whom he had occasionally met at the house of the widow FUDGE. Mr. BLIMMER, however, smiled sagaciously; and remarked in his usual voluble tones, that ‘we are a go-ahead people, a great people, Mr. BODGERS: boating, rail-roading, telegraphing, towns springing up in a day; wonderful people, Sir. We shall be in town, Sir, by five; think of that, Sir! Eighteen miles in the hour, Sir, against tide!’

Mr. BLIMMER had found it for his interest to take stock in the Eclipse, as proprietor of Blimmersville. His card, with a diagram of the place, was hanging in the captain’s office. The clerk was instructed to ask strangers if they had visited the pretty town of Blimmersville; and the steward had entered upon his bill of fare, ‘Blimmersville pudding.’ It was a dear pudding.

Mr. BLIMMER assured Mr. BODGERS that there were a ‘few remaining lots at Blimmersville, which offered a capital chance for speculation; highly eligible lots, purposely reserved for men of standing and influence.’

‘Lots which sold at five dollars the foot, are now selling, Squire, at fifteen. We have a capital grocer in the place, and (what is rare) an honest one. There are but a very few inferior or unhealthy locations, as the physician assures us, upon the property. These we have kept in reserve for public uses, either a parsonage, or infant school, or something of that kind.’

Mr. BODGERS took snuff—a strong pinch.

Mr. BLIMMER drew out his chart. He designated the favorable ‘locations.’ ‘This was for the church—Gothic, with four spires, one at each corner, bell in the tower; arrangements nearly matured with a city clergyman, a man of genteel connections, and well calculated to give spectability to the village.’

The Eclipse gained upon the Rapid, much to the satisfaction of



company upon the forward deck, who gave vent to their satisfaction by a subdued cheer.

Mr. BLIMMER proceeded with his details, to the evident annoyance of Mr. BODGERS. 'What do you think of the matter, Squire?' says Mr. BLIMMER, confidently.

'I think, BLIMMER, that it's an infernal humbugging business, from the parsonage down, and I'll have nothing to do with the matter.' And he tapped his snuff-box vigorously.

I think Mr. BLIMMER would have resented this, in his voluble way, if some timid ladies, frightened by the increased speed and heat, and the unusual creaking of the boat, had not implored the gentlemen to intercede with the captain.

'Pho, pho!' said Mr. BLIMMER; 'staunch boat; good captain; all right.'

Mr. BODGERS, however, to whom it seemed that the press of steam was unusual, walked forward to drop a word to the engineer.

'We know what we are about, old fellow,' said the engineer.

Presently—it could hardly have been ten minutes later—they said some body cried out that the boat was on fire. And to be sure, a little black smoke was coming out from the door of the fire-room.

'Pho, pho!' said Mr. BLIMMER, folding up his chart, 'it's nothing at all.'

But soon there was blaze, as well as smoke; and a few of the people rushed forward, very fortunately, as it proved. But the greater part were calling out for the captain, or trying to calm the women, who were now screaming with fright. No body, however, seemed to know where the captain was; even Mr. BLIMMER thought it 'quite extraordinary,' and said '*they* would run her ashore directly.'

Still the boat headed down the river, the Rapid being now far behind; the pilot and engineers probably not being greatly incommoded by the flames, which now swept through the pass-ways on either side of the engine.

Mr. BODGERS, not losing his coolness as yet, took BLIMMER by the arm, (and it shows how common danger levels all anger and strife,) 'BLIMMER,' said he, 'this may be a bad business; I accuse no body, though the captain ought to be hung, if a soul dies. I have got a valuable paper in my pocket; I shall hand it to you; if I get to shore, I can renew it; if not, (and the old gentleman did not tremble,) it will be safe with you.' And he handed him his will.

BLIMMER put it in his coat-pocket.

By this time—for the time counted by minutes now, and the alarm was general—the ladies were well nigh in a state of frenzy, and the boat was headed to the shore. Even BLIMMER was in a state of nervous inquietude. The flames crackled and roared loudly; and there were hoarse orders screamed out now and then from beyond the smoke; but no body seemed to know who gave them, or what they were. Indeed the cries of the women were so loud in the after-part of the vessel, that it was impossible almost to distinguish any words at all.

A few persons in the inner cabin were praying for God to save them. Very likely, they were those who never asked Him for any thing before.

One or two men, driven by frenzy no doubt, had thrown themselves overboard, from the forward deck; and came drifting by swiftly; and floated far off behind, where the sun seemed to lie very warmly on the water; but except they were good swimmers, which, saving one, they were not, they went down.

A poor little fellow of ten years old, or thereabout, came to Mr. BODGERS, and took his arm beseechingly. 'Will you save me, Sir?' said he, 'for my father is not here.'

'God save you, my boy!' said Mr. Bodgers; 'for no one else can.'

At this, the boy cried; and Mr. BODGERS led him aft, and lashed him as well as he could, for his lame arm, (the boy remembers him well,) to a settee, and dropped him overboard; and he was picked up by a boat half an hour after.

While this was passing, the boat was gaining the land, though the flames were spreading; and soon, just as the people were rushing up the stairway upon the hurricane-deck, the boat drove upon the shore. The shock threw many off their feet, and into the water.

Those who were upon the forward-deck, the captain and pilot and engineers among them, (who had taken great care to be in a safe place,) jumped ashore.

But for those in the after-part of the vessel, the danger was not yet over. The stern was swinging out two hundred feet or more from the land, and the water had good depth—some twenty feet, or perhaps more than that. A little strip of the upper-deck still remained good, though those who passed over it were compelled to pass through a wall of smoke and flame. A few adventurous ones, Mr. BLIMMER among them, passed over, and threw themselves from the bow upon the shore, or at the worst, into very shallow water.

The women with their light dresses could never venture upon that crossing through the flame. Indeed, the deck, which was but fragile, was even now yielding, and swaying to the flames below. Mr. BODGERS went forward, to cross; but had the failing bridge yielded with him, lame as he was, it would have brought an awful death. And even while he hesitated, what remained of the upper deck about the engine fell with a crash; and the blinding smoke and cinders drove him back to the extreme after part of the vessel.

The scene was very terrible around him. Some few upon the shore who had struggled through the water, were shivering with cold, and beckoning to those on board which way they had best go. And one or two noble fellows (among them a man who was honored before, and was doubly honored now\*) were struggling to save the helpless females, who, driven by the flames, dropped themselves into the river.

And those who had thrown themselves overboard were content not only with the waves, but fiercely struggling with each other as beasts. For fear had maddened them.

Mr. BODGERS turned his eyes from this. But there was no escape from the sight of Death: and one time or other, it will be the same for all. Death was every where around him, crying to him—gur

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\* Mr. DOWNING.

his ears—staring at him with fixed eyes—clutching him with cold fingers—dragging him under!

There was indeed one more chance left. If he could work his way around by that narrow edge of the guard, which projects about a hand's breadth from the wheel-house, he might yet save himself. For the flames had not fairly broken through the outer covering of the wheel; or at most, only burst here and there through the cracks of the wood. Now and then, it is true, the wind drove the flame and smoke over the wheel, so that they reached the water; but as it was the only chance, the old gentleman (praying, I doubt not, silently) ventured upon this narrow foot-way.

Mr. BLIMMER, who had escaped, and retired for a while to the hill above the river, lest the boiler might explode, had come back now to the shore; and espying Mr. BODGERS, shouted to him, very charitably, to come on, and gain the forward guards, and so leap to the land, as he had done.

The old gentleman had but one arm with which to cling, and the path was narrow; beside, the flames, as I said, were shooting through the cracks of the wood, and becoming stronger every moment. But he went on bravely, his feet taking hold strongly of the little rib of timber, until he had half gone by the wheel; but here, unfortunately, a sudden whiff of the wind brought over from the other side a great cloud of smoke and flame, which burned his hair and his hands; and presently, so suffocated him, that he could keep his hold no longer; and he dropped heavily into the river.

Even now, there was a chance for him; for the land was only a hundred feet away, and he had been a strong swimmer in his time. But the weak arm crippled his strength; and one or two who were struggling in the water laid hold of him. A sloop's boat, which a noble fellow from the shore (I think he was a coachman) had manned, was going toward him, as he came up; and as he saw it coming, he struggled fiercely to shake off those who were holding upon him.

But before the boat came, his strength gave out; and with two persons clinging fast to him, in the sight of at least a hundred lookers-on, and under the warm spring sun, (it was mid-afternoon of April,) he went down—for ever!

'Pity!' said Mr. BLIMMER.

As the evening wore on, and all the strugglers upon the wreck had fallen off, or were burned, they commenced dragging up the bodies from the river. Among others, they drew up the body of Mr. BODGERS, looking very ghastly, as the bodies of the drowned do always. No more fever, or vexation, or trouble of any sort, for the Squire! It was over.

(As for Mr. BLIMMER, at ten o'clock—later by five hours than he had reckoned—he was in town; looking out for the interests of the owners, with the will of Mr. BODGERS in his pocket.)

And finally deep night fell; while the smoking embers threw a glare along the shore, and lighted the faces of the drowned ones, lying high upon the beach. And the engine, upon the rail-way track near by, passed to and fro the live-long night; shrieking as it came near to the scene of the wreck; and bringing mourners.



the moon stole up softly into the sky overhead ; and the waves  
fell with the changing tide, murmuring pleasantly, as they  
did. But there were none to note these things ; for Death, in  
company with the owners and the captain of the boat, had wrought a  
work there !

Americans live fast. It is all over now—the sorrow, and the

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THE DEATH OF YOUNG HOPE.

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BY JANET HALE.

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Hopes of our younger days, that did so lovingly hold to their life ; till ye cold wind  
snatched it away, and laid them still, for us to look on and say, ' My poor dear

SHE who went forth from us, a joyous child,  
Her bright locks filleted with roses wild,  
Smiles on her lips, and in her lifted eyes  
The fair, reflected light of morning skies,  
Came back no more : we found her long ago,  
Faint unto death with wandering to and fro,  
On the bleak hill-side, 'mid the fallen leaves,  
Where months before the reaper bound his sheaves ;  
The cold, damp earth had chilled her weary feet,  
The life-tide in its pulses scarcely beat ;  
Nor could the lily-lids that drooped so weak  
Lift up their lashes from her pallid cheek.  
Yet, when we spoke, though life was ebbing fast,  
The wan lips smiled, still loving to the last.

A milder blast amid the tree-tops sighed,  
And shuddering faintly, thus the child Hope died.

'T WAS early spring-time when she wandered forth  
To seek for blossoms o'er the budding earth ;  
And weaving of her treasures garlands gay,  
As still the frail things faded in a day,  
She flung them by, to seek for fairer flowers,  
Whose leaves should glitter all the summer hours,  
Imperishably bright. And tireless still,  
Day after day she roamed o'er vale and hill,  
Bringing fresh buds from green-sward and from grove  
To form new wreaths, that withered as she wove.  
Thus lapsed the spring-time ; and the summer's close  
Found her still seeking for the fadeless rose ;  
With paler cheek and slightly drooping frame,  
Yet, in her child-like innocence and trust, the same.  
And then the autumn came with wilder mood,  
But still she wandered through the changing wood ;  
The skies were clouded, and the bitter storm  
Swept in its fierceness o'er her slender form :

The withered leaves fell round her thick and fast,  
But still she struggled with the mountain blast;  
Until, within a sheltered dell, she found  
The last fall-blossoms waving o'er the ground:  
She stooped and plucked them, but her trembling hands  
No longer wove them into gleaming bands;  
And drooping earthward, like a blighted flower,  
Thus did we find her at the sunset hour.

Oh! it was pitiful to see her there,  
So strangely silent, with her sunny hair,  
Whose long, loose locks swept down, a golden veil,  
Around the face so innocent and pale;  
The slender hands, like gathered lily-bells,  
Folded above the young heart's pulseless cells,  
And clasped within the thin white fingers still  
The fading blossoms, gathered on the hill.  
Yet, as in triumph over death, the while,  
Around the parted lips the last sweet smile  
Lingered so life-like, that, despite our fears,  
Half doubtingly we stayed the gushing tears;  
With trembling fingers touched the folded hands,  
To seek the pulses, where life's silver sands,  
Though e'er so faintly, through their channels crept,  
And called her gently, as we thought she slept:  
The lifeless hand dropped heavy from our own,  
The lips we loved returned no answering tone,  
And night came down, like shadow of the tomb,  
No star-light beauty breaking through its gloom.

Time, in its ceaseless flight, has measured years,  
Since thus, alone, in silence and in tears,  
We gave the darling we had loved so well  
In the cold mystery of death to dwell.  
And other Hopes have risen in her place,  
Some to attain their full, perfected grace;  
While some have perished like the wayside flower,  
Blooming in beauty — fading in an hour.  
But none, to us, so pure and lovely seems,  
As she who smiled upon our morning dreams;  
Of all who moved amid that treasured throng,  
None have we loved so dearly, mourned so long:  
And now, when evening shadows softly fall,  
And fire-light fancies flicker on the wall;  
As day's receding foot-steps fainter sound,  
And night and silence weave enchantments round,  
Amid the spirit-presence gathering fast,  
(The loved or dreaded of the silent past,)  
With pleading eyes, beside those maskers wild,  
Comes back to us our gentle, dreaming child;  
Who in the budding of her timid life,  
Too pure and loving for this world of strife,  
From sin and care by Death's kind angel kept,  
Weary, at night-tide, laid her down and slept.

Softly we say, with lips from grieving shrived,  
'FATHER! we thank thee that she ever lived!'

## T H E G Y P S I E S O F A R T .

TRANSLATED FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER FROM HENRY MURGER'S 'SCÈNES DE LA BOHÈME.'

BY CARL BENSON

MURGER is an author of considerable celebrity in France, although little known to the Anglo-Saxon world. His works have gone through several editions, and also been dramatized with great success. The '*Scènes de la Bohème*,' to which he originally and principally owes his reputation, depicts very faithfully and effectively the precarious life of those literary and artistic vagabonds who, with nothing to support them but their wits, and the hope of becoming great poets, painters, journalists, etc., meanwhile exist from hand to mouth till their fortune takes a decisive turn one way or the other: either they work out for themselves a position and livelihood, or they break down altogether, and sink into utter misery and a premature grave.

C. A. S.

## I.

## H O W T H E C L U B W A S F O R M E D .

ONE morning—it was the eighth of April—ALEXANDER SCHAUNARD, who cultivated the two liberal arts of painting and music, was rudely awakened by the peal of a neighboring cock, who served him for alarum.

'By Jove!' exclaimed Schaunard, 'my feathered clock goes too fast: it cannot possibly be to-day yet!' So saying, he leaped precipitately out of a piece of furniture of his own ingenious contrivance, which, sustaining the part of bed by night, (sustaining it badly enough too,) did duty by day for all the rest of the furniture which was absent by reason of the severe cold for which the past winter had been noted.

To protect himself against the biting north-wind, Schaunard slipped on in haste a pink satin petticoat with spangled stars, which served him for dressing-gown. This gay garment had been left at the artist's lodging, one masked-ball night, by a *Folie*, who was fool enough to let herself be entrapped by the deceitful promises of Schaunard when, disguised as a Marquis, he rattled in his pocket a seducingly sonorous dozen of crowns—theatrical money punched out of a lead plate and borrowed of a property-man. Having thus made his home-toilette, the artist proceeded to open his blind and window. A solar ray, like an arrow of light, flashed suddenly into the room, and compelled him to open his eyes that were still veiled by the mists of sleep. At the same moment the clock of a neighboring church struck five.

'It is the Morn herself!' muttered Schaunard; 'astonishing, but'—and he consulted an almanac nailed to the wall—'not the less a mistake. The results of science affirm that at this season of the year the sun ought not to rise till half-past five: it is only five o'clock, and there he is! A culpable excess of zeal! The luminary is wrong; I shall have to make a complaint to the longitude-office. However, I must begin to be a little anxious. To-day is the day after yesterday, certainly; and since yesterday was the seventh, unless old Saturn goes backward, it must be the eighth of April to-day. And if I may believe this paper,' continued Schaunard, going to read a sheriff's notice-to-quit posted on the wall,

‘to-day, therefore, at twelve precisely, I ought to have evacuated the premises, and paid into the hands of my landlord, Mr. Bernard, the sum of seventy-five francs for three quarters’ rent due, which he demands of me in very bad hand-writing. I had hoped—as I always do—that PROVIDENCE would take the responsibility of discharging this debt, but it seems it hasn’t had time. Well, I have six hours before me yet. By making good use of them, perhaps—to work! to work!’ He was preparing to put on an over-coat, originally of a long-haired, woolly fabric, but now completely bald from age, when suddenly, as if bitten by a tarantula, he began to execute around the room a polka of his own composition, which had often at the public balls caused him to be honored with the particular attention of the police.

‘By Jove!’ he exclaimed, ‘it is surprising how the morning air gives one ideas! It strikes me that I am on the scent of my air. Let’s see.’ And, half-dressed as he was, Schaunard seated himself at his piano. After having waked the sleeping instrument by a terrific hurly-burly of notes, he began, talking to himself all the while, to hunt over the keys for the tune he had long been seeking.

‘*Do, sol, mi, do, la, si, do, re.* Bah! it’s as false as Judas, that *re!*’ and he struck violently on the doubtful note. ‘We must represent adroitly the grief of a young person picking to pieces a white daisy over a blue lake. *There’s* an idea that’s not in its infancy! However, since it is the fashion, and you couldn’t find an editor who would dare to publish a ballad without a blue lake in it, we must go with the fashion. *Do, sol, mi, do, la, si, do, re!* That’s not so bad; it gives a fair idea of a daisy, especially to people well up in botany. *La, si, do, re.* Confound that *re!* Now to make the blue lake intelligible. We should have something moist, azure, moonlight—for the moon comes in too; here it is; don’t let’s forget the swan: *fa, mi, la, sol,*’ he continued, rattling over the keys. ‘Lastly, the adieu of the young girl, who determines to throw herself into the blue lake, to rejoin her beloved who is buried under the snow. The catastrophe is not very perspicuous, but decidedly interesting. We must have something tender, melancholy. It’s coming, it’s coming! Here are a dozen bars crying like Magdalens, enough to split one’s heart—Brr, brr!’ and Schaunard shivered in his spangled petticoat, ‘if it could only split one’s wood! There’s a beam in my alcove which bothers me a good deal when I have company at dinner. I should like to make a fire with it—*la, la, re, mi*—for I feel my inspiration coming to me through the medium of a cold in the head. So much the worse, but it can’t be helped. Let us continue to drown our young girl;’ and while his fingers assailed the trembling keys, Schaunard, with sparkling eyes and straining ears, gave chase to the melody which, like an impalpable sylph, hovered amid the sonorous mist which the vibrations of the instrument seemed to let loose in the room.

‘Now let us see,’ he continued, ‘how my music will fit into my poet’s words;’ and he hummed, in a voice the reverse of agreeable, this fragment of verse of the patent comic-opera sort:

‘THE fair and youthful maiden,  
As she flung her mantle by,  
Threw a glance with sorrow laden  
Up to the starry sky



And in the azure waters  
Of the silver-waved lake —

‘How is that?’ he exclaimed, in transports of just indignation; ‘the azure waters of a silver lake! I didn’t see that. This poet is an idiot. I’ll bet he never saw a lake, or silver either. A stupid ballad too, every way; the length of the lines cramps the music. For the future I shall compose my verses myself; and without waiting, since I feel in the humor, I shall manufacture some couplets to adapt my melody to.’ So saying, and taking his head between his hands, he assumed the grave attitude of a man who is having relations with the Muses. After a few minutes of this sacred intercourse, he had produced one of those strings of nonsense-verses which the *libretti*-makers call, not without reason, *monsters*, and which they improvise very readily as a ground-work for the composer’s inspiration. Only Schaunard’s were no nonsense-verses, but very good sense, expressing with sufficient clearness the inquietude awakened in his mind by the rude arrival of that date, the eighth of April.

Thus they ran:

‘EIGHT and eight make sixteen just,  
Put down six and carry one;  
My poor soul would be at rest  
Could I only find some one,  
Some honest poor relation,  
Who’d eight hundred francs advance,  
To pay each obligation,  
Whenever I’ve a chance.

C H O R U S .

‘And ere the clock on the last and fatal morning  
Should sound mid-day,  
To old BERNARD, like a man who needs no warning,  
To old BERNARD, like a man who needs no warning,  
To old BERNARD, like a man who needs no warning,  
My rent I’d pay!’

‘The deuce!’ exclaimed Schaunard, reading over his composition, ‘one some one — those rhymes are poor enough, but I have no time to make them richer. Now let us try how the notes will unite with the syllables.’ And in his peculiarly frightful nasal tone he recommenced the execution of his ballad. Satisfied with the result he had just obtained, Schaunard congratulated himself with an exultant grimace, which mounted over his nose like a circumflex accent whenever he had occasion to be pleased with himself. But this triumphant happiness was destined to have no long duration. Eleven o’clock resounded from the neighboring steeple. Every stroke diffused itself through the room in mocking sounds which seemed to say to the unlucky Schaunard, ‘Are you ready?’

The artist bounded on his chair. ‘The time flies like a bird!’ he exclaimed. ‘I have but three-quarters of an hour left to find my seventy-five francs and my new lodging. I shall never get them; that would be too much like magic. Let me see: I give myself five minutes to find how;’ and burying his head between his knees, he descended into the depths of reflection.

The five minutes elapsed, and Schaunard raised his head without having found any thing which resembled seventy-five francs.

‘Decidedly, I have but one way of getting out of this, which is simply to go away. It is fine weather, and my friend Mr. Chance may be walk-

ing in the sun. He must give me hospitality till I have found the means of squaring off with Mr. Bernard.'

Having stuffed into the cellar-like pockets of his over-coat all the articles they would hold, Schaunard tied up some linen in a handkerchief, and took an affectionate farewell of his home. While crossing the court, he was suddenly stopped by the porter, who seemed to be on the watch for him.

'Hollo! Mr. Schaunard,' cried he, blocking up the artist's way, 'don't you remember that this is the eighth of April?'

'EIGHT and eight make sixteen just,  
Put down six and carry one.'

hummed Schaunard. 'I don't remember any thing else.'

'You are a little behind-hand then with your moving,' said the porter; 'it is half-past eleven, and the new tenant to whom your room has been let may come any minute. You must make haste.'

'Let me pass, then,' replied Schaunard; 'I am going after a cart.'

'No doubt; but before moving there is a little formality to be gone through. I have orders not to let you take away a hair unless you pay the three quarters due. Are you ready?'

'Why, of course,' said Schaunard, making a step forward.

'Come into my lodge, then, and I will give you your receipt.'

'I shall take it when I come back.'

'But why not at once?' persisted the porter.

'I am going to the exchange-office. I have no change.'

'Ah, you are going to get change!' replied the other, not at all at his ease. 'Then I will take care of that little parcel under your arm, which might be in your way.'

'Mr. Porter,' exclaimed the artist, with a dignified air, 'you mistrust me, perhaps! Do you think I am carrying away my furniture in a handkerchief?'

'Excuse me,' answered the porter, dropping his tone a little, 'but such are my orders. Mr. Bernard has expressly charged me not to let you take away a hair before you have paid.'

'But look, will you?' said Schaunard, opening his bundle; 'these are not hairs, they are shirts, and I am taking them to my washer-woman, who lives along-side the office, twenty steps off.'

'That alters the case,' said the porter, after he had examined the contents of the bundle. 'Would it be impolite, Mr. Schaunard, to inquire your new address?'

'*Rue de Rivoli!*' replied the artist; and having once got outside the gate, he made off as fast as possible.

'*Rue de Rivoli!*' muttered the porter, scratching his nose; 'it's very odd they should have let him lodgings in the *Rue Rivoli*, and never even come here to ask about him. Very odd, that. At any rate, he can't carry off his furniture without paying. If only the new tenant don't come moving in just as Mr. Schaunard is moving out! That would make a nice mess! Well, sure enough,' he exclaimed, suddenly putting his head out of his little window, 'here he comes, the new tenant!'

In fact, a young man in a white hat, followed by a porter who did not

seem over-burthened by the weight of his load, had just entered the court. 'Is my room ready?' he demanded of the house-porter, who had stepped out to meet him.

'Not yet, Sir, but it will be in a moment. The person who occupies it has gone after a cart for his things. Meanwhile, Sir, you may put your furniture in the court.'

'I am afraid it's going to rain,' replied the young man, chewing a bouquet of violets which he held in his mouth. 'My furniture might be spoiled. My friend,' turning to the man who was behind him, carrying on a truck something which the porter could not exactly make out, 'put that down, and go back to my old lodging to fetch the remaining valuables.'

The man ranged along the wall several frames six or seven feet high, folded together, and apparently capable of being extended.

'Look here,' said the new-comer to his follower, half opening one of the screens and showing him a rent in the canvas, 'what an accident! You have cracked my grand Venice glass. Take more care on your second trip, especially with my library.'

'What does he mean by his Venice glass?' muttered the porter, walking up and down with an uneasy air before the frames ranged against the wall. 'I don't see any glass. Some joke, no doubt. I only see a screen. We shall see, at any rate, what he will bring next trip.'

'Is your tenant not going to make room for me soon?' inquired the young man; 'it is half-past twelve, and I want to move in.'

'He won't wait much longer,' answered the porter; 'but there is no harm done yet, since your furniture has not come,' added he, with a stress on the concluding words.

As the young man was about to reply, a sentinel of dragoons entered the court.

'Is this Mr. Bernard's?' he asked, drawing a letter from a huge leather port-folio which swung at his side.

'He lives here,' replied the porter.

'Here is a letter for him,' said the dragoon; 'give me a receipt;' and he handed to the porter a bulletin of dispatches, which the latter entered his lodge to sign.

'Excuse me for leaving you alone,' said he to the young man who was stalking impatiently about the court, 'but this is a letter from the Minister to my landlord, and I am going to take it up to him.'

Mr. Bernard was just beginning to shave when the porter knocked at his door.

'What do you want, Durand?'

'Sir,' replied the other, lifting his cap, 'a soldier has just brought this for you. It comes from the Ministry.' And he handed to Mr. Bernard the letter, the envelope of which bore the stamp of the War Department.

'Heavens!' exclaimed Mr. Bernard, in such agitation that he all but cut himself. 'From the Minister of War! I am sure it is my nomination as Knight of the Legion of Honor, which I have so long solicited. At last they have done justice to my good conduct. Here, Durand,' said he, fumbling in his waistcoat-pocket, 'here are five francs to drink my

health. Stay! I haven't my purse about me. Wait, and I will give you the money in a moment.'

The porter was so overcome by this stunning fit of generosity, which was not at all in accordance with his landlord's ordinary habits, that he absolutely put on his cap again.

But Mr. Bernard, who at any other time would have severely reprimanded this infraction of the laws of social hierarchy, appeared not to notice it. He put on his spectacles, broke the seal with the respectful anxiety of a vizier receiving a sultan's firman, and began to read the dispatch. At the first line a frightful grimace ploughed his fat, monk-like cheeks with crimson furrows, and his little eyes flashed sparks that seemed ready to set fire to his bushy wig. In fact, all his features were so turned upside-down that you would have said his countenance had just suffered a shock of *face-quake*.

For these were the contents of the letter bearing the ministerial stamp, brought by a dragoon-express, and for which Durand had given the government a receipt:

'FRIEND LANDLORD: Politeness — who, according to ancient mythology, is the grandmother of good manners — compels me to inform you that I am under the cruel necessity of not conforming to the prevalent custom of paying rent — prevalent especially when the rent is due. Up to this morning I had cherished the hope of being able to celebrate this fair day by the payment of my three quarters. Vain chimera, bitter illusion! While I was slumbering on the pillow of confidence, ill-luck — what the Greeks call *ananké* — was scattering my hopes. The returns on which I counted — times are so bad! — have failed, and of the considerable sums which I was to receive I have only realized three francs, which were lent me, and I will not insult you by the offer of them. Better days will come for our dear country and for me. Doubt it not, Sir! When they come, I shall fly to inform you of their arrival, and to withdraw from your lodgings the precious objects which I leave there, putting them under your protection and that of the law, which hinders you from selling them before the end of the year, in case you should be disposed to try it for the purpose of recouping the sum for which you stand credited on the ledger of my honesty. I commend to your special care my piano, and also the large frame containing sixty locks of hair whose different colors run through the whole gamut of capillary shades: the scissors of love have stolen them from the forehead of the graces.

'Therefore, dear Sir, and Landlord, you may dispose of the roof under which I have dwelt. I grant you full authority, and have hereto set my hand and seal.

ALEXANDER SCHAUNARD

On finishing this letter, (which the artist had written at the desk of a friend who was a clerk in the War Office,) Mr. Bernard indignantly crushed it in his hand, and as his glance fell on old Durand, who was waiting for the promised gratification, he roughly demanded what he was doing.

'Waiting, Sir.'

'For what?'

'For the present, on account of the good news,' stammered the porter.

'Get out, you scoundrel! Do you presume to speak to me with your cap on?'

'But, Sir —'

'Don't you answer me! Get out! No, stay there! We shall go up to the room of that scamp of an artist who has run off without paying.'

'What! Mr. Schaunard!' ejaculated the porter.

'Yes,' cried the landlord with increasing fury; 'and if he has carried away the smallest article, I send you off, *straight* off!'

'But it can't be,' murmured the poor porter; 'Mr. Schaunard has not run away. He has gone to get change to pay you, and order a cart for his furniture.'



‘A cart for his furniture!’ exclaimed the other; ‘run! I’m sure he has it here. He laid a trap to get you away from your lodge, fool that you are!’

‘Fool that I am! Heaven help me!’ cried the porter, all in a tremble before the thundering wrath of his superior, who hurried him down the stairs. When they arrived in the court, the porter was hailed by the young man in the white hat.

‘Come, now! am I not soon going to be put in possession of my lodging? Is this the eighth of April? Did I hire a room here and pay you the earnest-money to bind the bargain? Yes or no?’

‘Excuse me, Sir,’ interposed the landlord; ‘I am at your service. Durand, I will talk to the gentleman myself. Run up there! that scamp Schaunard has come back to pack up. If you find him, shut him up, and then come down again to run for the police.’

Old Durand vanished up the stair-case.

‘Excuse me, Sir,’ continued the landlord, with a bow to the young man now left alone with him; ‘to whom have I the honor of speaking?’

‘Your new tenant. I have hired a room in the sixth story of this house, and am beginning to be tired of waiting for my lodging to be vacant.’

‘I am very sorry indeed,’ replied Mr. Bernard; ‘there has been a little difficulty with one of my tenants, the one whom you are to replace.’

‘Sir!’ cried old Durand from a window at the very top of the house, ‘Mr. Schaunard is not here, but his room—stupid! I mean he has carried nothing away, not a hair, Sir!’

‘Very well; come down,’ replied the landlord. ‘Have a little patience, I beg of you,’ he continued to the young man. ‘My porter will bring down to the cellar the furniture in the room of my defaulting tenant, and you may take possession in half an hour. Beside, your furniture has not come yet.’

‘But it has,’ answered the young man, quietly.

Mr. Bernard looked around, and saw only the large screens which had already mystified his porter.

‘How is this?’ he muttered. ‘I don’t see any thing.’

‘Behold!’ replied the youth, unfolding the leaves of the frame, and displaying to the view of the astonished landlord a magnificent interior of a palace, with jasper columns, bas-reliefs, and paintings of old masters.

‘But your furniture?’ demanded Mr. Bernard.

‘Here it is,’ replied the young man, pointing to the splendid furniture painted in the palace, which he had bought at a sale of second-hand theatrical decorations.

‘I hope you have some more serious furniture than this,’ said the landlord. ‘You know I must have security for my rent.’

‘The deuce! is a palace not sufficient security for the rent of a garret?’

‘No, Sir; I want real chairs and tables in solid mahogany.’

‘Alas! neither gold nor mahogany makes us happy, as the ancient poet well says. And I can’t bear mahogany: it’s too common a wood; every body has it.’

‘But surely, Sir, you have some sort of furniture.’

‘No, it takes up too much room. You are stuck full of chairs, and have no place to sit down.’

‘But, at any rate, you have a bed. What do you sleep on?’

‘On a good conscience, Sir.’

‘Excuse me; one more question,’ said the landlord: ‘What is your profession?’

At this very moment the young man’s porter, returning on his second trip, entered the court. Among the articles with which his truck was loaded, an easel occupied a conspicuous position.

‘Sir! Sir!!’ shrieked old Durand, pointing out the easel to his landlord, ‘it’s a painter!’

‘I was sure he was an artist!’ exclaimed the landlord in his turn, the hair of his wig standing up in affright; ‘a painter!! And you never inquired after this person,’ he continued to his porter; ‘you didn’t know what he did!’

‘He gave me five francs *arnest*,’ answered the poor fellow; ‘how could I suspect ——’

‘When you have finished,’ put in the stranger ——

‘Sir,’ replied Mr. Bernard, mounting his spectacles with great decision, ‘since you have no furniture, you can’t come in. The law authorizes me to refuse a tenant who brings no security.’

‘And my word, then?’

‘Your word is not furniture; you must go some where else. Durand will give you back your earnest-money.’

‘Oh dear!’ exclaimed the porter, in consternation, ‘I’ve put it in the Savings’ Bank.’

‘But consider, Sir,’ objected the young man, ‘I can’t find another lodging in a moment! At least grant me hospitality for a day.’

‘Go to the hotel!’ replied Mr. Bernard. ‘By the way,’ added he, struck with a sudden idea, ‘if you like, I can let you a furnished room, the one you were to occupy, which has the furniture of my defaulting tenant in it. Only you know that when rooms are let this way, you pay in advance.’

‘Well,’ said the artist, finding he could do no better, ‘I should like to know what you are going to ask me for your hole.’

‘It is a very comfortable *lodging*, and the rent will be twenty-five francs a month, considering the circumstances, paid in advance.’

‘You have said that already; the expression does not deserve being repeated,’ said the young man, feeling in his pocket. ‘Have you change for five hundred francs?’

‘I beg your pardon,’ quoth the astonished landlord.

‘Five hundred, half a thousand: did you never see it before?’ continued the artist, shaking the bank-note in the faces of the landlord and porter, who fairly lost their balance at the sight.

‘You shall have it in a moment, Sir,’ said the now respectful owner of the house; ‘there will only be twenty francs to take out, for Durand will return your earnest-money.’

‘He may keep it,’ replied the artist, ‘on condition of coming every morning to tell me the day of the week and month, the quarter of the

spoken. 'They make some at Orleans which has deservedly a great reputation.'

Schaunard carefully examined this individual, who was thus fishing for a conversation with him. The fixed stare of his large blue eyes, which always seemed looking for something, gave his features that character of happy tranquillity which is common among theological students. His face had a uniform tint of old ivory, except his cheeks, which had a coat, as it were, of brick-dust. His mouth seemed to have been sketched by a student in the rudiments of drawing, whose elbow had been jogged while he was sketching it. His lips, which pouted almost like a negro's, disclosed teeth not unlike a stag-hound's; and his double-chin stayed itself upon a white cravat, one of whose points threatened the stars, while the other was ready to pierce the ground. A torrent of light hair escaped from under the enormous brim of his well-worn felt-hat. He wore a hazel-colored over-coat with a large cape, worn thread-bare and rough as a grater; from its yawning pockets peeped bundles of manuscripts and pamphlets. The enjoyment of his sour-croute, which he devoured with numerous and audible marks of approbation, rendered him heedless of the scrutiny to which he was subjected, but did not prevent him from continuing to read an old book open before him, in which he made marginal notes from time to time with a pencil which he carried behind his ear.

'Hullo!' cried Schaunard suddenly, making his glass ring with his knife, 'my stew!'

'Sir,' said the girl, running up plate in hand, 'there are none left; here is the last, and this gentleman has ordered it.' Therewith she deposited the dish before the man with the books.

'The Dickens!' cried Schaunard. There was such an air of melancholy disappointment in his ejaculation, that the possessor of the books was moved to the soul by it. He broke down the pile of old works which formed a barrier between him and Schaunard, and putting the dish in the centre of the table, said, in his sweetest tones:

'Might I be so bold as to beg you, Sir, to share this with me?'

'Sir,' replied the artist, 'I could not think of depriving you of it.'

'Then will you deprive me of the pleasure of being agreeable to you?'

'If you insist, Sir,' and Schaunard held out his plate.

'Permit me *not* to give you the head,' said the stranger.

'Really, Sir, I cannot allow you,' Schaunard began; but on taking back his plate he perceived that the other had given him the very piece which he said he would keep for himself.

'What is he playing off his politeness on me for?' he muttered to himself.

'If the head is the most noble part of man,' said the stranger, 'it is the least agreeable part of the rabbit. There are many persons who cannot bear it. I happen to like it very much, however.'

'If so,' said Schaunard, 'I regret exceedingly that you robbed yourself for me.'

'How? Excuse me,' quoth he of the books; 'I kept the head, as I had the honor to show you.'

‘Allow me,’ rejoined Schaunard, thrusting the plate under his nose; ‘what part do you call that?’

‘Good Heavens!’ cried the stranger, ‘what do I see? Another head! It is a bicephalous rabbit!’

‘Buy *what*?’ said Schaunard.

‘Cephalous—comes from the Greek. In fact, Buffon (who used to wear ruffles) cites some cases of this monstrosity. On the whole, I am not sorry to have eaten a phenomenon.’

Thanks to this incident, the conversation was definitely established. Schaunard, not willing to be behind-hand in courtesy, called for an extra quart. The hero of the books called for a third. Schaunard treated to salad; the other to dessert. At eight o’clock there were six empty bottles on the table. As they talked, their natural frankness, assisted by their libations, had urged them to interchange biographies, and they knew each other as well as if they had always lived together. He of the books, after hearing the confidential disclosures of Schaunard, had informed him that his name was Gustave Colline; he was a philosopher by profession, and got his living by giving lessons in rhetoric, mathematics, and several other *ics*. What little money he picked up by this profession was spent in buying books. His hazel-colored coat was known to all the stall-keepers on the quay from the *Concord* bridge to the *St. Michel’s*. What he did with these books, so numerous that no man’s life-time would have been long enough to read them, no body knew; least of all, himself. But this crack of his amounted to a monomania: when he came home at night without bringing a musty quarto with him, he would repeat the saying of Titus, ‘I have lost a day.’ His enticing manners, his language, which was a mosaic of every possible style, and the fearful puns which embellished his conversation, completely won Schaunard, who demanded on the spot of Colline permission to add his name to those on the famous list already mentioned.

RENEWED IN OUR NEXT.

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## W E B S T E R .

A SHADE like night is o’er us flung;  
Our Eagle’s wing in grief is hung;  
Its brightest star our sky hath crossed;  
Its lordliest plume that wing hath lost.

But though the orb hath left our eyes,  
It glides but on to future skies;  
And memories of that plume will bring  
New strength to lift that spreading wing.

His stately form in death is laid,  
But his proud glory ne’er shall fade;  
On Time’s last wave, no brighter fame  
Will glow like that round WEBSTER’S name.

## I N M E M O R I A M .

BY WM WALLACE MORLAND.

'When lovely maidens die,  
They scatter all their graves with odorous flowers.'

'Well, then, here will I plant a little flower:  
'T is the last honor.'

OENLENSCHIA BORN.

As steals o'er earth the gentle light,  
When morning's timid eyes uncloze;  
As breathes the south-wind in its flight  
O'er the half-opened, blushing rose;  
So mildly beams Love's waking eye,  
So balmy float his whispers by.

And as the morning's bashful glance  
Grows bolder while the day comes on,  
So, with the rapid hours' advance,  
Will eager Love his courage don;  
Till, blooming in the noontide glow,  
You scarce the modest bud would know!

At eve, perchance, the rose-leaves fall,  
Yet beautiful, when shed, they lie;  
The sweetest offering, this, of all—  
To die as sun-light leaves the sky:  
So fades the rose Affection brings,  
Beneath Death's overshadowing wings!

So fades the rose; but lingers still,  
More hallowed now, its rich perfume,  
To bless the air, so murk and chill,  
That wraps its mantle round the tomb:  
Oh, cull the leaves that freshly grow,  
To strew their turf who sleep below!

To strew her turf who loved the rose,  
And as the lily's bell was pure;  
Unfading now the flowers she knows,  
From earthly blighting all secure:  
Yet deck this spot ere Summer go,  
Our choicest flower is laid below!

Our choicest flower below is laid:  
With amaranths plant this grassy glade,  
With myrtle wreath this marble cold;  
To us its short, sad tale is told!  
When Spring-time comes, with blue eye wet,  
Here blossom, dearest Violet!  
There's hope beyond the Winter's snow:  
The flower still lives we've laid below!



## R O B E R T B U R N S

'Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,  
 In a' the tinsel trash o' state!  
 But by the honest turf I'll wait,  
     Thou man of worth!  
 And weep the so best fellow's fate  
     E'er lay in earth.'

ROBERT BURNS was born on the twenty-fifth day of January, 1759, about two miles to the south of the town of Ayr, and in the immediate vicinity of the kirk of Alloway and the 'Auld Brig o' Doon.' The son of poor parents, domestic embarrassments deprived him of all educational advantages save those open to the poorest Scot. His early life alternated between the labors of the plough and the studies of the district school. About the age of sixteen, falling in love with a 'sonsie lass,' with him began both love and poetry.

Previously to this time there were marked in him no especial signs of his after greatness. Indeed, he was ranked by one of his teachers as inferior to his brother Gilbert. But from this period a new vista opened before him, a new work was assigned him, and how it was performed the world knows. How Burns, depressed with poverty, straitened on every hand, and yearning as mortal never did before for sympathy and kindness, how he was admired and then neglected, and finally how he was left alone to starve and die, it irks my pen to recount. Suffice it to say, lacking education, books, refined society, and the means of enjoying them, perpetually haunted by the pinching demon, he drew on himself in favor of his country, and to-day Scotland is indebted to the poorest of her sons for the richest heir-loom she possesses.

Burns's rank among the poets of the world it is no part of our present purpose to discuss. That he has no compeer among the Scotch bards, all are undoubtedly agreed. What can be more simply touching and truthful than his description of humble life in the 'Tale of the Twa Dogs:'

'THEY'RE nae sae wretched's ane wad think,  
 Though constantly on poorth's brink:  
 They're sae accustomed wi' the sight,  
 The view o't gies them little fright.

'Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,  
 They're aye in less or mair provided;  
 An' though fatigued wi' close employment,  
 A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

'The dearest comfort o' their lives,  
 Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;  
 The prattlin' things are just their pride  
 That sweetens a' their fireside.

'That merry day the year begins,  
 They bar the door on frosty winds;  
 The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,  
 An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;  
 The luntin pipe and sneeshin mill  
 Are handed round wi' right guid will:  
 The cantie auld folks crackin' crouse,  
 The young anes rantin' through the house—  
 My heart has been sae fain to see them,  
 That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.'

We could hardly spare this poem. 'The cantie auld folks' with luntin pipe and sneeshin mill; 'the young anes rantin' through the house; 'the dog that 'wi' them barkit for joy; 'the 'frosty winds' without, 'whyles' 'the nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,' on 'that merry day the year begins:' was ever so genial a picture drawn of a happy new-year's day!

A strong point in Burns's character was his genuine sympathy for his fellows in distress, his palliation of their faults, and his fearless advocacy of their claims. I know not how better to portray his features than to quote his own words. Mark his eloquent plea, in the following address to the 'Unco Guid,' or the 'Rigidly Righteous,' for the erring and unfortunate:

'TAKK gently scan your brother man,  
Still gentler sister woman;  
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,  
To step aside is human:  
One point must still be greatly dark,  
The moving way they do it;  
And just as lamely can ye mark  
How far perhaps they rue it.

'Who made the heart, 't is HE alone  
Decidedly can try us;  
HE knows each chord — its various tone,  
Each spring — its various bias:  
Then at the balance let 's be mute,  
We never can adjust it;  
What 's done we partly may compute,  
But know not what 's resisted.'

How sadly and yet how humanly he pleads the cause of the fallen; how gently and earnestly he bespeaks the kindly scanning of a 'brother man;' and how beautifully and truthfully suggests the reason: 'Who made the heart, 't is HE alone decidedly can try us.' Surely the heart that prompted such teachings was as generous as the genius that expressed them was great. Noble words those, at whose utterance the harsh censure and severe judgment give way to the soft and hallowed tones of sympathy and pity.

The simplicity of nature characterized him. True genius has no surer index than this. It betokens the conscious strength of the true poet. Read his simple story of the Mouse, 'On turning her up in her nest with the plough:'

'WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,  
Oh, what a panic 's in thy breastie!  
Thou need na' start awa see hasty,  
Wi' bickering brattle;  
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,  
Wi' murd'ring pattle!'

Who has not gazed over and over again in his mind's eye, with strange interest, at this scene of the 'tim'rous beastie' starting awa 'wi' bickering brattle,' while Burns, leaning lazily on his plough, eyeing the 'wee beastie,' assures her of his innocence of the 'murd'ring pattle'?

Nor did his pen lack power in the field of satire. His sarcasm was as biting as his temper was mild. This power, dangerous as it too often is, was in him controlled and exercised under a proper regard of the rights of others. True, he wielded it with vigor and severity, but it was directed to its legitimate objects, and used within legitimate bounds. Hypocrisy needs dissection, quackery calls for exposure, cant demands

the knife. A fair example of his touch is seen in the lines entitled, *Death and Doctor Hornbook* :

‘SAYS the DEIL,  
When I killed ane a fair strae death,  
By loss o’ blood or want o’ breath,  
This night I’m free to tak my aith  
That HORNBOOK’S skill  
Has clad a score in their last claith,  
By drap and pill.

‘A bonnie lass, ye ken her name,  
Some ill-brewn drink had hov’d her wame :  
She trusts hersel’, to hide the shame,  
In HORNBOOK’S care :  
HORN sent her off to her lang hame,  
To hide it there.’

Thus have we attempted to depict the character of Burns, or rather have introduced him to the reader in his own representations as he has drawn himself.

That he had many faults, that his private character was not wholly free from stain, we are not here to deny. That impulse was in him stronger than principle, that in his domestic relations he was not true, we cannot if we would conceal. But when are taken into the account the circumstances of his whole life, his struggles and aspirations ; his repeated endeavors to throw off his burdens, and his as repeated failures ; his passions strong to be resisted, and his fascinating power over the other sex that made the conquest easy ; his bitter consciousness of his own unappreciated genius ; his intensely strong desire for love and sympathy, and the perpetual antagonism between his position and his tastes ; and especially when we remember his touching words, we ‘know not what’s resisted,’ the words of censure will not go forth : the pen refuses to write them.

Before the age of thirty-eight, Burns the exciseman died, but Burns the poet still lives. From this ploughman went forth words that first startled, then delighted the world. At his voice the dead formulas of philosophy sprang into life, and their drear abstractions became persuasive numbers. Under his teaching humanity spurned the servitude that bowed to accident, and learned the dignity of a true though humble life. With Midas-like power genius transmutes whatever it touches into gold, and leaving thereon the superscription of a greater than Cæsar, gives it currency in all ages and among all people. It is a magic wand, forming and transforming all minds into the image of the magician.

Thus, with this rustic bard, we sympathize with the ‘cow’rin’, tim’rous beastie’ in the ruin of her nest ; follow with eager interest the ‘ugly, creepin’, blastit wonner’ of a louse in his stroll over a lady’s bonnet at church ; mourn ‘the daisy’s fate ;’ laugh at ‘Tam o’ Shanter’ and his ‘Mare ;’ grow merry on ‘Scotch Drink’ that ‘cheers the heart o’ drooping care ;’ become social with ‘Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie ;’ lament, ‘wi’ saut tears,’ ‘poor Marlie’s dead !’ grow indignant at those ‘wha are sae pious and sae holy, they’ve naught to do but mark and tell their neebor’s fauts and folly ;’ claim that, ‘what though on hamely fare we dine, a man’s a man for a’ that ;’ live life o’er again in ‘auld lang syne ;’ weep over that most touching elegy, ‘Highland Mary,’ and ‘wi’ serious face’ join round the ingle-side ‘the circle wide,’ in the ‘Cot

ter's Saturday Night.' Verily, he has swept the chords of the human heart with a master's hand!

But what we most affect in him is his perfect simplicity and trueness to nature. In the choice of his themes he has not ascended with Milton to heaven to robe himself with its glory, nor descended with Dante into hell to clothe himself in its terrors: there is no striving for sublime subjects whose grandeur may reflect upon him some portion of their greatness; there is no pigmy perched upon Alps; but guided by the unerring instinct of genius, he selected the simplest themes, the 'mountain daisy' and the 'mouse,' and borrowing nothing from them but the occasion of his song, told the story of their misfortunes in such simple, touching verse, that the dwellers in hovel or hall will read them over and over, and cease not to bless the day when the lowliest things on earth inspired the bard to sing.

Wars and conquests, the fates of kingdoms, the lives of mighty men of valor, the tilts and tournaments of chivalric times, and the grandeur of taronial halls and feudal castles, had too long been the themes of poets. Burns came singing no monotone, offering no incense to heraldry, to direct the way to a nobler field; to unfold the page of humble life; to claim for man honor because he is a man; to show the world a king's no better than a peasant; to invest the domestic hearth with new sanctities; to pour upon common and lovely objects the baptism of genius; and to evince the truth, that a 'wee beastie' of a mouse may be a thing of greater interest than many a crowned monarch. Burns is eminently the poet of the people, the interpreter of their feelings, the pleader of their causes, the friend of their adversity, the defender of their rights.

To Scotland, the land of his nativity, he was an especial God-send. By him her language was made a classic; her poetry the vade-mecum of all lovers of true genius; her hills and valleys, brigs and kirks, the shrines where learning and literature pay their devotion.

His appeals were to the human heart, and it responded, and the response is still going back in tributes of love and reverence from every hearth-stone laid by civilization.

The tomb of genius is sacred to all; and from distant and different lands travellers come up to the house where Robert Burns was born, and the place where his body was laid, and call it holy ground, and worship even the memorials of him who wrote those Scottish songs; those songs fresh as the feelings of childhood, simple as nature, tender and loving as a mother, rich as a gush of heavenly music, and beautiful as the 'mountain daisy.' How has literature and poesy been enriched by the tributes of this rustic follower of the plough! What a legacy was bequeathed to the world by this poverty-stricken exciseman! Giving freely, unattainably of his own priceless stores, he received nothing in life but the liberty to die. Yet, neglected child of genius! thy life was greatly good: thy country stands in honor through memory of thee: dwellers over the wide Atlantic seek thy resting-place and weep at thy tomb; and loving hearts have thee in keeping, wherever Highland Mary has been wept. At the rude ingle-side none so welcome as thou: in the courtly hall the well-thumbed page shows thee a favorite there. At the mention of thee, kindly memories kindle: at the recurrence of thy birth-day congenial spirits gather, and call it sacred time in the calendar of genius.

## C O F F E E .

BY MISS MARY L. LAWSON.

ALL sing the praise of ruby wine  
Through crystal goblets flowing,  
And murmur of the purple vine  
'Neath endless summer glowing;  
How well it charms, the heart it warms,  
The soul in sunshine steeping,  
As beauty, mirth, and hope's bright birth  
Lay chained within its keeping.

But wherefore gild the tempting draught,  
Which stains the lip that praises?  
A nectar far more pure and sweet  
The wearied spirit raises:  
'T will tinge with light care's darkest night,  
Like some divine libation;  
Joy fills the eye and hearts beat high  
Beneath its inspiration.

It ripples through the silver spout,  
In clear transparent china,  
Brought freshly from the sparkling hearth  
By PHILLIS or by DINAH.  
How rich the scent when softly blent  
With cream, rich, thick and yellow,  
Whose currents glide in mingled tide  
Its pungent strength to mellow!

It stirs the flash of soul and sense,  
Till wit and converse mingle;  
For mind's best rays, like sorrow's waves,  
Ne'er rush to meet us single:  
Bright fancies strike on minds alike,  
That fade not with the fleeting,  
For words that thrill grow deeper still  
When glance with glance is meeting.

It wakes within the melting soul  
Time's lost or buried pleasures,  
Old friends, old books, old songs, old joys,  
And all life's garnered treasures:  
Bereft of pain, 't will softly gain  
Old Memory's haunted places,  
While o'er us rise, in angel guise,  
Soft smiles on vanished faces.

As one by one our guests depart,  
Left with remembrance only,  
We scarcely sigh that time flits by,  
And leaves us sad and lonely;



Hope's morning breaks, and joy awakes,  
 Life's gloomy page to brighten,  
 As on our quiet silent hearth  
 The dying embers lighten.

Then on the pillow softly sinks  
 The head with visions teeming,  
 And many an eastern pageant floats  
 Before our gorgeous dreaming;  
 To see life pass in fancy's glass,  
 With moon-light radiance beaming,  
 It seeks the breast divinely blest  
 Through misty mœsæ gleaming.

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## SKETCHES FROM THE COVE.

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### ROMANCE TWO.

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As I should find it difficult to put the old wood-cutter's peculiar phraseology upon paper, I shall take the liberty of telling his story in my own words, with various additions which I have since heard from Farmer Wilson and others of the Cove people. And for a short time we must leave the stately pines and fragrant rose-tree of the homestead, and retrace our steps through the little brown wood-path to the beach, that my readers may more fully understand the scene and the incidents of poor Lucy's story.

Just at the entrance of the Cove Bay, there lies a dangerous reef of rocks called the Black Ledge, which can only be crossed by large vessels at certain times of the tide, and which has sometimes proved fatal even to the little fishing boats of the Cove. At high water this ledge is almost hidden; but as the tide ebbs, a row of black jagged rocks appears above the water, whose bold dark masses, worn by the dashing of the waves into wild, strange shapes, with the troubled water for ever boiling and foaming around them, would seem to justify the superstitious awe with which the people of the Cove regard them. They invest these rocks, as they do almost every scene of nature around them, with a supernatural interest, and many and fearful are the traditions of the Black Ledge. Their voices grow lower as they speak of it, and I do not believe that a Cove fisherman, even on a bright sunny morning, with a gentle wind and smooth sea, ever passes its gloomy barrier without a feeling of awe, and a prayer for a safe passage through its foaming waters. The principal legend of the place is, that more than a hundred years ago a pirate captain, famous for his cruelties and crimes, was wrecked with his crew at the entrance of the Cove Bay; that since that time there has been no peace for the troubled waters, and that these gloomy-looking rocks gradually made their appearance, as fit monuments to mark the resting-place of men black with such fearful crimes. They

have strange tales, too, of wild cries and laughter heard from the ledge on stormy nights, and of ghostly hands upraised from the water to pull down the boats of unwary fishermen; and one grave old skipper tells of passing the ledge on a still evening, when the sky and sea were clear and calm, and looking over the edge of his boat, he saw the forms of the pirate captain and his crew lying on the sand, with their pale ghastly faces gazing up at him through the water. The most terrible of their stories gather round one particular rock in the ledge, which is always called the Black Captain. It is much taller than the rest, and is overgrown with long brown sea-weed, and at times it certainly has a wonderful resemblance to a human figure draped in a long cloak, with outstretched arms. I spoke of this singular likeness rather jestingly one evening at the Farm, but I soon found, by the serious faces round me, that it was no jesting matter; and perhaps when my readers have heard the story of Lucy, they will not so much wonder at the superstitious fears of the good, simple people.

One stormy afternoon, many years ago, a group of fishermen were assembled on the Cove beach, watching a large vessel that was rapidly approaching the coast, driven furiously by the wind, and seemed to be trying to steer her course toward the entrance of the Cove Bay. An old weather-beaten seaman, who had been for some time examining her through a glass, (which, by the way, is still *the* spy-glass of the Cove,) suddenly exclaimed: 'She is making for harbor in our bay, and unless we can warn her off, she will be dashed to pieces on the Black Ledge. Hark! how it roars! We must bestir ourselves, messmates, or the Black Captain will take a rich prize to-night.' And aided by his comrades, the sturdy old fellow built up a huge fire on one of the cliffs overhanging the bay, and, with ringing of bells and blowing of horns, tried to warn off the stranger vessel, which was rushing onward to her destruction. But their labor was in vain. Whether, misunderstanding the signals from the shore, she was allured by the comparatively calm water within the ledge, or whether she was disabled and unmanageable from the storm, was never known. On she came, bearing directly down upon the reef, over which the waters foamed and roared as if eager for their approaching prey. The Cove sailors did all that they could, but the storm was so furious, and the surf so high, that they knew no boat could live in such a sea, and that human help could be of no avail. And when they saw that their signals were disregarded, they gathered in groups upon the beach, and there in silence awaited the fatal moment. On came the vessel, looking instinct with life, as with a bounding, rushing swiftness she fled before the wind. The rain now began to pour in torrents, and the sea-mist, which had been gathering all the afternoon, soon completely veiled her from the view of the anxious watchers on the beach. But not even the roaring of the waves or the howling of the wind could keep from their ears the heart-breaking cries which came now and then in the pauses of the storm, telling too surely the fate of the vessel and her crew. The deep voice of the old fisherman who had before spoken, and who was known among his comrades by the name of Brave Ben, was now heard, saying solemnly, 'It is all over, boys; she has struck. The Ledge has done its work, let us now do ours.' And he then proceeded to sta-

tion men at short distances along the shore, provided with ropes and all means of succor, if any of the unfortunate crew should be brought to the beach by the waves.

Soon night came on, the rain extinguished their fire, the cries for help ceased, and the men, after two hours of fruitless waiting and watching, grew discouraged and weary, and dropped off one by one to seek their own fire-sides. But Brave Ben could not leave his watch so easily. He was a good as well as a brave Ben, and as he saw, by certain signs in the sky, that there would soon be a change in the weather, and as the tide was fast going down, he could not leave the beach while there was one chance of saving human life. Then, too, he was less troubled with superstitious fears than his comrades, and often shocked them by considering the Black Ledge only a very dangerous reef of rocks, and by jeering at their stories of the pirate and his crew. As the last group of his companions departed, one of them said, in a loud enough tone for Ben to hear: 'Well, if any man among us is fit to meet spirits, it is our Ben; but I must say, I should not like to be in his shoes to-night.'

Ben laughed heartily at this speech, and boldly pursued his solitary walk up and down the beach, which was gradually growing wider from the receding of the tide, moving his lantern in front of him in the hope of discovering the objects of his search. But as the voices of the fishermen died away, the last words of his friend, and the wild tales of his native place, would come into his mind. The various traditions of the Ledge and the Black Captain rose before him, and it was in vain he tried to think of other things. Ashamed of this weakness, he began to sing an old sea-song; but his own voice sounded strangely in that lonely spot, and he started to hear the chorus of 'Heave ho, messmates! heave away!' repeated in a mocking voice from the rocks. In vain he said to himself that it was only an echo; his stout heart failed him, and he did not repeat the song.

Before long the rain ceased, the clouds began to break away, and glimpses of the moon appeared through them, throwing a faint light over the lonely beach and the heaving waters. Ben shuddered as he saw that the vessel was gone, and that where they had last seen her were now only the black rocks of the ledge, assuming strange, unearthly forms in the uncertain light. One tall, dark mass of rock seemed to nod and beckon to him, and he could not turn his eyes away from it. While he was gazing fixedly at this rock, and wondering at its singular likeness to a human figure, the moon shone out very brightly between the clouds, and revealed something white clinging to the dark form. He rubbed his eyes, and looked again; and as he looked, he heard, or thought he heard, a faint cry. When Ben's kind human heart was roused, all supernatural fears fled at once. 'I would face the devil himself,' he thought, 'to save that poor wretch. It may be a woman or a child!' And brushing away a tear with his sleeve, as he thought of his wife, whom he had dearly loved, and whom he had lost only a year before, and of his little son, then sleeping happily at the homestead, he hastened to unmoor his boat; and as the sea was now much calmer, he was soon on his way to the ledge.

What Ben saw and did at the ledge he never told. He would often

relate the events of that night to his companions as far as the pushing off his boat into the surf, but beyond that they could never make him go. One thing they noticed, which made them all the more curious to find out the secret. Ben never again jeered at the stories of the ledge, but listened to the tales of the fishermen in grave silence. All they knew was, that Ben appeared at one of the neighboring cottages at dawn on the morning after the shipwreck, bearing in his arms a lovely little girl, about six years old, of whom he would only say, that he had found her lashed to a spar of the vessel, clinging to one of the rocks of the ledge.

The little girl was insensible, but after her wet clothes were removed, and her limbs rubbed with warm flannel, her consciousness slowly returned. She opened her eyes, and looking up at the rough but kind faces that were bending over her, seemed to try to smile, but the effort proved a failure, and the poor child burst into tears. After a time she recovered herself enough to answer the many questions with which the curious but well-meaning cottagers overwhelmed her. But she seemed sad and frightened, and would not talk much. She only said that her name was Lucy Arnold, and that she was coming from England to America with her father and mother. Of the cause of the ship's destruction she knew nothing. She only remembered a horrible scene of agony and confusion, in the midst of which her father tied her to a plank, and then came a shock and a struggle, and she felt the water rushing over her; and then, as she came to the surface again, she saw what she thought was a great black head raised from the water. She said that she clung round it with her arms, and then she stopped, and turned pale, and said she did not remember any thing else distinctly until she found herself in the warm bed in the cottage. After they had breakfasted, Ben announced his intention of taking little Lucy to live with him at the homestead, but the good woman at the cottage strongly opposed this plan. She said that the child needed a mother's care, and that the homestead would be a lonely place for a little girl. Old Betty she did not think was a fit companion for Lucy, and she herself would be so glad to adopt her in the place of her own little daughter, whom she had just lost. Ben listened quietly to these arguments, but before he could answer Lucy crept to his side, and sliding her hand into his, and gazing earnestly up into his face, she whispered: 'Please let me go with you.' Ben could not resist the pleading eyes upraised to his. He took her in his arms, and said: 'You shall go with me, my darling, and old Ben will do his best to make your life a happy one.'

Ben's cottage was situated in the midst of a wood, at some distance from the village. It was a pretty, picturesque little house, covered with vines, with a gay flower-garden in front and a neat vegetable patch behind. And in this quiet spot little Lucy found a happy home. She was naturally a loving, sweet-tempered child, and Ben soon grew very fond of her. Indeed, his affections seemed equally divided between her and his only son, a boy about ten years old. The children were very happy together. They both went to the village-school, but in their studies and sports they needed no other companionship. They took long rambles together in the woods, and were never so pleased as when they

could wile away old Betty from her household duties to sit with them under the pine-trees, and tell over to them all the wild sea-stories and strange superstitions of the Cove. But one tale always made Lucy turn pale, and cling closer to her companion's side. It was the legend of the Black Ledge. She was an imaginative child, and all the stories of fairies and spirits only interested and amused her. But any allusion to this tale had from her childhood so excited and alarmed her, that Ben had forbidden Edward and Betty to mention it in her presence. What the secret horror was which this story raised in the child's mind; whether it was some dimly-remembered vision of the night of the ship-wreck, or whether it was a sad presentiment of the future, was never known. But it was a potent spell over poor Lucy's peace of mind, and after a visit to the village she would often come back to the homestead pale and weeping because some rude boy had called after her as she passed, 'There goes Lucy of the Ledge. Run, Lucy; quick, the Black Captain is after you!' Indeed, the mere sight of the sea seemed to affect her unpleasantly, and she was never so well pleased as when, in the depth of the pine woods, she could forget the neighborhood of the ocean and the Black Ledge. And thus she grew into womanhood, a delicate, sensitive, flower-like being, with a sadness beyond her years, whose greatest enjoyment was in wandering in the woods with Edward, and feeding her imagination with the marvellous tales which old Betty was never weary of repeating. Her affection for her adopted father was very strong, and the old wood-cutter said that many a time when he was a boy he had seen them sitting on the door-step together, when he passed the homestead at sunset on his way to the village, and that Lucy always had a kind, pleasant word and smile for him. 'Do you see that old brown pine-tree, ma'am, with the pretty woodbine flinging its green wreaths around the old rugged trunk? That always reminds me of Lucy and Ben as I have so often seen them, Lucy leaning upon Ben's shoulder, with her yellow curls shining in the sunset light, and her little white hand clasped in his.'

But stronger than her affection for her father was her love for Edward, the kind, tender companion of her childhood, whose thoughtful, loving care had shielded her from every trouble. At school he had been her protector and comforter, making all rough places smooth, and each succeeding year seemed to make closer and dearer the tie which united them. Their first separation was when Edward went on a short fishing-voyage with his father, and their excessive sorrow at parting and joy at meeting revealed at once to both that their love was more than that of brother and sister; and not long after Edward's return he told his father that he and Lucy were betrothed. The old woodman dwelt on this period of Lucy's history a long time. He lingered lovingly over the story of her happiness, and seemed to dread to speak of the shadow which was so soon to darken her sunshine. He told of often meeting her with Edward wandering in these woods, or of seeing them sitting on the stone before the door, bright and joyful as children with their newly-found love. But a change must come. Brave Ben rejoiced in their happiness, but he knew that woodland walks and gathering summer flowers was not the business of life. Winter would come, and must be provided for. Ed-



ward was now a tall active young man, and must do his part toward the support of the family. He disliked the life of a fisherman, but loved the sea; so it was decided that he should go at once to the neighboring sea-port of G —, and try to get a voyage to some distant part of the world. He soon returned delighted with his success. He had secured a berth in a new ship which was to sail for India in a week. He was full of hopes and plans, which he eagerly communicated to the trembling Lucy. This was such a wonderful opportunity to make his fortune that he should only be obliged to go one voyage. In a year he should be at home again, and then they would be married, and he would never leave the homestead again. Lucy smiled sadly. The very thought of the sea brought vague terrors to her mind, but she tried to forget her own sorrow in active preparations for Edward's speedy departure. At last all was in readiness, and if the wind was fair the ship was to sail the next morning. It was a mild evening in September when Lucy and Edward set forth for their last walk. The air was soft and warm, but over the whole face of nature there was spread that indescribable autumnal influence which brings sadness and the thought of change to the heart. The only sounds which disturbed the silence of the woods were the rustle of the falling leaves and the melancholy chirp of the cricket. The level rays of the setting sun glimmered through the pines, and tinged their fallen leaves with the hue of gold. Lucy and Edward strolled on quietly for some time, and at last sat down on a mossy bank beneath a great pine-tree. Lucy tried to be calm and cheerful, but the saddening influences of the season and the hour overcame her resolution, and she burst into tears, and, confessing her fears and forebodings, begged Edward even then to give up the voyage, to do any thing on shore, but not to go to sea. But Edward only laughed at her vague presentiments of evil, and tried to quiet her agitation with bright pictures of their future happiness. 'See, Lucy,' he said, pointing to a small sweet-brier bush which grew near them, covered with pretty red hips; 'see, dear Lucy, before the berries on this little bush are formed again, I shall be at home. Let us take it to the homestead and plant it by our seat on the door-step, that you may remember my last words whenever you look at it. Listen, dear child: all the winter, when this little bush seems dry and lifeless, you must remember that its life is still warm at its heart, and that it is patiently waiting the sunshine of spring to bring forth its buds and blossoms again. You must look at it often then, dear Lucy, and think how cheerfully it waits through the chill winter for God's own time. But in the spring, when you see the green leaf-buds begin to push forth their little heads, you may know that I have turned my face homeward; and in the summer, when the little bush is gay and bright with fragrant flowers, then be gay and bright too, and say 'He is almost here;' but when those flower-leaves have fallen, and the red berries once more glow in the autumn sun-light, I shall be sitting by your side on the old stone door-step, and there will be no more tears and troubles for us, and you shall tell me if the little bush has been a faithful teacher and friend to you.' The idea amused and interested Lucy. She helped Edward to take up the bush and to plant it by the cottage door; and the next morning, when she had said her last good-bye, and watched his departing figure

until it was hidden from her view by the waving pines, she turned to her rose-bush and found comfort in remembering Edward's playful words as she watered and tended it.

The autumn wore away, and the dead leaves fell from the rose, but Lucy kept up a brave heart and tried to be patient and good, and to drive away all sad forebodings. But the winter was lonely enough. Ben, although kind and affectionate, was no satisfactory companion for Lucy, and Betty's oft-repeated tales found only too faithful an echo in her heart. With the spring came a letter from Edward, telling of a successful voyage, and speaking confidently of a happy return. And with the green leaves and flower-buds Lucy's smile and quiet cheerfulness returned. Her sweet voice was heard once more in the woods singing the old ballads which she had learned from Betty, and the soft light in her blue eye showed that hope had driven away fear. But now the leaves of the sweet-brier blossoms had fallen, and the berries were once more beginning to form, and all was bustle and expectation at the homestead. A second letter had been received from Edward, in which he said he should certainly be at home in September; and every day Lucy might be seen perched on a high rock in the woods watching the distant horizon for a larger sail than those of the fishing-boats of the Cove. But the month wore away, and every day did she come back with a sadder and a slower step.

At length, one gray, lowering afternoon, she saw a large vessel on the horizon's verge. It was a blustering, chilly day; the wind had been for some time gradually rising, and the old seamen of the Cove prophesied a heavy gale. The ledge was covered with white foam, and the waves broke along the beach with that peculiar moaning sound which always presages a storm. Lucy hastened to the cottage with the news of the large sail in the offing, and then with Ben went down to the end of the Cove Farm Point to watch its approach. In about an hour Ben was able to make out with the Cove spy-glass that it was really Edward's ship, and he and Lucy joyfully awaited the moment when it would pass near enough to the coast on its way to G—— for them to make signals of welcome, for which they well knew anxious eyes would be watching as the vessel passed the well-known cliffs. On came the ship nearer and nearer; their signal was seen and answered. Edward was on board then, and well. In a few hours he would reach the town, and Lucy and her father prepared to leave the Point to set out for G——, where they would be sure to meet him. As they turned for another look at the vessel, the old skipper was attracted by a strange alteration in the ship's course. 'Why, what does all this mean?—she is lying-to off Eagle Island. See, Lucy, they are lowering a boat. By Heaven!' he suddenly exclaimed, 'the boy cannot be mad enough to try to cross the ledge and land at the Cove in such a surf as this! The tide is half down, and the ledge is a perfect whirlpool. Quick, Lucy, to the beach! perhaps we can save him yet.' Pale and breathless with terror, Lucy followed the old seaman as he hastened to the beach. Hurriedly explaining the cause of his agitation to the neighbors who had gathered there to watch the approach of Edward's vessel, he asked who would go with him as far as the ledge to warn or direct his son as might be needed; for he knew

that Edward was ignorant of the navigation of the ledge, and he thought that at least he could make him understand by signs the danger of crossing it. For Lucy's sake the ledge had been seldom mentioned in Ben's family, and he well knew that Edward never fully realized the dangers of this fearful barrier. But the Cove sailors knew too well the terrible risk of launching a boat in such a sea, and they tried to dissuade Ben from attempting it. But the brave old man turned away from them in silence, and set forth alone. Twice his boat was swamped and overturned in the raging surf on the beach; but nothing daunted, he tried the third time, and succeeded in getting safely beyond the breakers. And then he pulled for his life, or what was dearer to him, the life of his son, for he saw the ship's boat rapidly approaching from the other side, and he could plainly discern a tall figure standing in the bow, which he knew to be that of his son. In vain he strained every muscle of his iron arms. Swiftly as his boat cut through the waves, he saw that Edward would reach the ledge before he could. Then he stood up and waved his arms, and shouted in his loudest tones, 'Back to the ship! back to the ship for your life!' But the wind only carried his voice to the shore, where the words were plainly heard, and rung in one agonized brain with fearful distinctness, while the figure in the approaching boat joyfully waved its arms in return, as a sign of recognition and welcome.

The neighbors in vain tried to persuade Lucy to go into a cottage near by to wait for her father and lover. She only smiled strangely in reply, and remained fixed like a statue on the beach where Ben had left her. Those who saw her on that evening will never forget the look in her eyes. Her bonnet had fallen back, her golden curls streamed wildly in the wind, which was now blowing furiously. Her delicate features assumed a look of solemn sternness, and her eyes were fixed upon the ledge with a look of horror, and yet as if there was a strange fascination in those terrible rocks. The people on the beach were so much occupied in watching her, that for a few moments they forgot the boats, when suddenly her eyes, which had seemed opened to an unnatural extent, closed; she uttered a heart-broken cry, and clasping her hands to her head, she sank senseless upon the sand. While some of the women carried her to a house near by, the watchers on the beach tried to see what had caused her agony. The boat from the ship had disappeared, and through the gathering darkness they could see Ben slowly returning. His boat seemed the sport of the waves; his oars were idle; and when at last his boat was thrown by a wave far up on the beach, and his comrades gathered round him, he was like one stunned with grief. He could only press their hands and say, 'My boy, my boy!' They led him to the cottage where Lucy still lay insensible. 'Poor child!' he said, 'it would be better for her if she never woke again.' The kindness of his companions seemed only to add to his misery. He left Lucy to the care of the women, and went back alone to his homestead, from which he had set forth full of hope and happiness a few hours before, and which was henceforth to be doubly desolate.

Lucy slowly recovered from the death-like state into which she was thrown by the awful scenes of that night. But the shock was too great for her; her senses never returned. The agony of that moment was too

much for a mind never very strong, and she was spared the misery of ever realizing her loss. The events of that fatal night were completely obliterated from her memory. She was never excited or unreasonable. Her sweetness and gentleness were the same, but there was a vacant look in her eye, and a fixed smile upon her lips, which showed that the informing spirit had fled. She passed her days happily enough in wandering through the woods as formerly, and in sitting on her high rock watching for Edward's vessel. She lost all idea of time, and years seemed to her like months. Sometimes she would say to Ben, 'How long he stays away, dear father! But he will soon be here now, for see, the sweet-brier berries are forming.' The sweet-brier bush was still her especial care, and in spring, and summer, and autumn, she was always adorned with its leaves, and flowers, and berries. But the strangest change in Lucy was her love for the sea, and especially for the Black Ledge. She would sit for hours with her eyes fixed upon its black rocks and foaming waters, smiling and singing to herself. Her favorite walk was to the end of the cliffs on the point, where on a bold projecting rock the Cove children still show you Lucy's seat, and tell you how their grandfathers often saw her sitting there crowned with her own sweet roses, and gazing on the rocks of the Black Ledge.

A few years after Edward's loss, Brave Ben died. Lucy shed a few tears when they told her he was gone, and said sadly, 'Poor Edward, how sorry he will be! I must hurry to the point, that I may be the first to tell him of his father's death.' And so for many years Lucy lived a wild, harmless life, until one afternoon she did not return from the cliff at her accustomed time. Old Betty set forth for the village to seek for her, but she was not to be found at any of her usual haunts, and all night the people of the village were scouring the woods and the shore, hoping to find some trace of her. But their search was in vain, and Betty returned to the homestead, hoping that Lucy had only wandered farther than was her wont, and that the morning would bring her home again. And the morning did bring her home again, but not as Betty hoped. Two of the Cove sailors, who had set out on a fishing expedition early in the morning, saw something white floating at the foot of the tallest rock of the ledge, and upon approaching it they recognized the body of poor Lucy. She had probably fallen from her seat on the cliff, or venturing too far in her search for bright shells and sea-weeds, had fallen into the water. Tenderly and carefully they lifted her into the boat, and rowing swiftly to the beach bore her once more through the woods she had loved so well to the little cottage. They buried her in the village church-yard. No stone marks her resting-place, but a sweet-brier bush waves its fragrant blossoms over the grassy mound, and keeps her memory bright. And there needs no monument to tell the story of her short sad life. It is sacredly preserved in the hearts of the people of the Cove. Every village child knows her history, and can show you her walks and seats; and many a gray-headed man will tell you that at times poor Lucy may still be seen tending her sweet-brier by the doorstep of the ruined cottage, or sitting on the high rock in the wood watching for her lover's sail over the blue sea.

Soon after Lucy's death, Betty left the homestead; and although it

was rented by two or three families afterward, yet none could stay there long. They said it was 'an awful lonesome place,' and hinted at strange sights and noises, and so gradually the house was deserted and fell into decay.

And now, if any of my readers think my tale too vague and wild, and hoped in the end for a clear explanation of Lucy's strange relation to the tall rock of the ledge, I can only say that I can give them no clue to it whatever. The Cove people are as vague and wild as their stories; and although they shake their heads very wisely, and hint that Brave Ben knew more of the Black Captain than he ever told, I can never satisfactorily make out what they believe about it, except that there was some mysterious connection between the facts that Lucy was saved and Edward destroyed by the Black Ledge; and certainly the peculiar circumstances of Lucy's life and death form a very good foundation on which a superstitious people might build up many marvellous things. The only authority to be depended upon now in existence is the Black Captain himself, who still stands majestically wrapped around in his seaweed cloak, the awe and terror of the Cove fishermen; and to him I refer all incredulous or over-curious readers. I tell the tale as it was told to me by people who well remember 'Lucy of the Ledge,' as she is always called at the Cove; and if the solemn pines also whispered a part of it to me in that still, solitary little clearing in the woods, and if the mysterious rocks of the Black Ledge, at this moment lying so quietly in the sparkling morning light before my window, have suggested something to me, I hope I shall be forgiven for weaving their version of the story into the more matter-of-fact details of my honest and simple friends at the Cove.

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S T A N Z A S .

When the blasts are sighing  
Through the wintry sky,  
And wild winds replying,  
Answer mournfully;  
When dark clouds are sailing  
Through the troubled air,  
When the winds are wailing,  
With harsh notes of fear:

When the lightning flashes  
O'er the troubled sea,  
As on rocks it dashes,  
Roaring fearfully;  
When the hail-drops patter  
'Gainst the window-pane,  
And the white snows scatter  
O'er the withered plain:

Then, when all is dreary  
O'er the barren earth,  
The fires burn more cheery  
On the household hearth.

Their bright light is streaming  
Through the fields afar;  
O'er the snow 't is gleaming,  
Like a shining star.

So when life is dreary,  
When all joy is gone,  
And the heart is weary,  
Desponding and alone;  
Then Love's flame is lighted  
To the heart once drear,  
And the soul benighted  
It begins to cheer.

Her sweet light is sending  
Its bright beam around,  
Her calm voice is lending  
Its heart-cheering sound;  
Her bright sun is burning  
Through the fields of pain,  
Till Hope's light returning,  
Wakes the soul again.

## C O N T E N T E D   T H O U G H T S   O F   H O M E .

BY REV. O. MORTINGTON.

No lovely bower, festooned with purpling grapes,  
No home amid the orchard, where the peach,  
The quince, and apricot are mellowing, now  
Are mine : but a fair home is ours,  
My loved one, not unblest with bright  
And animating scenes. The river here  
Floweth, while there the bay expands till wide  
The bosom of Ontario heaves in sight ;  
And on the ear the dashings sound  
Of her wild billows battling with the rocks,  
Which shake not at their tumult ; they quail not,  
Like hearts of mighty princes, undismayed,  
While roll the rumors on their ears from far  
Of the strong marshalling in arms and shocks of war.  
Lo ! distant on the waters, scarcely seen,  
Some merchant-sail is outlined. On this bank,  
Whose rocky strata to the waves stoop down,  
Let us recline, and gladdening o'er the scene,  
Fill up our hearts, as it is meet, with thoughts  
Of gratitude and dreams of hope and love.  
The world is bright around us : Plenty's store,  
Beautiful and nourishing, from her gathering arms  
O'erflows upon our lap, and we are blest.  
Thy lovely light and charm, O beauteous Art,  
Thou on our home dost not disdain to shed :  
The poet's never-dying thoughts, the bloom  
Fadeless and fascinating, which the breath  
Of stormy Winter withers not, and which  
His glittering icy knife doth not cut down.  
And Love from his mysterious founts pours out  
His grateful ardors, with a precious charm,  
Hallowing and lighting up the stream of life.  
And are not some of those sweet joys which cheer,  
Where sacred love is cherished, are not airs  
Of this celestial peace astir e'en now,  
In our deep bosoms' climes, a theme for songs,  
And thankful incense unto God Most High ?  
On these pure winds that wander o'er this coast  
The spirit of Health is floating. See ! her touch  
Glow on your cheek, whilst o'er these ancient rocks  
You tread exultingly. The soil beneath  
Is part of Freedom's empire. Here the heart,  
Unterrified by sword, or fire, or chains,  
Can worship as it lists : no tyrant crowned  
Binds man in vassalage, and frowning blights  
The free, fair buddings of the mind,  
And checks the course of august Science,  
(With a thousand triumphs brilliant,) and casts down  
Her pale-browed devotees to dungeons drear.  
The breath of gratitude shall from our lips  
Ascend for all our mercies. As the flowers



Which bloomed on AARON's rod, yea, fairer far  
And sweeter, are the words of gratitude  
That gush toward HEAVEN sincerely from the heart.  
Back to the skies for blessings showered shall rise  
Our hearts' orisons, praise and prayer and love;  
As doth the Lake, for Morn's rich, rosy light,  
Return a rosy splendor back to heaven.

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## C O M M E R C E O F T H E P R A I R I E S .

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BY WILLIAM C. BRENT.

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FAR away toward the Rocky Mountains and the setting sun, stretch our vast 'Western Plains'—range alike of the red man and the buffalo. But, alas for poetry and romance! the spirit of commerce has penetrated even here; and now, where once reigned solitude supreme, or at best the Indian pursued his game and his 'dusky loves' unmolested, and a few hardy mountain men and French traders bartered their trinket-wares for furs and peltries, the prairie-merchant yearly freights his immense trains of costly goods and merchandise, destined for the far-distant settlements in the great valley of the Salt Lake, California, and New-Mexico. The old traders, trappers, and *voyageurs*, who have passed the better part of their lives alternately trapping and trading in these regions, sigh at the change which has so suddenly come over the spirit of their dreams, and utter many a *sacré* at the *nouveaux-hommes* who have invaded their realm and rights. The European cockney must needs complete his education by a trip to these western wilds, and in his 'fancy rig,' equipped with 'Colt' and 'Yager,' now shoots buffalo on the plains with as much *non-chalance* as though he were killing quail on his own preserves at home. Our great western plains and mountains are no longer a *terra-incognita*. They are points of commerce and of trade, hunting-grounds for amateur sportsmen, and trails for tens of thousands of California and Oregon-bound emigrants.

For the immense trade and commerce of the prairies St. Joseph and Independence, on the Missouri river, form the principal outlets, and well deserve the name of 'prairie-ports.' With the first appearance of grass the prairie-merchant is ready to take up the line of march, having laid in during the winter his stock of goods, mules, etc. Those destined for New-Mexico rendezvous at Independence, while St. Joseph is the starting-point for those destined for the Salt Lake, California, and Oregon. Such of our readers as have never been at either of these points during the months of April and May, can form no adequate idea of the scene there presented at such a season. All then is life, stir, bustle, and confusion. Strange scenes, sights, and sounds strike the eye and ear at every turn. Once across the Missouri river, and then and there commences the organization of companies; and then, too, begins in earnest camp-

life, and with it all its stern duties as well as its pleasures. Corrals have to be formed at night, and guards stationed. Streams are to be bridged and ferries established. And thus rolling slowly along, at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles a day, at length arrive at their several destinations the prairie-merchants. Their stocks usually consist of cloths and domestics, sugar and coffee, together with a sprinkling of 'liquors,' and a pretty general assortment of 'sundries.' These are soon sold out, sometimes for double and treble first cost; and again, before winter has well set in, the prairie-merchant retraces his steps to the States to lay in a fresh stock, and be off again in the spring. If he returns with *galore* of dollars, he is 'in luck;' if not, he hopes to do better next time. He is a bold and hardy adventurer, shrewd at a trade, and keen as the blade in his belt.

Such is the prairie-merchant, and such the commerce of the prairies, giving occupation as it does to hundreds of men, consuming each year many thousand head of cattle and stock in its transportation, and bringing into our Western States annually a large amount of gold and silver. There are probably at the present time near ten thousand men directly engaged in this trade, while it requires more than fifty thousand head of cattle and mules yearly for the purpose of transportation. We have no statistics on which to base figures, but think we are considerably within the mark.

Little idea has the merchant doing business in any of our old settled cities of the trials and fatigues, of the dangers and privations which the prairie-merchant undergoes ere he realizes his hard-earned gains. The one orders his stock of goods by telegraph; in the twinkling of an eye rail-car and steam-boat have deposited them at his door, ready to be placed upon his shelves. He has them insured, and if they meet with any mishap, in a few days more they are replaced. Prices-current inform him of the state of the market, of a rise or fall. But the other wagers his over a long and almost interminable desert, over streams and by lonely trails through the country of hostile and predatory bands of Indians, guarding them with the rifle. His own vigilance and watchfulness must be his insurers—his own judgment his price-current.

To-day you may see the prairie-merchant lounging about the steps of 'The Planters' at St. Louis—whither he has gone to lay in his stock of goods—expensively, although carelessly dressed, and wearing a profusion of gold chains, rings, etc., with altogether a devil-may-care air about him. When in the city, he spends his money freely, and goes in for 'seeing the town.' A few weeks later, go to St. Joseph or Independence, and you will find it difficult to recognize him in his prairie garb: broad beaver, red flannel shirt, fringed hunting-coat, an immense red silk scarf bound about his waist, and in place of the gold chains and rings, wearing now any quantity of shooting-irons, knives, etc. But wherever you find him, there is still the same devil-may-care air about him, and he is ever the gentleman. There is something in the atmosphere of the broad prairie that gives to those who make it their home an air of boldness and independence. The wild mustang of the plain has a stride and a step which the farm-bred steed never acquires. So it is with the prairie man. You would know him by his bearing wherever he might be.

'Tis the same, whether he watches by his solitary camp-fire on the plains, or revels amid the pleasures of the *fandango* of Santa Fé.

There is a wild fascination in prairie-life, and few who have tasted it for any length of time ever give it up. Who ever heard of a mountaineer returning to the settlements to live? or who ever heard of a prairie-merchant forsaking his vocation to follow his calling in the States? Each year a few get 'rubbed out' by the tomahawks of the treacherous Indian, or 'go under,' to adopt their own expressive vocabulary. But little care they: it is all one to them. St. Brain, the elder Bent, Black Harris, Bill Williams, Goodyear—all noted prairie-men—have one by one, in the last few years, 'gone under.' But few, very few, of the old set now remain. Poor Ruxton, the lamented author of that spirited book, 'Life in the Far West,' could he revisit the scene of his sojournings, would find now but few of his old companions. He would find others than Killbucke and La Bonté camping in his favorite 'Bayou Salade.' Old Bridger yet occupies his fort; Kit Carson still ranges about Santa Fé; a remnant of the Robidaux yet trade on the Big Platte. Yet are these but some of the relics of the old set. A few years more, and none will be left to tell the tale.

Twin-brother to the prairie-man is the mountaineer, the trader and trapper of the Rocky Mountains. As you ascend the Missouri river in the month of June, you may meet him with his Mackinac boat loaded with furs and peltries intended for the market of St. Louis. When the melting of snow and ice on the mountains swells the various tributaries of the Missouri, which takes place generally in the month of June, from the various posts away up on the Big Platte and the Yellowstone, he shoves into the rapid current with his frail bateau or Mackinac boat, seeking a market for his peltries. Down the Big Platte and the Yellowstone, and down the Missouri, over sand-bars and shallows, over snags and sawyers, he drifts with the rapid current. A little dried buffalo meat, a few pounds of flour, or hard bread, comprise his stock of provisions for the long and perilous journey. And thus for a thousand or fifteen hundred miles he floats along. The lofty cotton-wood trees wave their branches above him; the muddy waters of the Missouri, on whose bosom he floats, seethe, and boil, and eddy beneath him. Amid all the hardships and perils of the journey he proceeds cheerfully and gaily, merrily chanting the Canadian boat-song as he goes. Perhaps for years he has not visited the frontier settlements of the States. In such case, deep and long protracted are the orgies on his arrival at the out-posts of civilization. Liquor flows like water, and cards and dice are in huge requisition. Soon he is at the bottom of his purse, and knives, and pistols, and even clothing, are pawned to secure his return outfit.

Yet, under the progressive spirit of the age, all these things are changing rapidly. Steam-boats now ascend as far up as the Yellowstone, and return laden with the result of mountain traffic.

The trade of the Far West becomes day by day of more importance. It has built up, in a measure, the great western emporium, the city of St. Louis. Twenty years ago, and St. Louis was an old French trading-post and rendezvous for prairie and mountain men, containing only a few hundred houses. Now it is a city of more than eighty thousand inhab-

itants; lofty ware-houses and stately mansions have sprung up like magic; hundreds of noble steamers line her quays; her *levée* is instinct with life and business. Under its influence Independence has grown to be a thriving place of several thousand inhabitants, while in half a dozen years St. Joseph has grown to be a prosperous city.

The telegraph-wire will soon stretch from the Missouri river to the Rocky Mountains, bearing the lightning messenger quicker than thought; the steam-engine with its shrill whistle will ere long startle the buffalo from his range. Adieu, then, to the poetry and romance of the prairies! Adieu, then, to the strange characters that now make them their home.

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I N D I A N   T R I U M P H - S O N G .

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BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR

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The shore, the shore,  
 The pebbly sand,  
 The birchen door,  
 The leafy land,  
 The curved canoe,  
 The wigwam fire,  
 The wavelet blue,  
 The pine-tree spire!  
 Ho, ho! ho, ho! I'm home again,  
 Nor dripped the plashing oar in vain!

The sun, the sun,  
 The mountain cone,  
 The smoke-wreath dun,  
 The oak o'erthrown,  
 The ripple dance,  
 The hemlock shade,  
 The wildering glance  
 Of dark-eyed maid!  
 Ho, ho! my Huron home again;  
 Nor went the warrior forth in vain!

He came, he came,  
 The hunter pale,  
 With flag and flame  
 And fearless trail;  
 With gleaming gun,  
 Cold bayonet,  
 And plume upon  
 His helm of jet!  
 Ho, ho! he will not come again!  
 The Huron knives rang not in vain

I led, I led  
My battle-train,  
With serpent tread,  
O'er hill and plain;  
My battle-band  
Soft moccasin'd,  
When flowers were fanned  
By evening's wind:  
Ho, ho! my sylvan home again!  
We did not bend the bow in vain!

We met, we met  
At set of sun,  
And red and wet  
Were knife and gun;  
Oh! red and wet,  
And clotted o'er  
With locks of jet  
And drops of gore!  
Ho, ho! my forest home again!  
The hatchet did not drip in vain!

It rang, it rang,  
The deadly blow,  
With vigorous clang,  
From foe to foe;  
And dark the cloud  
As pall of hearse,  
And fierce and loud  
The battle curse!  
Ho, ho! my woodland home again!  
They clutched the Indian's throat in vain!

'T was done, well done,  
Mid crimson rain,  
The conflict won,  
Th' invader slain;  
And homeward now,  
With captive pale,  
We guide the prow  
And ride the trail:  
Ho, ho! our birchen home again!  
We did not track the wolf in vain!

Ho, ho! ho, ho!  
Let youth and sire  
Make midnight glow  
With fagot-fire:  
Unstring the bow,  
Wave hatchet bright:  
The captive foe  
Shall burn to-night:  
Ho, ho! ho, ho! I'm home again!  
The Huron does not fight in vain!

## A T H O U G H T

WHILE GOING UP THE CATSKILL IN PLEASANT COMPANY.

'High mountains are a feeling,' but the heart  
 Knows higher, holier heights, where it can rise,  
 And mounting to the empyrean of their skies,  
 Can happy be.

O ANNIE, lofty Soul! if I might rise with thee,  
 Thy spirit with my spirit, hand in hand,  
 Then might I hope Love's Promised Land to see,  
 Content with thee!

E. R. J.

## A C H A P T E R O N S N A K E S .

'CONSULTARE fibras et rumpere vocibus angues.'

MANILIO.

'A SNAKE in the grass' is a plain expressive proverb, signifying fraudulent dealing, danger and surprise; but notwithstanding, as with head erect, the snake glides noiselessly and gracefully over nature's carpet, it is the possessor of no little beauty, of praiseworthy cunning, and of double-tongued wisdom.

Since the day when its changing skin was made the fit receptacle of one who

— 'WITH inspection deep  
 Considered every creature which of all  
 Most opportune might serve his wiles,  
 Who led EVE, our credulous mother, to the tree  
 Of prohibition, root of all our woe,'

has a war of extermination been waged against this peace-loving, cowardly, dangerous enemy of our race.

The feelings of hatred and revenge with which old Adam first burned, when he saw the wily destroyer of his peace creep away to his hiding-place, still characterize his descendants; and no retreat is safe for the hateful snake, who must 'in horrid shade or dismal den' rear its creeping offspring and seek its pitiless prey.

Moving with noiseless, rapid haste, upon its belly shall it go till the crack of doom, bearing, by some mystery unfathomable and unsought, the first curse ever uttered: strange companion of those who stood arraigned before that awful JUDGE who comes but once again to question and condemn.

The all-potent charms which lie over and around the regions of Snake-dom let me strive to break, in spite of snapping fangs, of hissing tongues and rattling tails. With Indian gourd-flute and bag I will play the magician with this chief character in the first act of life's drama, and shake out fold after fold in which, with a becoming shame-facedness, he



vainly endeavors to hide his diminished head. Fear not for my safety, for I will charm so wisely, that all snaky ears shall be made visible and stand on end, and each deaf adder, on the very tiptoe of expectation, await my imperious will and pleasure, until I have set forth the hidden merits of this persecuted, this tortuous, this well-nigh extinct race.

Let no Gypsy call me Lavengro and snake-tamer, appellatives now passing away, as the unripe conceptions of one who has earned a name which he cannot easily destroy; but I will boast proudly of my invincible grandsire, who adorned his bed-room with no mean trophies of his stout club and fearless heart, who always swore by St. Patrick, whose very eye was 'bloody murder to the bastes, and whose brawny arm freed, everlastingly, the ould counthrie of the desateful sarpints and all other reptilious hanimils.'

Who can see nothing to admire in the grace of motion, the transparent texture, the regularity of scales, the sleek glossy appearance of this out-cast from humanity's pale? A link in the chain of created beings, it must exist for some wise and useful purpose, and although endowed by nature with a defence,

—— 'Whose effect  
Holds such enmity with the blood of man,  
That swift as quicksilver it courses through  
The natural gates and alleys of the body;'

yet it never strikes unless for the preservation of life, disturbed in its hiding-place by its mortal foe. The wisdom that lives in the piercing eye of the snake, the cunning and contrivance manifested in securing its prey, and in keeping far from the sight of its pitiless destroyer, man, are surely deserving some consideration.

The food of the snake is no drain on nature's store; and its habitation, the waste places of the earth. It never crosses man's path unless impelled by hunger, and even then minds its own business, if not opposed. If it does bear a mark like Cain's, tempting every one to seek its life, yet may we not allow it some prudence in often securing the first blow? A snaky character is not the worst, and since 'live and let live' is its motto, I could wish it had more imitators.

Commentators vainly attempt to agree upon even the probability that Noah received this creeping thing into the Ark: the one party learnedly, and with no lack of dignity, affirming that the whole tribe was compelled to sink or swim; while the opposite side urge, with equal wisdom and a more righteous zeal, the possibility of at least two sustaining themselves in some hollow and useless timber, thrown aside by the builders, and which of course floated on the surface of the great deep. Suffice it to say, no Kilkenny cats were ever more determined to arrive at the end of the controversy, and also, that no new sect has as yet arisen from these wonderful and astonishing discoveries.

Profane history is almost silent as to the progress, yea, even the very existence of the serpent. For long centuries it has lived in undisturbed solitude, an exile from the category of fish and flesh; by some strange conglomeration of human ideas, the suffering victim of religious prejudice, and the detestable object that seems ever desirous to literally bite our heels, while we bruise its head.

The Father of History tells us that snakes were once the welcome food of the famishing horses of the army of Cyrus ; and Pliny, whose veracity we do not see fit to question, relates the almost incredible story of one measuring one hundred and twenty feet, in whose rapacious maw whole battalions had been forced to take quarters ; that battering-rams were employed against it, and that an ovation, by a royal decree, was made to celebrate its defeat.

With his tail in his mouth, the snake, in Egypt, is the symbol of eternity, and is considered no unimportant hieroglyphic by the antiquary who would decipher the hidden signification of those strange characters that mar the beauty of old Cecrops' head, or of some towering obelisk or massy pyramid. In India, this symbol becomes a plain fact. The circle embraces the heavens and the earth, sweeping through the whole mythology, from Mahadeo, the serpent's god, and Doorga, his consort, bedecked with coils of snakes in the stead of jewels and charms, and attended by the great Boyuna, the admiration of Ceylon, and the huge Jiboya of Java, until it reaches the hundred-headed monster, who upholds and defends the snake of all snakes that rules the universe, together with a twin-brother, whose never-ending task is to churn the waters of immortality.

The Grecian empire, the cradle of science, at whose bloody birth the hydra-headed dragon made such fell resistance, might have been yet in embryo but for those wonderful teeth of fabled story, which assisted old Cadmus in his great undertaking ; and in this connection let me not forget Hermione, and the reputed father of the hero of the Gordian knot. The Augean stables would yet be uncleared, the Nemæan lion still roar, the dog Cerberus never have visited the light of upper day, but for the interposition of the gods, who saved the infant Hercules from Juno's cruel avengers.

No mean part has this outcast been acting in the world's history, daring to strike at the root of empires, or boldly attacking and depopulating whole neighborhoods with its hundred heads ; now in the shape of the Lernæan hydra on land, and at last the great sea-serpent, the creature of fancy and of dread, ploughing the briny deep, lashing it into foam, and leviathan-like, making the sea to boil like a pot.

Its massy folds and circling spires adorn the most remarkable group of sculpture ever carved, Laocoön and his ill-fated sons ; to the heathen, the fearful embodiment of the fate of the rash opposer of his country's gods, but to us, convincing proof of the triumph of art over fancy's senseless dream.

'As wise as serpents' was the motto of the enigmatic Caducius, the emblem of prudence and diligence, and the attribute of as arrant a thief as ever stole, although the patron saint of business and commerce.

A prominent actor in the wild mythology of the days of Jove, a less important figure does his snakeship cut in modern times. Seldom visible, save as the ornament of an elaborate piece of fancy-work, or the distinguishing stamp of a Mexican coin, or may be the haunting vision of a night-mare, he sleeps unmolested in his mountain bed. No Gorgon head can restore to their former number the diminishing progeny of that innumerable brood which infested the Lybian sands. Snake-charmers

have lost their occupation, with the Psylli and Marmarides of Cato's time :

— 'SAME at whose voice,  
Spell-bound, the dread CERASTES lay.'

If we except the luring hiss of that old Prince of Serpents, who still

'MAKES intricate seem straight  
To mischief swift,'

the horrid voice of the snake is well-nigh hushed, save to the ear of the hardy pioneer who leads far before his brethren into the western wilds, and dares to invade his dangerous hiding-place.

But enough of snakes. May they continue to slip their transparent coats as easily as did Juliet the glove that Romeo wished to be ; and may you and I never experience the numbing influence of that charm which sleeps in the fiery eye, or be subjected to the mighty power of that spell which shall hold fast for ever the fool-hardy victims of 'the worm that never dies.'

J. T. H.

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T H E P I L O T .

By the light of the storm when the stars waxed dim,  
Still sailed the proud barque o'er the desolate sea ;  
Though the moan of the gale, like a funeral hymn,  
Swelled up from the breakers that foamed on her lee.  
What though all in tatters streamed pennon and sail,  
The gloom of the midnight, the tempest's red glare,  
The boding bird's cry, ringing out o'er the gale,  
The heart of her pilot knew never despair :  
But bravely his shout  
Rang cheerily out :  
'United for ever her timbers shall be ;  
Not a line shall be parted,  
Not a plank shall be started ;  
If perish we must,  
We will founder at sea !'  
Still sailed the proud barque o'er the desolate sea.

By the light of the stars, when the tempest had fled,  
Still sailed the proud barque o'er the desolate sea ;  
But their halo of glory encompassed the dead :  
The pilot was gone, but the vessel was free.  
No more on the tempest his voice shall be heard,  
No more on the waters his footsteps shall be ;  
His dirge is the cry of the low ocean-bird,  
His grave and his glory the hearts of the free.  
And the voice of their shout  
Rings cheerily out :  
'United for ever their triumph shall be !  
The fame that was brightest,  
The stars that are lightest,  
If perish they must,  
They shall set in the sea !'  
Still sails the proud barque o'er the desolate sea.

L. J. BATES.

## A T O N G U E T O L E T :

DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO JUSTIFY GUILT FOR GAIN

BY REV. JAMES GILBORN LYONS

A TONGUE TO LET ! Who comes, who comes,  
 To hire this loud and restless thing !  
 You call for trumpets, fife, and drums,  
 When war's fell storm is gathering ;  
 But when did trumpet, drum, or fife,  
 Bassoon or bag-pipe, ever yet  
 Avail like THIS in scenes of strife !  
 A TONGUE TO LET ! — A TONGUE TO LET !

Art *thou* the man of practised guile,  
 Whom moral triflers name a cheat !  
 Is all that *they* deem gross and vile  
 In thy sound judgment fair and sweet !  
 Is thine a load of guilt untold !  
 Are heart and conscience black as jet !  
 Fear not, if thou hast goods or gold :  
 A TONGUE TO LET ! — A TONGUE TO LET

Hast *thou* withheld a brother's right,  
 And stained thy hand with ink or blood !  
 Pillaged and fired a house by night,  
 Or spoiled young virtue's bloom and bud !  
 Those noble works thou shalt not rue,  
 If thou canst cash or credit get :  
 We still may swear or buy thee through :  
 A TONGUE TO LET ! — A TONGUE TO LET !

What though some stubborn witness rise,  
 A man of rude and rustic ways ;  
 Some quaint, strange fool that never lies,  
 But prates of justice, kneels and prays !  
 Should his plain statement threaten woe,  
 Thou shalt not dread the verbal net :  
 We two will rend and vex him so :  
 A TONGUE TO LET ! — A TONGUE TO LET !

If judge and jury both condemn,  
 Pressing thy freedom or thy throat,  
 No hurt shall reach thy garment's hem  
 If thou have kept thy purse or vote.  
 Stern governors grow bland or blind  
 When *these* before their eyes are set,  
 As thou, sent forth from gaol, shalt find :  
 A TONGUE TO LET ! — A TONGUE TO LET

Nor shalt thou wither in the shade,  
 When rescued from despotic laws :  
 Thou shalt the purest then upbraid,  
 And win the people's warm applause.

Thou then shalt lecture, preach, declaim,  
 Become the ladies' pride and pet ;  
 Shalt turn to coin past deeds of shame,  
 And have thyself a tongue to let.

Ye too that only muse on crime,  
 Afraid lest men your acts discover,  
 Come, freely name your place and time,  
 And let us talk *such* matters over.  
 Strong hints, you know, must serve *before*,  
 Lest we your lawless deeds abet:  
 True knowledge is forbidden lore :  
 A TONGUE TO LET ! — A TONGUE TO LET !

And mark, what we with joy confess,  
 That, since it touched a wisdom-tooth,  
 This tongue has learned, with bold address,  
 To speak all earthly things but — truth ;  
 If that base weakness once appear  
 In one whom angry foes beset,  
 He must not hope to shield it here :  
 A TONGUE TO LET ! — A TONGUE TO LET !

## DESULTORY THOUGHTS

### ON WOOD-ENGRAVING AND WOOD-CUT PRINTING.

ALTHOUGH writing for the press is not always a labor of love, it has its pleasant as well as unpleasant phases ; and if historical or philosophical research, profound investigation of cause and effect, or argumentative disquisitions, are laborious and oppressive to the brain of him who undertakes the task, he occasionally seeks relief and finds his reward in writing for the mere amusement or the instruction, in some matter of every-day life, of the reader. Yet perhaps the pleasantest kind of writing on which a man can employ his pen, is that in which he can at the same time please and instruct. We flatter ourselves with the idea that under the caption which heads this article, we may perhaps be so fortunate as to attain this desirable object : at all events, we will try.

If it be true (as it undoubtedly is) that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, it is as certainly true that three-fourths of the world have but a very faint idea how very many of the things which are daily in their possession, or under their immediate observation, are made or procured. And it is probably owing to this very limited knowledge, that there are such awkwardly long pauses in the conversation in a mixed party, when 'the weather' and 'the latest news' have been discussed.

We propose now to have a little friendly gossip with our readers on a subject which is far better known than understood, namely: *Wood-Engraving, and Printing from Wood-Engravings.*

The art of engraving on wood, although coëval with the art of print-

ing, (for indeed the first fount of letters with which books were printed were neither more nor less than a series of wood-cuts, and the Chinese, who were the earliest printers, engrave the matter of their books on wood, and print one page at a time, at the present day,) did not progress so fast, attain to a like degree of excellence, or become of such importance, as the more expensive art of engraving on copper or steel: in fact, there were but few who attained to excellence in the art, nor did it come into general use, until the latter end of the last century.

The Germans were probably the best wood-engravers, in the infancy of the art. So rapidly, however, has the use of wood-engravings increased of late, and so universally are they now used, and to such a variety of purposes is wood-engraving now applied, that no one who possesses any of the comforts of life can be without some specimens of it.

Not only is far the greater portion of the illustrations of the books and papers which instruct and entertain your household printed from engravings on wood, but the patterns which make your plates, dishes, cups, etc., pictorial, are engraved on wood, printed, and then burnt in. The roses and lilies which convert your parlor into a bower, were engraved on wood before they could be printed on the paper which now covers the walls. Those mysterious devices which variegate your wife's dress, (and which, by the bye, has often furnished you with matter for speculation as to what they could possibly be intended to represent,) which she declares are so 'exceedingly pretty,' were first drawn, then engraved on, and finally printed from wooden blocks. Ten to one if the label on your pill-box was not printed from wood: nay, so universal has become the use of wood-engravings that (if you happened to be rocked in a wooden cradle) it may be said of it, as it is said of taxation in England, 'from the cradle to the coffin we are encompassed with wood!'

But it is with that branch of the art which is applied to the illustrating of our books and papers with which we have to do in this article. This is by far the finest branch; and to such a degree and beauty has it been brought, that in a great measure it supersedes the copper and steel engravings which used formerly to be employed for that purpose. And although it is doubtful whether wood-engraving can ever be brought to equal the delicacy of the plates, in skies, or other portions which require exceedingly fine lines, or to attain the softness and yet depth of shade rendered by mezzotint, yet for figures, for views of places or things, for landscape, and especially for vignettes of the most exquisite finish and beauty, wood-engravings are now almost universally used. It is true that lithography has also robbed the engraver on metal of a large portion of work; and it is true that for some descriptions of representations it is superior to wood, nay, even to metal, with the advantage of being infinitely cheaper; but the circumstances that wood-engravings can be printed from, in connection with type; that they can be printed from much quicker, and consequently cheaper; and that they can be duplicated at a very trifling cost, while lithographic drawings require re-drawing after a certain, or rather an uncertain, number of impressions are worked off; will always cause wood-engravings to be more generally used than any other now known.



But now to describe the process of wood-engraving, and printing from the wood so engraved :

The wood for fine engravings is, or at least should be, box-wood, of the finest quality, perfectly sound, free from all blemishes or defects, and thoroughly well seasoned. For the coarser or commoner kinds of wood-cuts, cherry, mahogany, and other hard woods are sometimes used. The wood is sawed across the grain, in slices of about the height of type, or as printers say, 'about type-high.' These slices of wood are then put up in racks for farther seasoning, presenting an appearance somewhat similar to a series of wooden platters put up to drain by some careful cook of the last century.

When the wood is sufficiently seasoned, it is 'faced,' i. e., brought perfectly smooth on one side, which is then 'the face' of the block, and is ready for the artist.

The artist, who makes the drawing, generally selects the wood himself, as it is a matter of importance to have it close-grained, and free from all imperfections. He generally chooses a block but little larger than the engraving is to be, and if the design is larger than can be got on one piece of wood, two pieces have to be joined, the effects of which the observing reader may have sometimes seen in a very perceptible white line where there should not be one.

The artist, or 'draughtsman,' as he is generally called, having got a piece of wood to his mind, commences by covering the face of it with a white or very light wash : this is the 'ground.' He then with a black-lead pencil draws the subject or design which is to be engraved, and colors with different colored washes the different parts of the picture, thereby indicating to the engraver the degree of light or shade which he wishes the engraving to present.

If the drawing thus made be by a superior draughtsman, as DARLEY, WALLIN, DOEPLER, BELLEW, and some few others, who stand at the head of the profession in New-York, it is of itself a beautiful picture, presenting at the same time the appearance of a water-color and pencil-drawing.

The wood now passes from the draughtsman to the engraver, whose province it is to render faithfully the spirit of the drawing by a correct and clean engraving or cutting of the wood.

And here it is necessary to draw the reader's attention to the grand distinction between wood-engraving and copper or steel-engraving. In the former all the light points are cut away, only those lines which are to appear on the paper being left ; while in engraving on metal plates, the lines which are to appear are cut *into* the plate, and the white, or 'lights,' are left. This difference is owing to the different modes in which the engraving is inked, and the impression is taken. In the wood-engraving, the lines which form the picture are inked by a roller passing over them, and the impression is taken by a flat surface, the white parts of the picture never being inked at all ; whereas in printing from copper or steel, the lines which form the picture being cut in the plate, the ink is forced into those *in-graved* lines with a small ball ; the white parts which are unavoidably inked in doing so have to be cleaned before the sheet which is to receive the impression can be laid on. The impression

is given by forcing the plate under a cylinder, which forces the sheet of paper into the lines, and thus takes the ink.

This will explain how it is that wood-engravings can be worked (printed) with type, while copper, steel, and lithographic engravings cannot.

But we must now return to the wood-engraver, in whose hands the block is rapidly becoming a 'cut.'

The wood-engraver's tools, or rather tool, (for he uses but one,) consists of what is technically called a '*graver*.' It is something like a thick triangular-bladed knife, with a round knobby handle: and armed with this simple and single instrument alone, and that skill, taste, and perseverance which are indispensable to any thing like rank in his profession, he cuts out the smallest possible speck, or boldly opens out the 'lights' which are to give life and beauty to the picture. With steady and skilful hand he cleans out the delicate lines which indicate the clear and cloudless sky, the thunder-giving cloud, the leafy tree, the stately building, the god-like form of man, or the more tender and beauteous outline of the fairest portion of humanity, 'dear delightful Woman!'

For an engraver ever to rise to superior excellence in his profession, he must have taste, and a correct perception of form and natural beauty; for although an engraver may be a perfectly correct workman, and a clean engraver withal, if he has not a taste for drawing, and the same natural perception of form, proportion, perspective, light, shade, and color, which are essential to a draughtsman or artist, he cannot enter into the spirit of the subject on which he is engaged with that feeling which is necessary to a proper rendering of the draughtsman's ideas. The subject may have been drawn with the utmost freedom, life and spirit, and yet come out of the engraver's hands stiff, awkward and constrained. Such a man had better *saw* wood than attempt to 'cut' it: he may succeed at the former, he never will at the latter.

The taste for illustrated books has increased so much of late, and the business of wood-engraving is so extensive in this city, that it would be impossible, in an article of this description, to attempt to name all those who deserve to be considered excellent: but the names of BOBBETT AND EDMONDS, B. F. CHILDS, HERRICK, HOWLAND, LOSSING AND BARRITT, J. W. ORR, J. H. RICHARDSON, LESLIE, WHITNEY AND ANNIN, and ANDREWS AND LEVY, are among the most eminent which this city can boast.

It may here be observed that the business of wood-engraving is one which is peculiarly adapted to the taste and ability of the fair sex, many of whom in Europe have attained to considerable excellence, some for pleasure, others for profit; even ladies of title have not disdained to handle the graver, and we remember to have seen specimens of their handiwork, which proved that 'the titled classes' are not necessarily useless members of society. It can be performed in a parlor without making a tithe of the litter caused by patch-work, and when once learned, can always be done at home.

The wood is now engraved, but it has still to be printed before the public can see the result of the labor already performed: and we must now introduce the reader to the wood-cut printer, and initiate him into

the process necessary to be gone through, before the picture will present that appearance which the draughtsman and the engraver intended it to present.

There can be no doubt but that the acute reader, for whom we are now writing, has seen many wood-engravings which appeared very light, or 'gray,' where they ought to have appeared black; and very heavy, and the lines very thick and coarse all round the extremities, where they ought to have appeared so light and fine as almost to have gone away into nothing. Now it is ninety-nine chances to one that this faulty appearance is not attributable to either the draughtsman or the engraver. It might be the fault of the person who printed it, or it might be the fault of the publisher; but it is most likely it was the fault of the person who bought the book, because he preferred a cheap edition to a good one. We will explain.

To get a fair and correct impression from a wood-engraving, it is necessary that every part of it should have exactly as much impression on it as will bring off the lines perfect, and no more. Now, as it is in the very nature of things that (without any preparation) the extremities of the cut will have the heaviest impression, and the centre will be the lightest, and as generally the darkest part of the subject is in the centre and the extremities are light, it is necessary, to counteract the tendency before mentioned, and to produce the desired effect, that the cut should undergo the process of being 'made ready.'

But as the term 'making ready' may be rather obscure to some of my readers, and as I really *do* wish to enlighten them, and as I have no idea that by so doing I shall injure the craft, I will inform the curious reader in what it consists.

In the first place, the printer proceeds to bring the cuts to one perfect level, and as there is sometimes considerable variation in the thickness of the wood, he has to make up the deficiencies by *underlaying* the cuts with paper. If there is type to be worked with the cuts, the cuts must be brought to a level with the type. Having brought the cuts to a level, the printer now proceeds to *overlay* them, which is done by overlaying the dark parts by successive thicknesses of paper in exact proportion to the depth of shade indicated by the engraving, and cutting out the light parts, thus increasing the impression on the dark or solid parts and decreasing it on the light parts.

Now to follow accurately every minute object in the picture, cutting out and overlaying it in the precise amount required, is a work of little less skill and delicacy than engraving itself, and the man who is a good wood-cut printer must have judgment and a taste for pictorial representations; and many of the engravers and draughtsmen who may read this will feel and acknowledge the truth, that some of their best productions have been marred, if not spoiled, by unskilfulness in the printer or niggardliness in the publisher. None but those who understand the business can fully appreciate the immense difference between the appearance of wood-engravings which are carefully made ready and well worked, and those which are not made ready and are carelessly worked.

Thus it will be seen that the making ready, or preparing the cut for printing, is really of as much importance as the engraving or the draw-

ing; and the discerning reader will also perceive that, as it must also take some time, it adds to the expense of printing.

As all printers are honest men, (this is an axiom,) when a wood-cut is placed in his hands, he will work or print it in exact proportion of excellence to the price paid. Thus, if the publisher is going to publish a *very* cheap edition of an illustrated work, he pays *nothing* for making ready: the cuts are merely underlaid or levelled, and the reader is left to guess at the subject of the design. If he is going to issue a moderate-priced edition, he will pay the printer a 'moderate' price for making ready the cuts, and the figures begin to emerge from the chaos of ink, and the reader gets a tolerable perception of what the artist wished him to see; but if the publisher ventures upon a *FINE* edition, and will pay for the time necessary to properly make them ready, and they are intrusted to a competent workman, they will vie with copper-plate engravings in clearness, in brightness, and in general beauty.

Now then, whose fault is it if wood-engravings do not look well? Publishers would rather bring out good editions than bad, if the public would buy them.

We feel that we cannot conclude this paper better than by rendering unto Cæsar the tribute due to Cæsar, or in other words, by giving the credit which is justly due to those publishers who endeavor to improve the public taste by publishing the best editions of illustrated works, and to those printers who take sufficient pride in their business to do their utmost to improve it.

There is no one publishing-house in New-York which better deserves to stand at the head of this list than the American Tract Society, commonly called in the trade 'The Tract House,' for there is no other house which has done so much to spread abroad (and at home) a taste for good printing. Although most of their issues are small, both in size and in price, and a great many are printed expressly for children, they are *beautifully* printed; good paper, good type, good ink, good wood-engravings, and the very best of work being bestowed on them. If these, even though at the lowest possible prices, do not create a taste for good printing, then nothing will. All honor to the American Tract Society, and to Mr. Browns, the careful and judicious foreman of the press-room, under whose superintendence this fine wood-cut printing is executed.

Mr. G. P. PUTNAM, who publishes some of the very best editions of the very best works, deserves to be rewarded by a very large sale for the exceedingly liberal manner in which he brought out the best edition ever published of the works of WASHINGTON IRVING. They are copiously illustrated, the drawings by DARLEY, the engraving by the best engravers, and the printing by the best printers the city could produce. This is only one of the many good books he publishes. There is no individual publisher in the city who gets out his works in more liberal style, or who has done more to encourage a taste for fine printing, than GEO. P. PUTNAM.

HARPER AND BROTHERS, a firm whose name is known every where, and whose business is immense, are also helpers in the cause. Their *Illustrated Bible*, *Field Book of the Revolution*, *Monthly Magazine*, and other *illustrated publications*, are doing their share in cultivating the tastes as

well as improving the minds of the people. They print all their own works.

The BROTHERS APPLETON, in Broadway, have issued many works which have reflected the highest credit upon their enterprise, liberality, and good taste. Among the most striking of these are HALLECK's illustrated 'Poems,' Bishop WAINWRIGHT's 'Land of Bondage,' and the 'Knick-Knacks from an Editor's Table,' recently published.

Mr. CHARLES SCRIBNER has issued several works which have done honor to his press. His large illustrated edition of the 'Reveries of a Bachelor' was very beautifully executed.

Among those who are printers only, the name of J. F. TROW, Ann-street, may be mentioned with distinction, as eminent for an ambition to turn out such printing as will gratify the most fastidious, and excite his compeers to a wholesome and honorable competition.\*

Of Mr. GRAY, the printer of the KNICKERBOCKER, and of his extensive establishment, your Magazine has already spoken, and at large, in terms of just commendation. His greatly-increasing business and enlarged premises sufficiently attest the excellence of his work, and his ambition to excel in the 'art preservative of all arts.' TORREY of Nassau-street, ALVORD of Gold-street, and quite a number of others, are also striving to make New-York as famous for the *quality* of its printing as it already is for the *quantity*.

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\* We take great pleasure in 'bearing our testimony' to the justice of this encomium. Our own recent volume is evidence in point. To the capable assistants of Mr. Trow, and especially to his foreman, Mr. WERRY, who 'each particular of his duty knows,' and *does* it, and to Mr. CRATE, who superintended the 'making-ready' of the wood-cut printing, we take this occasion to tender our public thanks. This latter gentleman has no superior in his line in the city. He looks with a true artist's eye at the production of effects in light and shade, and no manipulation, however difficult, does he leave unemployed to secure 'good work.'

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

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N I G H T : A S O N N E T .

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BY W. H. O. HOOPER.

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O NIGHT! I love thee, as a weary child  
Loves the maternal breast on which it leans!  
Day has its golden pomp, its bustling scenes,  
But richer gifts are thine: the turmoil wild  
Of a proud heart thy low sad voice hath stilled,  
Until its throb is gentler than the swell  
Of a light billow, and its chamber filled  
With cloudless light, with calm unspeakable:  
Thy hand a curtain lifteth, and I see  
One who first taught my heart with love to thrill,  
Though long ago her lip of song grew still.  
Day showeth but the sod upon her breast,  
But thou, O Night! her form in glorious raiment drest.

Even, (N. Y.) October 22, 1852.

## MASSACHUSETTS MOUNTAINS.

From the windows of my study,  
 Southward as I often gaze,  
 Veiled in summer's sunset ruddy,  
 'MONUMENT' its cliffs displays.

Clings around its summit hoary  
 Indian tale of love and crime;  
 BRYANT'S muse embalmed the story,  
 That shall live to latest time.

Northward stands the ancient dwelling  
 SERGEANT builded long ago,  
 Where his heavenly ardor swelling,  
 Bathed the Red-man in its flow.

Westward, in their earthy slumbers,  
 Lie the thousands of our dead;  
 While the monumental numbers  
 Register each honored head.

Pale-face and his dusky brother  
 Mingle there their common dust,  
 Waiting, each beside the other,  
 For the rising of the just.

In the gap of yonder mountain  
 Lies the famous Icy-GLEN,  
 Where at times Romance's fountain  
 Mirrors torches, maids, and men.

Just before me, thus inditing,  
 LAUREL HILL's green shades arise,  
 Many a pilgrim foot inviting  
 To the 'ROCK OF SACRIFICE.'

Sweetly bosoming the river,  
 Lie the meadows fair and wide;  
 While the fringing willows quiver,  
 Shadowed in the placid tide.

Mountains, wood-topped and romantic,  
 All this beauteous scene empale,  
 And, like sentinels gigantic,  
 Guard the beauty of the vale.

Valley full of Nature's glory,  
 Be thy charms remembered long!  
 Rife with legendary story,  
 Worthy poësy and song.

Fairer home, creation over,  
 Errant mortal ne'er shall see:  
 Humbly, like a faithful lover,  
 I bequeath my heart to thee!



## TRANSCRIPTS

FROM THE DOCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF.

BY FREDERICK L. VULTE.

'MR. BAUDIN is not in,' said the clerk of one of the fashionable hotels in Broadway, of whom I had inquired on a professional visit one morning.

'Not in,' repeated I gravely, and retired.

I called again, and got the same answer. I called again, and again: the same answer still. 'Strange,' thought I, 'that this man is never at home.' I had called at the hotel at early morn and dewy eve, and lingered about until the midnight bell had struck, and the man Baudin was always — 'not at home.'

'At what time is it usual for him to be in, or at what hour would it be convenient for me to see him?' I asked of the clerk.

'I don't know, Sir,' replied he; 'Mr. Baudin has gone out of town, and I am not possessed with the information you desire.'

'Gone out of town!' muttered I. 'Oh, this is too bad!' Here had I been calling and running, anxiously expecting that at every call I made I would have one writ the less in my budget of secret history: for so, I take it, should a sheriff's docket be styled. Where, indeed, I would ask, could so true a history of the manners and lives of the people of any age, in their private relations, be gleaned as from the official documents in our possession? — the barren phraseology of the official return eked out by private memoirs:

'T is true, and pity 't is, 't is true.'

Upon reflection, I concluded that my simplicity had been deceived by the clerk at the hotel, whose intention (as I afterward learned, suggested by Mr. Baudin) was to put me 'off the track,' and thereby assist the party *in delicto* to gain time and avoid the service of the writ I had against him.

It may be asked, 'How did the clerk know you were the sheriff?' My answer is, 'I could not go any where, it seemed, without being recognized by an acquaintance, or by some one for whom, or against whom, I had had business relations; and thus while applying at the hotel was I discovered, and known as sheriff, and addressed by several of the boarders at the hotel.'

Being known there as the sheriff, and having no hopes of finding my man around those quarters, I was put to my 'native cunning' to find out his whereabouts, in the best and quickest way possible. For I must work quickly, if at all, or otherwise give up the chase. But to me there was no such word as 'fail.' To this end, then, I resolved to work expeditiously. Baudin undoubtedly had got an advantage over me. He perhaps had seen me, or had a description of my person, obtained proba-

by through his friend the clerk at the hotel. So it will be seen that I was laboring against great odds. Nevertheless, as 'the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong,' I determined to follow him, though it should cost me some time and labor.

'Gone out of town!' pondered I: 'yes, that means not to be caught; 'left the hotel,' that means not in my bailiwick. So here goes for a capture!'

'Find a needle in a hay-stack,' is an old puzzle; and in my situation, to drag out the person of Mr. Chillington Baudin from his lurking-place was almost as impracticable. It certainly was equal to one of the labors of Hercules: for be it known Baudin was a gay young man about town, who had gone to seed. He had seen the sunshine of his days, and being already on the dark side of life, like the bat he kept under cover by day and prowled about at night.

I inquired at most of the public places which I supposed Baudin visited. I went to the theatres; called at the principal billiard-saloons; stopped at the restaurants of Florence, Sherwood, Fisher, and others; in short, I dropped in at every supposable place that Baudin patronized, and my search was continued for six long weeks, principally o' nights, but without realizing my so eagerly-desired triumph, the capture of Chillington Baudin.

Still my efforts to find him were not slackened, though with but little better success. As soon as I had any information as to where he was, and made inquiry there, he was *non est inventus*: had sloped, gone, vanished. This was practised on me for some time. I could not get information in time. He was 'not there' at every place I called.

At length, being wearied with the trouble I had taken in the matter, and feeling too that I had done as much for the interest of the plaintiff in the writ as 'the law required,' and that nothing but chance would enable me to serve it, I was disposed to give it no more care, and return it when return-day came. While waiting for this desirable period to arrive, one day a stranger called upon me at my office, and, addressing me in pure Celtic *patois*, said: 'Sheriff, yee's had a bit av a job for me, against Dan O'Neil, for slandering me karacter, an ye tuck him I know; an I've come now to ask yer honor the names av the bail you tuck?'

I remembered the writ, but I was not disposed to give information about a subject until I had ascertained what interest he had in the matter, and so I asked him who he was.

'Me name's Con Dalton, yer honor, and yer honor can find that on the bit av paper yer honor had agin Dan O'Neil, the blaggard; and, bedad, I think yer honor must know me. I've seen yer honor a dozen av times or so at the Tarlton Hotel, asking for Mr. Chillington Baudin.'

I gave Cornelius, or Con Dalton, as he called himself, the information he desired, and he thanked me heartily for the good service he insisted I had done him.

'The security is good, yer honor, and Dan was got in good time, for he's off now; but the bail is good, and I'm obleeged to yer honor, an' if I can do yer honor a good turn when it comes in me way, I'll do it, and glad av the opportunity.'

'I thank you, Mr. Dalton,' said I, 'for your kind offer; but tell me,

what were you doing at the Tarlton Hotel when you saw me there so often, and inquiring for Mr. Baudin ?

'I'm a waiter there, Sir, be the office close't.'

'Ah, you're a waiter, and your station is around the office, eh ?'

'Yes, Sir, jist.'

'And you know Mr. Baudin, the gentleman I inquired for so often ?'

'Troth do I ! and I know, too, yer honor's call for him ; it was a bit av paper like mine agin Dan O'Neil you had, only not for spilin' a ka-racter, but for gettin' goods be false pretences, called troover, I mind.'

'Con,' said I to him, hoping to get from him some information which would be of service to me, and fearing withal that he would not impart to me any thing about Baudin, if he really knew of his whereabouts, 'Con, so you are acquainted with that gentleman, are you ? — and I suppose you know where he is to be found, eh ?'

'Do I know him ?' said he ; 'deed, but I do ; and it's meself that knows where he is jist.'

'And you'll inform me, Con, will you ?'

'No, yer honor, I'll not inform, but I'll tell yees. I promised yees that I'd do yees a good turn when it came in me way, and bedad, I think the time's jist come. Only be secret, yer honor.'

I promised him secrecy, and assured him that in no event should the source of my information be known.

'Well, yer honor,' said he, 'beyant Broadway, to the lift, as ye go up, in Mercer-street, before yees come till the corner, and right forninst a stable acrass the way, there is a boording-house, and there ye'll find the gintleman ye're asking me av. No, ye'll not find him unless you do as I tell yees : he lodges there, ye see, and the girrel that tends the door, belike, is tould till be sly who she lets in to see Mr. Baudin. Her name's Mary, yer honor, and yees knows better how to git in than I can tell ye. Only a shilling or so ; but yer honor knows. Go in the morning, Sir, about eight o'clock. Do as I bid ye, and all will be right.'

'I will do as you bid me, Mr. Dalton.'

'Call me Con, if you please : Con's me name.'

'I will follow your directions, so be easy on that head, Con ; and no one shall be the wiser that you gave me the information ; and beside, I am much indebted to you.'

'Not a bit av it,' said he ; 'yees acted like a gintleman till me ; only be careful, and ye'll get your bird. Eight o'clock in the morning, mind. Good bye, Sir !'

'Good bye, Sir !' and he was off.

At eight next morning I was at the house where Baudin was supposed to have lodged, which, following the directions of Con Dalton, I had easily found. As he said, it was opposite a stable. Going to the door, I rang the bell, and the door was opened by a merry blue-eyed girl ; who, on my saying that 'I wished to see Mr. Baudin,' replied, doubtingly, that 'she was n't sure that Mr. Chillington Baudin came home in the night ; 'deed, but she thought he had n't come home.'

'Oh yes, Mary,' said I, coaxingly, 'he did come home ; and I know you are a good girl, and here's something for you, Mary. You will, I am certain, answer me truly.'

'Deed, but I will,' said she. 'The jintleman you was asking for is who!'

'Who! why, who but Mr. Chillington Baudin!' said I.

'That's it, sure; I'm lectured upon that, Sir. I can't admit any one to see the jintleman but them that asks for the jintleman in full.'

I laughed outright at the cunning hit, 'the jintleman in full.' 'Ah, Chillington Baudin, I have you now!' thought I.

'Ah, Mary, please to direct me to his room.'

'I'll keep your honor's company till the room, and show it you.'

'Thank you, Mary.'

'Mary's me name, shure,' said she, as she requested me to precede her up two pair of stairs. 'Yis, that's me name, and that's the room of Mr. Chillington Baudin, and ye'll find him there. And ye tould the jintleman's name in full, didn't ye, Sir? Indeed, I know you did. That's the room, Sir.'

Into the room indicated by the girl I posted. But judge of my surprise, and the dilemma in which I was fixed, when I discovered two beds, and each of them occupied by a person who snored prodigiously. There was I standing, midway between the beds, a silent spectator, careful lest my least breathing should awaken one or the other, or both; fearful that if I awoke either I should 'wake the wrong passenger.' 'This is a fix!' thought I. It would not do for me to leave the room, and call on Mary 'to show me my man.' No, that would n't do; that would shock the girl's modesty, and mine, too, to ask her. How can it be done? In what way can I discover which was Baudin? By looking at their clothing? No; that was a suspicious act, if they awoke during the process; and I might be mistaken, and get a bullet in my head. Ah, I have it: I will look in their hats; their initials, or probably some marks of identity, are there. But lo! the thought vanished from my mind when I saw both hats on the same table; both identical, with no ear-mark upon either. Thus agitated, I knew not what to do. I was cogitating anxiously to produce some way or means to enable me to single out my defendant, (but, as the result will show, I should have had no anxiety at all,) when, on looking toward one of the beds, a pair of eyes wide open were looking at me, staring, and seemed to ask, (as eyes will speak,) 'Who the devil are you, and what are you here for?'

I stood for a while in doubt what to do, those eyes still glaring at me, and yet there seemed as if fear lingered about them. The body rose half way up in a sitting posture, with arms over and outside the covering, and at last the mouth opened and spoke: 'Hallo, old fellow! who are you? What do you want? What are you doing here? Very odd! Very strange!'

'It does seem odd, strange,' replied I, 'and I suppose I ought to apologize for the intrusion and my apparent rudeness. But,' continued I, 'if you talk so loudly, you will awaken your friend.'

'Chillington is an amiable fellow,' said he, 'and I don't care whether he is awakened or not. Chillington,' continued he, in a loud voice, addressing the sleeper, 'wake up! Come! get up!'

'Ah ha!' thought I, 'now I have got you.'

'Chillington! Baudin! hallo! wake up!' continued he, in a man-

ner somewhat alarmed, and a voice a little tremulous, as if invoking his friend's assistance to repel me, whom he supposed to have no honest intentions about his room.

The gentleman thus addressed, and thus besought, *did* awake, opened his eyes, and he appeared more frightened than the other. The thought flashed across my mind for an instant that his state of feeling might arise from the certainty that perhaps I had business relations with him, and not of so mild character either as to be disposed of easily. Calming himself down, however, and addressing me with that easy carelessness of manner men of his class ordinarily exhibit, he exclaimed, 'Good morning, Sheriff; no necessity for your card. I know you very well, but never had the pleasure of an introduction. Sheriff, Mr. Ranston; Ranston, the Sheriff. Give you bail; oh, yes, a sufficiency; plenty, plenty, and good at that. We are off-hand fellows; we are *en deshabelle* just now; but we will arrange our toilet at once. Can't comprehend why you called at so unseasonable an hour; no necessity for this excessive diligence, my dear fellow, not in the least. Was there, Charley?'

'Not a bit,' Charley replied.

'Mr. Charles Ranston,' said I to myself. 'If so, instead of catching one bird, I have actually caught two.' Such was the fact: but bide the while, dear reader, and all shall be made known.

'Charley,' continued Mr. Baudin, 'you will go bail for me. Eh, Charley?'

'Yes, Chilling,' replied he, 'provided the Sheriff takes me. Take me, Sheriff, eh?'

'Oh, certainly. I'll take you with pleasure, if your name's Charles Ranston.'

'My name ain't any thing else; no, indeed it ain't. Not a middle letter in it.'

'I always take every thing I lay my hands on, provided I have a writ against it,' I replied, at the same time laying my hand on his shoulder.\*

This was a cut direct, and he staggered under it.

'You, you haven't a writ against *me* too, have you, Sheriff?' stammered he.

'I have that honor, Mr. Ranston.'

'Trick, rather, I should say,' retorted Ranston.

'Face, said Baudin, smiling, between his teeth.

'No, gentlemen, the 'honor' is a 'trump,' and takes the 'trick,' said I.

'That's bringing down two birds with a single shot. Isn't it, Charley?' said Baudin.

'And bagging them, too,' replied Charley, in a semi-playful manner; but still a little frightened, I thought.

'Mr. Ranston,' said I, 'your case is trifling, nothing but an appearance-writ; and I will thank you to endorse your name, which signifies only an admission of the service of the writ.'

'Is that all?' said he, gleefully. 'Oh, I'll do that cheerfully, particu-

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\*The customary way, in olden times, when a sheriff made an arrest, was to put his hand on the defendant's person; so also when he levied upon property, he touched every article seized by him, and from that moment the property was bound.

larly as there's no more harm in it than in a promise to pay. So that's done. Now I am at liberty. Is it so, Mr. Sheriff?

'You are,' replied I.

'Viva! Viva! I'm still Charley Ranston: but how about my friend?' said he.

'He won't fare so well.'

'No?'

'No, Mr. Ranston. Mr. Baudin must give me bail in two thousand dollars, in such sureties as can justify in that amount.'

'I can't do it,' replied Mr. Baudin. 'It cannot be done. My last hope is gone, if you will not take Mr. Ranston.'

'He don't like to be taken; do you, Mr. Ranston?' I asked of that gentleman.

'No objection in the least to be taken up,' said he, 'conditioned if I am let down so easily; much indebted to you.'

'Not indebted to me at all, but you have every reason to be thankful to your good luck on this occasion.'

'So I have. Viva! Viva!' exclaimed he.

'Mr. Baudin,' said I, addressing that personage, 'you say that you cannot give me the bail required. It therefore only remains that you must go to jail.'

'Bail,' 'jail,' 'jail,' 'bail,' chimed he thoughtfully. 'Yes, that is what I have concluded on,' said he in reply, 'and I may as well take it easy. Got any money?' said he, addressing Ranston. To which question that gentleman, after searching his pockets, and turning them inside out, and finally finding something, replied:

'Yes, Chillington, a solitary dollar comprises my entire balance in exchequer. Do you want it?'

'Do I want it, Charley? Certainly I do. Have n't a copper myself, and I think I shall want a breakfast before I go to jail; that is, if the sheriff will permit me to trespass upon his time long enough.'

'Oh, certainly,' said I; 'you shall be treated like a human being as long as you are under my care. Certainly you may have time enough for your breakfast.'

Charley Ranston here left us, rejoiced, I doubt not, to be out of my company. At least, so he seemed, for when going, he bade me 'Good-bye, glad to get rid of so close a friend;' and he hurried off, praying that he might never be 'caught a-napping again,' which during my time never did occur with him again.

Chillington was allowed by me to partake of his breakfast, which by reason of the low state of his finances was obtained at a 'cheap and nasty' restaurant hard by. His breakfast being completed, after a little while, I escorted Mr. Chillington Baudin to jail, and delivering him to the tender mercies and kind considerations of the jailer, I left him, as he said:

'By-bye, Sheriff. Give my love please to Charley, if you should see him. By-bye.'

Baudin remained in jail some days, but was finally liberated by his relatives, who were wealthy, and made a settlement of the claim against him in full.



## T H E H O U S E H O L D .

BY THOMAS H HOWARD.

In this room, so quaintly made,  
Walls and casements stained and old,  
Sun-light struggles in through shade —  
Not the cold.

Not the cold, with fingers frozen,  
Meets the sun-shine, warm and bright,  
On the spot which I have chosen  
Where to write.

While I watch the red fire flowing  
From the grate, now fierce, now tame,  
Thoughts come thronging up, as glowing  
As its flame.

Let me place them — mid-day sparkles  
From the mind's pure anthracite —  
Here, where each, when evening darkles,  
May grow bright.

Then, when shades descend before me  
From the midnight's coming gloom,  
Thoughts will glow which now come o'er me  
In this room :

In this room so quaintly made,  
Walls and casements fashioned oldly,  
Where the sun-light, in through shade,  
Struggles boldly.

Thence my mind, in fitful marches,  
Passes inward to an olden  
Other room, whose stately arches  
All are golden.

It is lighted, arch and column —  
Though *here* sun-light never falls ;  
And Memory hangs her pictures solemn  
On its walls.

There I meet the loved ones who,  
But for inward Truth's endeavor,  
Seem, to merely mortal view,  
Lost for ever.

But I meet them, and no longer  
In the dimness are we parted,  
And their presence makes me stronger —  
Stronger-hearted :

Stately presences, whose seeming  
Shadows the Reality,  
Till the Actual only dreaming  
Is to me.

She who wife and mother was,  
Purified of her unrest,  
Lives for those she did, and does,  
Love the best :

New-Orleans, Nov., 1852.

Leading on with angel sway,  
Though unseen, felt ever near,  
Out to broad and open day,  
Loved ones here.

Dear ones with celestial light  
Arch and column so illumine,  
That the day seems perfect night  
In the human.

And when back I trace my thought  
To this quaintly-fashioned Real,  
All about seems Fancy-wrought  
And ideal :

Till, the silence softly rifting  
From the dim old corridor,  
Two sweet tiny voices shifting  
Music pour.

These here dwell without their mother,  
In this room so quaint and olden,  
And they know not of the other  
Arched and golden.

And they ask me dally for her,  
And I tell them she is there ;  
And they make me still deplore her,  
Asking where :

Saying softly, as no other  
Voices could, with each a tear,  
'Will our dearest, dearest mother  
Soon come here ?'

But with each young mind's expansion,  
From this mansion, stained and olden,  
I will lead them to the mansion  
Arched and golden.

And the household, newly gladdened,  
There shall find its dear ones blended,  
As if it had not been saddened,  
Or been rended.

Then these embers, dimly darkling  
From my mind's pure anthracite,  
Shall, when comes its day-time sparkling,  
Grow more bright.

And when shades depart before me,  
Like the march of wintry gloom,  
Thoughts shall glow which now come o'er me  
In this room :

In this room so quaintly made,  
With its casements fashioned oldly,  
Where the sun-light, in through shade,  
Struggles coldly.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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**THE ROMANCE OF STUDENT-LIFE ABROAD.** By RICHARD B. KIMBALL, Author of 'St. Leger,' 'Cuba and the Cubans,' etc. New-York: PUTNAM AND COMPANY.

WE welcome with sincere pleasure the addition of this new-comer to the by no means numerous ranks of 'books which are books.' We welcome it as a deeply-absorbing romance; we welcome it as a profound truth; we welcome it as a straight-forward and simple narrative of deeds and thoughts; and we welcome it as a deep and curious philosophical study. There is now a new era in works of fiction. During the Middle Ages, poems and legends were perused simply 'for the sake of the story:' scenes of war and love; wild adventures by sea and land; grotesque and marvellous tales of the supernatural; all, in fact, that could appeal to the passions or senses, was wrought up in a manner calculated to awaken a vivid interest in even the most unthinking and illiterate. As regards *the principle* on which these works were written, we find little real difference in the works of even such modern novelists as SCOTT, COOPER, or JAMES. In fact, as regards consistency, and a true title to be ranked among the representatives of a school or style, there are many works of fiction voted 'decidedly vulgar' at the present day, which will, however, in after-times, be carefully preserved, not only as containing curious instances of life and manners, but from their really possessing in a high degree the predominant characteristics of the old school. And what then are these characteristics? Let us examine. How many a reader, in perusing 'popular and thrilling romances,' written by men whom he *knows* to be without genius — perhaps almost without talent — has been vexed with himself at finding the unbidden tear starting to his eye, or at feeling in his heart emotions which he is ashamed to have awakened by so weak a voice as that of the novelist before him. And how many a small reviewer, puzzled on the one hand at the deep emotions which the work inspires, and on the other, at the manifest want of many of the simplest qualifications of a good writer or thinker, briefly dispatches it in a common-place style, totally condemning or praising it at will, doing either with a fair show of strict justice, or winning for himself a reputation of the purest impartiality by alternately *slashing* its defects and *plastering* its merits. Now the true cause of this seeming contradiction is in reality plain enough. There is a vast array of the most intensely-absorbing emotions or events, appreciable by, and capable of falling within, the experience of every one. The abduction of a wife, the seduction of a daughter or sister, the ruin of property by a friend, form events capable of touching the heart, even when lamely set forth, even as the announcement that they had really happened,

would fill us with horror, whether announced in the homely language of an ignorant servant, or whispered in the polished and refined accent of an intimate friend. The back-ground on which these figures of thrilling romance are painted, is less difficult of execution than readers generally suppose. It is but the literal imitation of nature—or models; and a little practice renders any knight of the quill wonderfully perfect in all its mysteries.

Modern novelists have risen superior to their predecessors of the Middle Ages in describing minuter and subtler emotions than those with which the Trouveurs and Minnesingers were familiar. But they have no more originated a new style than have the builders of the present century a new architecture. There has been, it is true, a reaction, and a powerful one. An attempt was made in Germany to re-construct novelism on a philosophical and æsthetic basis; an attempt which has here and there met with a responsive echo in the soul of some congenial *thinker*. But for the mass, all such reflective works are as yet necessary failures. What is *WILHELM MEISTER* to a Miss of sixteen! Nothing good or useful, we are certain. The æsthetic novel requires the employment of good and evil, of highly incongruous elements, that its singular and critical spirit may find full employment. And though critical reading be in reality infinitely more delightful than that whose highest aim consists of interest of narrative, still the great, overwhelming majority of unthinking readers will ever prefer the latter.

But, although no new school is as yet fairly formed, we still find distinctly-marked signs of the beginning of one. Here and there a writer, endowed with more penetration and a truer spirit of progress than his compeers, ventures to quit a little the old beaten track, and without relinquishing that interest of narrative which is his only hope of salvation with the multitude, still ventures to regard human nature, with its infinite lights and shadows, as one great, glorious, endless work of Art, to be judged by the same rules as all other emanations of mind impressed in matter. 'But,' the reader may inquire, 'does not the narrative lose in interest, does it not miss in thrilling power, through this introduction of philosophical thought?'

To which we would reply: 'What think you of the works of *STERNE*!'

In the common-place novel every body was very good or very bad. What the merely descriptive side of the new school of novelism is gaining over the old by its philosophy is a more accurate portrayal of human nature as it is. The noblest minds vary and change, and show dark points in a manner never set forth in old romances, while the vilest men at times show themselves possessed of, we will not say great and noble traits, or singular saving clauses, but a thousand little amenities, a thousand little common-place varieties of good and evil, which greatly influence our impressions of the grand leading traits of their character. Unfamiliar with philosophical criticism and comparative art, ordinary novelists are totally incapable either of appreciating or setting forth these peculiarities: and, indeed, an attempt of this nature would seriously risk overturning the entire balance of the subject proposed.

Among those works which, clinging with a deep, an earnest love for all that is beautiful in nature, still comprehend that throughout all wind deep mysterious laws of harmony, leading to something far more glorious than sensuous beauty, we class this late work of Mr. *KIMBALL*. In it the author has not done all that he could do, for his mind is of the promising, progressive order, whose every new performance indicates new capabilities. The work itself lays no claim to be of that high order of originality which we claim for it. It is simply the record of

a few true and literal experiences, during a student-residence in Paris. But its observations are of no common order, and the insight which it displays into the heart and life is miraculous. Every body and every thing is for the author a profound study. Like *Fantasio* in ALFRED DE MUSSET's charming proverb, he sees in every soul a great mysterious abyss of thought, or of subject for thought.

Those who, misled by the title, expect to find in this work merely a brilliant record of delightful sins, duels, drinks, and pretty mistresses, will be disappointed. With a keen rapid glance, and in his peculiar silent way, our author indeed sees through and comprehends every thing of the kind, with the eye of a finished man of the world, to whom all phases of life are equally intelligible. But he is as evidently a *gentleman*, and as such possesses in the highest degree that innate delicacy and refinement which recoils from the description of aught which could affect unpleasantly the young and the pure. To learn the world at the least possible risk of corruption, a youth going abroad for the first time should have this work literally by heart. It will teach him in advance lessons which he might not otherwise draw from years of experience. With all this refinement and delicacy, both of morals and perception, our author does not lack strength or energy. We have heard it stated that the biographies of very few men present such striking instances of the success of vigor of will against every opposition, as his own. And since the inelegant but expressive term of 'old fogey' has crept into legislative and editorial parlance, we take the liberty of negatively employing it, by assuring our readers, that as far as a true spirit of advance in life, literature, and art is concerned, we know of no work in which the author appears to be so little of an 'old fogey' as this. Indeed, it could hardly be otherwise. A life derived from high family, familiarized at all times with elevated historical and social relations, passed alternately in the best universities of Europe and America, or in frequent and widely-extended travel, until the most out-of-the-way nooks of continental life became old acquaintances, could hardly give as a result a work which was not new, piquant, and progressive. Such is the work, and such its characteristics. The author has aimed at penetrating and setting forth the æsthetic spirit of life, without losing a shade of interest in the narrative. He has succeeded: the problem is solved. Let us only hope that this work may be the forerunner of a long and widely-extended series of productions of the same nature.

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ESSAYS ON THE PROGRESS OF NATIONS. By EZRA C. SEAMAN. In one volume: pp. 630. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

THIS is truly a 'labor-saving machine,' (if the author will allow us thus to speak :) its six hundred and thirty closely-printed pages are filled with valuable and interesting information, which can no where else be found in so convenient a form. To the general reader it is useful as a work of reference, and to the politician and historian it is almost indispensable. Statistical information is that which we most need: of theories we have enough; but in results and facts, by which all theories are tested, and from which all advances must be made, we have always been deficient. This work is one important step toward supplying the wants of the student and the statesman in that department.

The author has had great advantages in the collection of his facts, and the results prove that he has not lacked the industry and ability necessary to the

task. The work is comprehensive in its character and reliable in its details, and as such we recommend it to all in want of accurate statistical information. Mr. SEAMAN has placed the public under many and great obligations by the publication of this book: and we trust that he will be encouraged by a proper acknowledgment to continue his useful labors.

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CAIUS GRACCHUS. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By LOUISA S. MCCORD, of South-Carolina. New-York: H. KERNOT.

THE drama is not a favorite form in the poetical literature of the day; perhaps because the fashion is rather to deal with the general and abstract, or to take a wider range in view of humanity than belongs to the expression of individual feeling, or the portraiture of individual character. Our female writers, especially, have avoided this species of composition. Some indeed have written fine poems, cast in a dramatic form, but we know of no genuine tragedy or comedy, glowing with the vigorous exhibition of character and passion, or rich in the faithful delineation of life and manners, which give the drama its substance and vitality, from the pen of an American woman. The poetry of the country has been almost exclusively lyric, didactic, or descriptive. Its themes are usually chosen from fire-side experiences, and the thoughts and emotions of a contemplative existence, or from the various aspects of external nature: recollections of noble deeds, or sympathy with them, finding melodious expression, but seldom with such depth and pathos as to stir the soul in its recesses. The style of the muse at the present day, here as well as abroad, is a soft attractive mien and wealth of adornment, in contrast with the severe simplicity of her ancient garb. She appeals to the fancy — the excitabilities, it may be said — rather than to the graver intellectual faculties. The banquet she offers is a store of sweets, choicely prepared, and improved by judicious mingling of foreign ingredients, but the substantial aliment is often wanting; the strong meat by which the understanding grows and thrives; and where there is food for thought, it is rather in the way of suggestion, provocative of appetite, than a satisfactory supply. The air around us is full of delicate harmonies, snatches of which may 'lap us in Elysium' for a brief moment; but we listen in vain for some master-tone so fraught with power that were it long to enwrap us,

'Time would run back and fetch the age of gold,  
And speckled vanity  
Would sicken soon, and die,  
And leprous sin would melt from earthly mould.'

The generalizing spirit of the age contributes, without a doubt, to the present taste in poetry, and this is in a measure the effect of our political condition. The continuance of a state of things causing danger or distress felt by every individual throughout the land, would concentrate the attention divided among a multitude of objects, and bring home the thoughts wandering to the ends of the earth. If a high degree of cultivation had been general, the scenes of our Revolution, enlisting the passions of individuals as well as involving the destinies of nations, might have given a direction and vigorous life to popular literature. But our ancestors were better qualified to act in those stirring scenes than to depict them artistically; they could fight their battles o'er again in the hearing of their children, but they were not competent to the use of the pen.

well as the sword. The heroic matrons of that day could arm husband and son for the strife, could wield the soldier's weapons, or even write, as did MARY WARREN, the history of the struggle: but they were not skilled to build the lofty rhyme; and those who courted the muse, it must be confessed, lacked the genius which could burst through all clouds, and shine with such splendor as to enlighten the world. The genial atmosphere and assiduous cultivation of later years might have shown them how to produce what would have been remembered with pride and profit by future generations; but in the process of refining the taste the stimulus was lost. As the female mind expanded with increased advantages of education, and the sunshine of national prosperity fostered the growth of art, the impulsive mental energy which seeks its outlet in creative action and vigorous utterance was less felt. The influence, too, of the prevailing school of English poetry, in which a sensuous brilliance of imagery and elaborate luxuriance of decoration had taken the place of the homely strength of former times, formed the popular taste in this country, raising up imitators of Byron and the Lake poets. Then the philosophical tendencies of the continental nations began to be engrafted upon the delicate growth of verse, and the German writers had their share in moulding its products. Questions of philanthropic interest were open to discussion, in which any might take part; and human rights, social relations, and the constitution of society began to be canvassed. This kind of progress, enlarging indefinitely the range of mental action, is peculiarly unfavorable to the poetic art, particularly in the drama, which requires concentrated energy and development of its idea by direct and personal expression.

The prevalent character of poetry, fanciful, descriptive, impassioned, or superficially metaphysical, is illustrated in the productions of most of our female poets, those of the East receiving the first impulse, and those of the West echoing the like strains in various degrees of melody. Scarcely one has written in a style so different from the rest that any of her works have a distinctive character, essentially unlike the others: all wear the same features, and belong to the same school; and very few, we are bound to say, on account of this want of individual originality, are destined to an enduring reputation. The South has been deficient in representatives. Except the lady whose work is the subject of this article, and MRS. GILMAN, who is not a native of South-Carolina, it has had no poetess whose writings have commanded much attention. Yet in the agitated state of public feeling which has prevailed in South-Carolina for some years past, exist important requisites for the nourishing and development of the poetic faculty in its greatest vigor. The idea of external oppression, exciting personal feeling, and turning the mind to the contemplation of examples of heroic resistance, has in past times produced the noblest specimens of eloquence, and plumed the wings of Poesy for her most sustained flights.

It would hardly be fair, however, to attribute solely to political causes the fact that South-Carolina has produced the only American poet whose productions may be said to belong to the elder school, which appeal to the intellect more than the fancy, and are marked by such sinewy strength of thought and expression as to be stamped at once with a character of originality. It is easy to see that MRS. MCCORD is familiar with the early standards, of those days when there were giants in English literature: her cast of thought and style of utterance show that she has studied them lovingly; and it is equally evident that the more ephemeral beauties of a later school have had little favor with her. She is wholly unlike any of her sisters of the lyre, and writes with a terseness,



vigor, earnestness, and masculine energy which show her to be altogether of a different order. With the exception of a small volume of poems and an *Essay on Political Economy*, she has published nothing before 'CAIUS GRACCHUS.' The choice of this subject, the severe classic simplicity of the play, in plot and incident, and the author's disdain of the accompaniments which have opened the way of others to a brief popularity, will prevent its acquiring a sudden reputation; yet it evinces powers of a very high and uncommon order, and deserves special attention as a brilliant anomaly in our literature, significant perhaps of a change that will greatly elevate its character.

In some respects the author of 'CAIUS GRACCHUS' resembles that poet of the wedlock of flame and iron, ELLIOTT: but the production of which we are continually reminded in her play, is TAYLOR's 'PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE.' We mean not to imply that it is the least of an imitation; there appears no evidence that Mrs. McCORD has even read that splendid work: but hers has the same force and quaintness of expression; the same compression of much meaning into few words; the same infusion of sarcasm with pathos; the same powerful and comprehensive thought; and the same contempt of mere ornament, with a bold use of rhetorical figures, as it were from necessity of strong utterance. In the first, second, and third requisite to dramatic excellence—character—her claims cannot be denied: her personages are sketched with a sturdy strength of outline, and stand forth in perfect individuality; the interest depending on the exhibition of character more than upon any artistic grouping of incidents. In this point, and in the neglect of adventitious aids, the work also bears a likeness to the poem above referred to, commending itself, like that, to the appreciation of the discriminating few, rather than the applause of many readers.

The story of CAIUS GRACCHUS is so well known that it is unnecessary to occupy space with an analysis of the tragedy. It has furnished a subject to the Italian poet MONTE for the finest of his dramatic creations, which is, however, inferior as a whole to this of our country-woman. The eloquent appeals of GRACCHUS to the people, the Senate, and his followers; the rivalry and rancor of ORMIUS; the plans and passions of their several adherents; and the noble love and heroism of CORNELIA, are highly dramatic materials, capable of being wrought up with intense effect. To show how skilfully they are handled by Mrs. McCORD, would be to transcribe the play. The address of GRACCHUS to the citizens of Rome, in scene sixth of the second act, is a masterly specimen of fiery eloquence, in its magnificent climax swaying the multitude like a reed, but its length precludes its insertion. The whole of scene fourth of the fifth act, descriptive of strife and slaughter, and the scene of GRACCHUS' death, are among the finest specimens of dramatic poetry within our recollection: but want of space excludes extracts. But partial justice, however, could be done the piece by extracts, had we the ability to give them. The versification is remarkably correct and melodious, and the frequent use of uncommon words, yet appropriate and expressive, gives quaintness and piquancy to the diction. Throughout is evident the writer's partiality to old models in English verse. Among the prominent characters, that of LICINIA, the youthful wife of GRACCHUS, is exquisitely portrayed, and appears in a touching and beautiful light beside the noble matron, CORNELIA. The covetous, treacherous SEPTIMULIUS is also well drawn.

The author's resistance of the temptation to invest her tragedy with the attractions of the romantic school, and strict preservation of the classic spirit and costume, constitute one of its prominent merits. Her acquaintance with the

poets of Greece and Rome in their own languages has enabled her to impart to it a purely classic tone, which no unlearned writer could have given. We know of no modern English tragedy, except 'Iox,' which has so much of this.

On the whole, we regard 'CAIUS GRACCHUS' as a production not only remarkable as marking the commencement of a new era in our literature, indicating a returning of taste to the old and admirable standards which held popular affection before 'the torch-light put out the star-light,' but as evincing powers surpassed by none of our female writers, and which, in future works, will command an enviable fame. Though, if she write nothing else, 'CAIUS GRACCHUS' is enough to enroll her name among those of whom the country will be proud.

LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. By DONALD MACLEOD. In one volume: pp. 298. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

LOCKHART'S Life of Scott, undeniably excellent and replete with interest as it is, is yet too extended to have secured general perusal. Mr. MACLEOD's moderately-sized volume comes opportunely, therefore, to supply an important desideratum. Without omitting any facts that belong to the history proper of the great Scottish author, or incidents that chequered his early and later career, the writer has nevertheless compressed the whole into a compass which, although comparatively small, is still so comprehensive as to leave nothing to be desired. His volume is truly what it purports to be, a true biography of Sir WALTER SCOTT, made up from ALLAN'S Life, WASHINGTON IRVING'S 'Sketches of Abbotsford,' and LOCKHART'S diffusive volumes, already alluded to. What will at once win the reader's regard is the loving manner in which Mr. MACLEOD commences, continues, and completes the biography of his illustrious countryman. His task is unmistakably performed *con amore*. He has omitted all criticism; wisely, we think, since, as he well observes, 'the WORLD is now SCOTT'S judge,' and criticism would be adscititious. What the writer claims in his preface he has faithfully performed. He has written a history of the man and the author's life faithfully and lovingly. 'SCOTT was so true a man,' says our author, 'so earnest, full of frankness, beauty, and reverence; loving his God and his KING; loving the heaths, and firs, and rude mountains of his wild Scotland; loving kith and kindred like a true clansman; his dependents like a benevolent superior; his dogs and horses like an unequalled master! Merely to tell how such an one lived, loved, enjoyed, sorrowed, labored, struggled, and died bravely, is not this better than to analyze the 'Heart of Mid Lothian' or 'Waverley'! To which query we for one do not hesitate at once to reply in the affirmative.

It was our intention to have accompanied the present notice, brief and inadequate as it is, with a few extracts which we had indicated as we read the volume *through* at a sitting, with pencil in hand; but for reasons elsewhere mentioned, this is impossible. We can but commend the work to our readers as one of unflagging interest, from the beginning to the end; written in language simple but often exceedingly picturesque, and always in keeping with the particular theme in hand. Beside the fact that the work in its externals is well put before the public, we should add, that it is arranged in the order of the consecutive periods in the progress of its illustrious subject, which careful method makes a reference to any portion of its interesting contents a matter of convenience as rare as it is praiseworthy.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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'ANOTHER LETTER FROM 'UP-RIVER' will be as pleasant an announcement to our readers as the familiar manuscript of the writer was to us. Of *these* matters, especially, we wish all our prose-correspondents to 'make a note:' the simplicity, naturalness, the easy colloquial and colloquial character of the *style* of this correspondence. It is not 'writing:' it is thinking and talking upon paper precisely as the writer would think and talk in the presence of a friend, with none other to hear or see.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

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'Up the River, November, 1852.

'THE last vestiges of summer are gone with the departing year. The garden-gate is closed; the rusty scythe is hung up; the cider-mills now creak and groan, while the few remaining apples on the trees have their cheeks frost-bitten. The threshing-floors are the scene of much riot and racket. The flails glance in the air, flung aloft by dexterous arms: the fanning-mills are in perpetual motion; and the old horse is condemned to his annual punishment of the treadmill. It is painful to see him monotonously stepping on an inclined plane by the hour together, weeping out perhaps his remaining eye, and while winnowing out the grain for others, rapidly getting himself in condition to be turned out to die. I have some respect for the Yankee who invented the churning-machine to go by dog-power, but none whatever for the WHIRNEY-like ingenuity which contrived this torture for the noble horse. Yes: he will soon be turned out to die, like that raw-boned animal which I saw the other day on the turnpike. He had been a farmer's horse, and for many seasons had ploughed the fields, and did his share of arduous duty. He had earned the hay and oats and comfortable stable which should have been his reward in old age. But his master had not mercy enough to cut his throat, although he could have got the money for his skin; and now he wanders about starving, and will be, until the town's people remove his carcass from the road, a stalking monument of base ingratitude.

'The other day, while reading a book, I heard a sound on the highway like the tramping of a company of dragoons. On looking out, lo! the whole road for the distance of a quarter of a mile was literally crowded with jack-asses, with their ample ears, and tails knobbed like a lion's, following a single horseman, who rode solemnly in advance. Their approach was productive of great excitement among the horses grazing in the fields, who galloped up and down along the fence, neighing prodigiously. I asked the conductor: 'How many asses have you?' He replied, 'A hundred and twenty-five.' 'Where do you take them?' 'To NEW-HAVEN!' The next day another troop as large passed by, and on the next another — all going to New-Haven. They are not, however, sent there to be put to college, but are thence shipped to the West Indies. The exportation

of asses from the country is immense; yet the race does not appear materially diminished. The trade has long been carried on at New-Haven, and there is perhaps no place where there is so much erudition, and at the same time so many long ears.

'Ever since the frosty rime appeared, and the air has become sharp, your ears are stunned at the break of day by long-continued and most agonized squealings. They come from all parts of the compass. The tender pigling, the bristling, obese grunter, turns his white, bleared eye, now suffused with flame, for the last time with a tender reminiscence to the vacated pen, to the soft, wallowing sty. Visions of potato-parings, refuse, and sweet nubbins, straw-laid bed, and ring-tailed darlings, mingle with an instinctive presentiment of the whetted knife. Piggy does not march to his execution with the silent, dogged resignation of a condemned criminal, but invariably with a resistance of the strong police, and immense lamentations. As he always went contrary when driven, from the time of the ringing of his rooting snout, he now uses his vast muscular energy to take his own part, and issues a squealing protest against being killed. He resists with all his might, as he is dragged, pulled, and pushed along to slaughter. But Piggy should reflect that he is not the only animal who must eat. His destiny is compound: TO EAT AND TO BE EATEN. The first part he has fulfilled, according to his nature. For the latter he is not responsible. You will now see him divested of his bristles, washed as white as snow in a scald-bath, and strung up by the heels, with his jaws stretched apart by a dry corn-cob. The next morning, frozen as hard as a rock, he will be stored with other produce in a wagon, with his hoofs sticking out from beneath a blanket, while the countryman, his head crouched on his shoulder to protect him from the north-east wind or a driving snow-storm, slowly wends his way to market. His final sepulchre is the human stomach. He whose habitation was so lately a pig-sty, and his foot in the trough, whose aspect was most beastly, most hideous, will soon become a part of 'fine lords and fine ladies,' and no doubt enter—I say it without disrespect—into the grand mausoleum of the President of the United States. Behold that Senator expound the Constitution! Behold that Judge upon the bench! For some part of his composition he is indebted to the sty.

'So much for the transmigration of bodies, of which there can be no doubt, and the flesh of pig becomes beatified in transparent corporation. It resides in the vigor of the manly arm; it is in the purple blush of youthful beauty; it is in plumpness, and flowing lines, and tender lineaments, going before a creasy age, when the stomach abjures fat. When, during the past summer, it was my amusement to hasten to the sty, at the emptying of the desiderated slop-pail; when I listened to those porcine grunts, and was a witness of that beastly emulation to obtain the tid-bits of the leavings, and the choicest of the peels; when I turned away from the ill-smelling mud, and reflected seriously how much is conveyed in the very name of *hog*, I can scarcely realize the transfusion of such grossness to so much delicacy and delight. Each household is now enlivened with preparation for a 'feast of fat things.' The kitchen is a scene of continual festivity: every tub is in requisition; the empty larder is replenished; the lean poor wax fat. What a hissing and what a frying! What an unctuous smell! What an herbal fragrance! The cloven feet are turned to bowls of transparent, palpitating jelly. And souse! souse! Souse is a gelatinous, emollient, dainty morsel. Spare-ribs are as delicate as delicate can be! Steaks! Cook them in a devil-dish, with a little currant-jelly and sauces, after the Doc-

ron's fashion, and they are beyond all praise. But when I come to speak of crackling! — 'fat, call it not fat' — O CHARLES, CHARLES! I yield the palm to thee! That pen of thine could add a charm to every subject, and like the winter-time bedeck with greenest sprigs and fragrant parsley the very front of pig!

'Again, the little ruddy chunk, with its alternate layers of lean and fat, suited alike for JACOB SPRAT or for his excellent wife, whose tastes were diverse, used in my kind father's family to be served up at judicious intervals, in a dish called sour-crout. This dish we reverence for the sake of our Dutch ancestors; and although the cabbage at a certain stage has volitant principles which, beginning at the kitchen, walk without ceremony into the parlor, and stop not short of the cock-loft and rafters — a sort of spiritual cat — yet it has to the initiated a fierce relish, which can scarcely be described. The St. NICHOLAS Society will bear me out in what I say. But if there be any relish of life for which we are indebted to Piggy, it is sausage; and sausage, we have been always taught, to be relished, must be eaten at home. I remember, when a boy, the particularity of my old grandmother in the preparation of sausage. What cleanliness was required! How adequately the powdered sage and other herbs were mingled in its composition! And when it came upon the table, with buckwheat cakes, buttered and cut into four quarters on a hot, full-sized plate, upon my word, if the coffee were well composed, no breakfast could be more complete. But to hear me talk in this way, you might take me for a sensual epicure, instead of being, as I am, a man who can live upon a dry crust, and except at few-and-far-between intervals of hilarious health, cares not what he eats, so long as it be well served and clean:

'I CANNOT eat but little meat,  
My stomach is not good.'

Perhaps Mrs. HALE's immortal cookery-book gives the best receipt for sausage. Having said thus much for Piggy, I have only done it to show how admirably every part of creation fulfils its destiny, and contributes to its proper end. But I must turn the tables, by revealing a little of my own proper sentiment. Pork I like, but it must be in homœopathic proportion. Last winter I lived on the sea-shore, and at 'killing-time,' some body sent me a chunk of aromatic head-cheese. Sitting up late at night before a good fire, and writing as I am now in the 'small hours,' an inclination came over me to partake of supper. I threw upon the coals a half-dozen fine oysters, and when they were roasted nearly to a crisp, partook of them with a little good bread-and-butter. Afterward, to do justice to my friend's gift, I put into my mouth a small piece of head-cheese! I never was more convinced of the grossness of fat. Upon my word, no Israelite ever loathed a morsel of the unclean animal more heartily than I did that bit of head-cheese. It sickened me on the spot.

'But all people cannot attain to shell-fish. When I went a-trouting in Vermont, WILLIAM MALLORY, by profession a fisherman, as we sat down to take our dinner on the turf, after a successful day's sport, used to tilt his bottle of raw whiskey to his lips, and then cut off a chunk of fat pork. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'there is nothing that so sets onto the stomach.' 'Yes,' said I, 'this way of taking a dinner is pleasant.' 'Oh,' said he, 'that isn't all of it. It's *natur*.' But before I get through, or have shown for how much enjoyment we are indebted to the sty, I must make you realize what has often passed before my own eyes. There is a play-ground, and a hundred boys are kicking at a foot-ball. Now it flies high in air, and into the next field. They all tumble over the rails, fol-

lowing each other like a flock of sheep. Now they have it in a corner, and what a stubbing, and a-kicking, accompanied by the cry of 'shinnee! shinnee!' and at last they set it out, and with youthful cheeks flushed with health and exercise, with a succession of well-aimed kicks, they drive it home to the goal. Now if Piggy had not squealed with agony in the morning, this game could not have come off toward eve.

R. W. S.

'THE CENTURY PAPERS.'—We regret that of the interesting articles thus entitled, which have been placed in our hands for insertion, we can only find space for the following in the present number. The lines which ensue, from the facile hand that sketched the 'Babylonish Ditty' and drew the forceful picture of the 'Battle of Bunker-Hill,' need not our poor blazon to commend them to the admiration of our readers:

#### H E T A B E L .

'THERE's a deep pond hid in yon piney cover,  
That's garlanded with rose-blooms wild and sweet,  
Enwreathed with pensile willows hanging over  
Green, bowery nooks, and many a soft retreat,  
Where HETABEL and I did often meet.

'There the brown thrush sings, there skims the swallow;  
There the blue-budded ash its foliage weaves  
From deep-struck roots, brodered with sedge and mallow:  
Fair lies the pool, beneath its ridgy eaves,  
Blotted with waxen pods and ornate leaves.

'There workless rests the mill, each mouldering shingle  
Lets through the sun-threads on the knotted floor;  
There, where the village hinds were wont to mingle,  
Tall weeds up-spring; and in the cobwebbed door  
One sees plain written, 'They shall come no more!'

'There the white cottage stands! shadowed and sullen,  
Its ruined porch with fruitless vines o'erclung;  
In beds and pebbled paths the vagrant mullein  
Tops the rank briars where once musk-roses sprung,  
Heart's-ease, and slender spires with blue-bells hung.

'There in that solitude, deserted, lonely,  
Closed in a little Eden of our own,  
Unvisited, save by the wood-birds; only  
Ourselves, (sweet HETABEL and I,) alone,  
Our very trysting-place unsought, unknown,

'Wandered, sometimes beneath the pine's dark shadow,  
Sometimes at evening, when the mill's thick flume  
Trembled in silver, and the distant meadow  
Was half snow-white, half hid in sunken gloom,  
Even as our own lives, half joy, half doom.

Half joy, half doom! the blissful years are faded,  
And the dark, shadowed half is left to me:  
By grief, not time, my scattered hairs are braided  
With silver threads. And HETABEL? Ah, she  
Sleeps by her babe beneath the cypress-tree!

THE readers of the KNICKERBOCKER will recognize in the subjoined tribute to the genius of our great landscape-painter, DURAND, that simply just praise which his genius has commanded, and which has been often rendered in these pages. In a subsequent number, kindred justice will be rendered to other of our landscape-painters, whose increasing reputation is honorable not only to their genius, but to the onward progress of American art:

'THERE is no branch of the fine arts that has produced so many eminent and successful men in the United States as that of landscape-painting. It is not our purpose to present an essay on



landscape-painting. We desire only to point out some of the characteristics of our leading landscape-painters, and to attempt to do justice to a few of those by whose genius and labor so much has been accomplished, and of whom we have so many reasons to be proud.

'Landscape-painting has acquired in our country a dignity and character from the works of its professors, which cannot be claimed for any other branch of the fine arts; and the reasons for this are obvious. The great variety of character peculiar to American scenery offers points of adaptation to the taste and feeling of every true nature-loving artist; and whether he be most influenced by the rural and the cultivated,

— 'sweet interchange  
Of hill and valley, river, wood, or plain;'

or by the grand and solitary, he may find ample field for the exercise of his powers and the cultivation of his genius. There is also a higher appreciation by our people of those forms of nature with which they are familiar.

'There can be no doubt that there is a more genuine and sincere admiration of landscape-painting in our country than for any other; and it is because it is more easily understood by even the most common minds. Hence we find upon our walls a greater preponderance of landscapes. Bad or indifferent the most of them may be, but they indicate the general taste and preference for this form of art. We allude here more particularly to those whose tastes have been left to their own honest impulses and inclinations, which have never been twisted and turned awry by intercourse and communion with an affected and effeminate class known as the '*dilettanti*.' We do not mean those who have been tainted by a tour abroad, or returned from travel, not only imbued with a 'love of the old masters,' but accompanied by huge boxes full of '*originals*,' and which they will not believe to be trash, because they paid high prices for them at Florence or Rome. We have some faith in the judgment and taste of the intelligent classes — albeit their journeys have not been far from home — who enjoy nature when in the midst of its beauties or its grandeur, and who feel the impression of good and truthful pictures with an honest and high appreciation of their real and substantial merits. We have many such among us. Hence, the American landscape-painter appeals to more hearts, and finds ready communion with more souls, than any other laborer in art.

'We have alluded to the *natural* inducements, all tending to the growth and elevation of this branch of painting, in the variety of character which belongs to our natural scenery. What country possesses greater? Switzerland, with its lofty and splintered mountain-crag, and its narrow, pretty valleys that nestle so quietly at their feet, may possess more picturesqueness than belongs in general to our own scenery; but we have enough to awaken the painter's highest enthusiasm among our own mountains, in our valleys, and along the margin of our romantic and beautiful streams, that spread fertility and freshness in their murmuring progress through so many silent places. The scenery of every country has its own characteristics. Ours is all our own; and we have not far to go from our homes to find all that is grand, and glorious, and beautiful in nature, to invite the study and the contemplation of our artists. To quote the beautiful language of BRYANT:

— 'Thou hast not left  
'Thyself without a witness, in these shades,  
Of Thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace  
Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak,  
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem  
Almost annihilated, not a prince  
In all that proud old world beyond the deep  
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he  
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which  
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root  
Is beauty such as blooms not in the glare  
Of the broad sun.'

There is no deficiency of the *matériel* here: on the contrary, the variety is infinite; and whether the artist most affects the grand, the solitary, or the rural, the cultivated and the quiet, he will find an abundant field for his pencil, and ample scope for his genius.

'Our purpose is rather to offer some observations upon the several *characteristics* of our landscape-artists, than to discuss the general subject of landscape-painting. We do not propose to offer any extended criticism of their works, but to attempt to do justice to the claims of each upon the admiration and gratitude of their country for what they have already done.

'We cannot go far astray, or offend the general judgment of the community, by placing the name of DURAND at the head of our landscape-painters. Any one who remembers the eloquent and touching speech, unpremeditated as it was, in which he answered the enthusiastic greetings of his name at the opening of the National Academy, cannot but feel that in him NATURE may claim one of its most modest, truthful, and inspired worshippers; and the very earnestness and unanimity of the applause of his auditory proved how strong a hold he has upon their affections and regard.

'We confess to an affectionate fondness for the man and for his paintings. The latter seem to

us to be almost a literal transcript of his own individuality : so deeply pervading ; so full of that delicate and truthful perception of the quiet and the beauty of nature ; so much of its sentiment and feeling. There is nothing puerile, or insincere, or affected, in what he does. It is the devout homage and offering of his soul to the divinity before whose altar, and within whose great temple, he worships. No one can look upon his pictures without sympathizing with him in all that he feels, and all that he depicts in the beautiful aspects and harmonies of nature. We would not be understood as asserting that his paintings are wholly devoid of faults. Those who look with the critic's keen scrutiny upon his works sometimes complain, perhaps not without some reason, that his timidity prevents him from doing justice to himself ; that his fore-grounds lack strength and boldness ; and that his shadows are not deep enough, or vigorous enough, to bring out the nearer objects with energetic and effective force. For aught we know, these criticisms may be correct : we certainly have no inclination to contradict them. The natural temper and disposition of the man forbids him from bold or rash experiments. He interprets Nature as he sees her ; and while he advances with all humility toward her shrine, he sacrifices no truth to clap-trap or exaggeration. In color, the works of Mr. DURAND generally possess fine and harmonious points. The foliage of his trees is charmingly painted, and full of the life of truth. We feel that we could repose beneath their shadows, or climb into their branches. His summer skies are full of beauty, soft and balmy, and spread their golden hues over hill-top and mountain, fair field and glittering spire, as if emulating Nature in its glorious and wondrous power. Whoever has examined his studies, taken in the open air and amid the sun-light and shadows of Nature, cannot fail to remark the truthfulness and beauty of their detail. In these he shows himself her faithful disciple, and her close-observing, patient student ; but the real greatness of the man as an artist consists in his greatness as a poet. His compositions, while faithful to the truth of detail, combine a beautiful *sentiment*, which is felt by the observer ; and it is in this in which his true greatness consists. A more close delineation of nature no more makes a great painter than it does a great poet. What distinguishes BRYANT from all other American poets, is not the correctness and perfection of his descriptions in detail ; the daguerreotype-minutiae of the tangled wood, the mossy bank, the murmuring brook, the mixed, confused, and intermingled intricacies of the forest solitude. These may all be presented to the mind with the master skill of the poet, and yet be deficient in that which gives to poetry its vital power of touching the human heart and arousing its sympathies. BRYANT, in the true spirit of a poet, imbues his descriptions of nature with a human sentiment and feeling, and therefore appeals, and never in vain, to the thoughtful and contemplative soul. In this power DURAND is eminent above all his contemporaries. Take his landscapes, those we mean that are the offspring of his own nature, which he has painted in a real spirit of love ; those that convey his own character, if we may so speak, and which he has created in the midst of the tranquil quiet of his studio ; and we shall find in these a deep and a pervading *sentiment*, which appeals directly to the heart. This, then, is his prevailing characteristic — the symbol of his power.

'Does any one remember his picture exhibited some few years since, 'The Close of a Sultry Day?' The sky seems to be surcharged with the heat of a long and oppressive summer-day. Nature, animate and inanimate, droops beneath the languor of the lifeless atmosphere. The pendent boughs are still. The wearied and enervated herds seek the cool brook :

'Some ruminating lie, while others stand  
Half in the flood and, often bending, sip  
The circling surface'

No refreshing breeze animates the hot air with motion. The atmosphere, penetrated with the full glare and blaze of the all-conquering heat, hangs like a curtain of fire over the face of nature. Every object seems to indicate the oppression by which it is subdued. Even the spectator participates in, and sympathizes with, the truth of this most extraordinary picture. We do not speak of, nor do we intend to criticise, its merits in detail. What the artist intended to convey he has succeeded in conveying with a masterly skill. The observer feels its truth, and acknowledges the creative power of the painter. Let us here recall the recollection of another of DURAND's finest pictures, now in the possession of Mr. COZZENS, late President of the Art-Union. The study of trees is very fine, and the sun-light and shadows that dapple the interior of the wood are of great effect and beauty. We might have enumerated others of his works, all presenting some new beauty worthy of admiration ; but we have been content to speak of the characteristics of Mr. DURAND's paintings, leaving to the critic the task of defining his faults.

'Whatever praise may be accorded to the works of this artist, we are convinced that no higher tribute to his genius could be offered than to say, that it is his peculiar privilege and power to inspire us with a deeper and a more earnest love of nature. No man can study his works without leaving them both better and wiser than he was before. The impressions they make have an elevating influence upon the mind, and lift it above the sordid materialism that engrosses too much

of our time and faculties. His contributions to his country, while they add to its intellectual and moral wealth, have secured to himself a name and a fame that will not soon pass away. No artist among us has devoted himself with more earnestness and patient thought to his profession; and he has learned 'to look on Nature, not as in the hour of thoughtless youth,' but as the devout worshipper, whose mission it is to teach and to interpret: and who, imbued with the inspiration of his calling, reveals to those around him the joy

Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky.'

A NEW LITERARY LIGHT IN THE HORIZON. — '*The Quog Ladies' Littery Gem*, mentioned in our last, has not yet appeared. To accompany the '*Prospectus*,' however, as a 'speciment,' we have received a '*Pome*' of a most affecting nature. Both prospectus and 'pome' (de terre) ensue:

'Our objik is simple. It is to purvide for the human mind the fruits which suits its tender age. The improveminks of society in its degenerate stage is that which is most important in our bosoma. Of such was JOHNSON, and Mrs. HEMANS, and SHAKSPEARE. No immodest word nor purfane oafs shall be seen into our issocs. We trust that our issocs will be pure. We have no jealousy ag'inst ether Ladies' Magazines; we do not want to be considered as doin' anythink ag'in' other Ladies' Magazines, but we can and must say this, in self-defence: 'our issocs will be pure.' Our editor is a corpee of littery ladies and gentlemen, which is well known into this community as some of the brilliantest talons which 'endure amid the unutterable solemnities of our free-born forests.' (SHAKSPEARE.) Our magazine will be conducted in a similar spirit. Vulgar persings must be fur from us: for our corpee is not the kind they take us for.

'The selebrated Capt. CONKLIN NEFFINS, Esquire, is employed into this good work: and a numerous corpee of contributions, of distinguished littery talons, is engaged. We persoom that the contents contained in our first issoc will be gratifyink to the publiik, which is as follers:

ADDRESS OF THE EDITER OF THE QUOG LADIES' LITTERY GEM. By CONKLIN NEFFINS, Esquire.

ODE TO THE OCEAN. By C. N.

THE LOSS OF 'THE BARBER.' By M. SALLY DAVIS.

SKUNK'S MISERY: WOMAN'S RIGHTS' CONVENTION. Reported by Mr. CONKLIN NEFFINS.

THE FISHERIES AND LOBOS QUESTION. By CAPTAIN C. NEFFINS.

POME. By CONKLIN N ———.

LINES. By C ———.

SKETCH. By N ———.

PERLENA: an Eyetalian Tale. By CONKLINIO NEFFINSIO.

STANZAS. By the QUOG BARD.

Editors' Table. By CONKLIN NEFFINS.

'Prior to comink out with our work, we wish the publiik to see what we are a-goin' to do in the way of pote'ry, that refined and beautiful glory of our globèd airth, and spacious firmament on high, with all the blue inferior sky. '*The Loss of the Barber, and the Preservation of Life*,' compoged by the Captling's wife, Mrs. M. SALLY DAVIS, speaks an 'our-true-tall' of the wreck of a Quog vessel that was lcst in going from our beloved island over to the Connecticut shore:

'T WAS on the twenty-sixth of August, my story I shall note,  
I went on board the Barber to make a visit at Bridgeport;  
But the wind dying out, and it being such a calm,  
They cast the anchors over and lay close under land.

'The cabin being hot, to the quarter-deck I did retire,  
My husband took the anchor-watch and we stayed together there;  
I heard three claps of thunder and the lightning did appear,  
I spoke unto my husband, and he says, oh do not fear.

'My husband spoke again, and these words he did repeat,  
I think the cause of the lightning is on account of the heat;  
He says, that we will lay here until the break of day,  
Then we will hist our sails and get under way.

'At half-past eleven the wind it blew a gale,  
And then it was no use, for we could not set sail;  
I went into the cabin to get out of the way,  
And there I was so sea-sick that I could not stay.

'BERRY HULSE was on board, but not much did she say,  
But once she made me this reply, 'I have fainted almost away.'  
I went upon the deck for to get some revived,  
And there I saw the danger of losing all our lives.

'T was then I did for mercy, for mercy did implore,  
That the LORD with his Almighty arm might land us safe on shore.  
Then LEWIS spoke to DAVID, as he did cross the deck,  
Throw over wood without delay, he did so loudly speak.

'So they threw over wood in the midst of the trial,  
And I amongst the rest gave myself no denial:  
I threw over wood, and heavy sticks too,  
Which I'd not thought it possible for me to do.

'For water nor rain I neither did stop,  
I threw over wood though it came like gun shot;  
I went into the cabin for to take some rest,  
Then into the windows the water did press!

'Then I told the girls as quick as I could think,  
To hold the pillows to the windows, or else we should sink:  
One said unto the other, as soon as it was day,  
The vessel drags her anchor, and we cannot stay

'So they shifted the cable, and we had not gone far  
Before the young Barber struck on the bar.  
Then into the cabin they sent one of the men,  
To tell us to come out, for the cabin was broke in.

'So we marched out and looked around,  
We expected in the water we should all soon be drowned.  
'T was then I took thought, and it came into my mind,  
That I had but one son at home for to leave behind.

'That when he did hear of our doleful state,  
To mourn and lament over our dismal fate.  
Then DAVID said, I shall not put on the jib,  
For fear she'll roll over, and that she won't live!

'Then LEWIS spoke, he spoke it once more,  
Put on all her jib and crowd her to the shore!  
Then myself to DAVID did I make this reply,  
'Put on all the jib, for mercy!' I did cry.

'For if that the vessel the shore do n't make,  
You see that our lives do all lay at stake.  
As we were going on the shore so early in the morn,  
They put it upon me for to blow the horn.

'I blew the horn for an hour or more,  
In hopes of some relief from some one on the shore.  
When the vessel struck the shore, then gladly were we;  
We all began to think that we great mercy see.

'We thought if all our lives we could all obtain,  
The loss of our vessel we would not complain.  
Then on the bowsprit shroud I did crawl,  
And straightway into the boat I did fall.

'I'm in the boat!' I said, I hissed,  
And around my feet the painter twisted,  
Then LEWIS spoke, he spoke it once more,  
'You must get up, or we can't help you on shore.'

'I fetched these words out at last,  
'I can't get up, my foot is fast.'  
Then LEWIS worked so rightly then,  
For his poor mother to defend.

'He caught it, and he quickly took  
The painter from around my foot.  
Then I got up in the boat again,  
But I was not eased of my pain.

' And every thing that looked so new,  
I was landed safe on shore it's true;  
The LORD he see fit that I should be landed  
Safe on shore, and now my story's most ended.

' I can't tell you much more, but there is one thing I have to rehearse,  
And I shall enclose in the latter of this verse:  
The boat launched out, and it fetched all the rest —  
And glory to JESUS, for he is to be blest !'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — On New-Year's day, one year ago, passed away from earth the spirit of FLORENCE, a lovely, little girl, of whom her bereaved father thus tenderly writes: 'While millions of hearts are to be made joyous on the ushering in of the coming New-Year, how can it be otherwise than that many wounded spirits must welcome that day with thoughts of deepest sadness? We buried our little FLORENCE on last New-Year's day morning. It was in the South. The forest-trees were all decked in their long robes of black moss, as if in mourning that their deity were dead, and scarcely a single smile could be seen in all their grim faces. But in a few short weeks after, as if by magic, or a far higher Power, the miracle of the creation was again renewed, and the whole forest almost rang with the laughter of the young birds and buds and blossoms. Every thing was bright and beautiful, and all proclaimed the presence of the *living* God. And so was it with our dear FLORENCE: when she left us, the miracle of *her* creation was again renewed, and among the 'green pastures' of her angel-home she will nevermore meet with the blasting breath of winter, but in the never-ending sunshine of His glorious presence a perpetual Spring is hers; ever expanding in loveliness, and ever adding new beauties to her wreath of glory.' The following feeling lines were written upon the occasion by a friend of the parents of the departed:

' LIKE a day in solemn sweetness,  
Sinking into softer light,  
With its glory lingering after,  
Faded FLORENCE from our sight,  
Leaving traces of her spirit  
Only pure and white.

' Gathered home the loving presence,  
Making sunshine its employ,  
DEATH, with blessing mutely uttered,  
Shed a twilight on our joy,  
Bearing home the fragile blossom  
It could not destroy.

Earth with storm and wailing voices,  
Garnering whirl-winds in the air,  
Cannot touch the *living* FLORENCE,

Resting sweetly elsewhere:  
Through your hearts she made a pathway  
To the entrance *there*.

' Peace! the surges slowly ebbing,  
Tell the storm within is o'er,  
Like an ocean's distant murmur,  
Dying on a silent shore:  
Angel-hearted, *she* has started  
On Life's 'Evermore!'

' 'Evermore!' shall be *her* present,  
It is ours to work and win;  
Standing in her midst of glory,  
FLORENCE beckons, led by HIM,  
Love divining: like her shining,  
FAITH can enter in!

Before leaving this theme, let us present the following beautiful thoughts, this moment received in a letter from a friend and correspondent, whose admirable writings have been a thousand times welcomed by our readers: 'Though helpless and dependent, a little child has enough brightness in his eyes and gayety in his prattle to fill a household with joy. When he awakes first at the 'peep of day,' and imprints kisses on his parents' lips, their fragrance is sweeter than that of the morn. The music of his voice is like the song of birds at the approach of light; his smile more sunny than the first entrance of sun-beams into the room. His little arm-chair, on high stilts, is scrupulously placed when the fast is broken.

and he is so important member at the family board. During the day, how pleasant the pattering of his feet on the stair-case, his voice in the court-yard, the frequent bursting into the room with some new tale! At night he kneels down warmly clad, as before some holy altar, at his mother's knees, and his little prayer goes straight to heaven from a child's heart. 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast ordained praise.' Not unfrequent, when he sleeps, are the mother's pilgrimages to his couch, while under his long lashes and sealed-up lips the spirit of a cherub seems to dwell. But oh! if God, in His wise providence, should change that repose into the sleep of death, and the white flowers are pressed upon his breast, in his little clasped hands, the tears which sparkle on his brow are bright, but perhaps the bitterest ever shed. Dear little C — is dead! I remember the last time I saw him was on a beautiful evening in autumn. We all sat in the summer-house. The moon arose, and the stars twinkled, and were reflected in the water which beat below the cliffs. The child looked up at the brightest star of all, and said:

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are,  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky!"

His seemed like a prophetic voice. But a few moons have waned, and little C — is now a star in heaven. Before he died he sang the very strains which had delighted him, and he now sleeps in peace near the river's brink, where in spring-time the flowers shall bloom above him which he so much loved, and where they will not cease to be watered by a parent's tears.' How many a bereaved heart will be touched by this! - - - Our correspondent 'M. W.' writes so pleasantly of a typographical error which occurred in '*A Tale of New-Orleans*,' in our last number, that we cannot resist the inclination to print a portion of his note: 'In one part of the tale in question the writer is made to say, it being so printed, that his heroine's *blue* eyes filled with tears.' After a few sentences, the same writer, speaking of the same lady, is found remarking, that 'she raised her great *black* eyes toward heaven.' Many farmers, who read slowly, and dig out words, one by one, as if they were digging potatoes, will stop here. The lawyers, generally, will disbelieve the whole story. Every body but the clergy and a few heedless young ladies will be sure they have caught me in the act of dealing in fiction, and describing a person who never existed; for there is nothing in the course of the narrative to show how the heroine's eyes became black and blue. If your printer had let me know that he was halting between black and blue, unable to decide which would look best in print, I would have compromised with him, by mixing the colors, and making the lady's eyes of a uniform gray. He is usually so accurate and tasteful in his vocation, that I would not mind leaving all these little mechanical details in his hands, and allowing him to fix the color of all eyes and hair which I have occasion to introduce in any narrative: provided he won't make them green, red, or yellow, and will keep them of the *same tint* throughout. What a quiet, unnoticed, but certain influence, the elegant printing of the KNICKERBOCKER exercises on the written thought and the reading mind! Sentences have a well-bred look and courtly presence, which gives them a weight not their own. A trite sentiment, so printed, looks new; and a common thought confronts you in such lettered pomp, as to impose on, and put you down. The upright type, with little gaps of white paper between, march with a kind of dignity, as if they, at all events, had no doubt they were conveying rare ideas; and the careful punctuation, the broad margins, the whole page,



has the same effect on written words that a fine delivery has on spoken ones. In fact, I am not inclined, after all, to blame your printer for those 'eyes:' since, my own being weak and failing, my manuscript is bad, and must often try his patience and yours. 'Speaking of printing,' let me congratulate you on the extraordinary beauty of the 'KNICK-KNAOKS,' both within and without; by no means excepting the engravings and the designs thereof. There are not many such moon-lit skies as the sky in the picture of the old horse; nor do many such beams of light struggle through palings, over the short, crisp grass at the horse's feet; nor are there many such sunny interiors as the interior of the Sanctum. I mean there are not many such things to be found in books. The figures of the carpet on the floor of the sanctum actually lie down and stretch out, instead of standing up on end, as figures of the kind stand in many drawings. I have seen an allegorical picture in our Academy, by a teacher of drawing, in which not only the pattern of the carpet bristled up, but a table in the room, half-overturned, had a pack of cards glued to the top of it, so that not one of them would fall to the ground: the room itself was triangular; the master of the house stood on nothing, several feet above the floor, and other optical delusions took place. I sincerely hope your book may meet with all success. I would wish it a gale of prosperity, if that did not seem too tempestuous and violent an expression. I knew a worthy minister who, having heard of the 'breath of the SPIRIT,' and believing the phrase might be strengthened, on the same principle as a breath of wind, used to pray for a renewed '*gale* of the SPIRIT.' Therefore, let me ask for your first book—'venture' a steady trade-wind, quick dispatch, a harbor among civilized people, and golden returns!' For these kind wishes, and those of kindred friends, we return our heart-felt thanks. - - - 'TING-A-LING!—a-ling!' at the street-door bell. It's the postman. By-and-by comes little JOSE into the sanctum: 'A letter from California!—a letter from KERRY! KERRY is married!' So we took the letter, and drew our chair to the fire, and began to read. (We had 'set her copies,' and taught her to write.) Before going to California, she had lived with us for seven years—coming to us directly from the ship that brought her to America: a kind, comely, virtuous, faithful, grateful creature she was: and one after another she sent for her brothers and sisters in Ireland, until at last all were here. The gold-mania of California alone won her from us—and she went away with 'many tears,' sending back to her brother, to be read in the sanctum, numerous letters, addressed to all her relations, often containing something beside mere *protesting* evidences of affection, and always minute remembrances to all the 'little people.' And now KERRY, the 'good and faithful servant,' is married!—and married well and wisely, in one of the far-interior flourishing towns of far-off California! It makes us a little sad to think that the little 'KNICKS' she once so faithfully watched and tended—(we can almost hear her at this very moment singing a plaintive Irish air to them, rocking her chair to and fro the while, in the nursery above)—may be 'women grown, and men,' before she will see them again—perhaps she may *never* see them again, who think and speak so frequently of her! Well, 'May she find in children of her own, objects of as faithful care as she found in this distant region!' is the aspiration with which we close this irresistible reverie of the past and present. - - - 'THE author of the unpretending but beautiful verses which ensue,' writes an esteemed town-correspondent, 'is an instance of the varied and wonderful character which is to be found scattered hither and thither over our broad land; a song-writer not unknown to fame, for his productions are to be found in the classic selections

of ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, and other of the best compilers. This gentleman has been many years a resident of Louisville, Kentucky, where I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance last summer. His name is HUGH AINSLIE. The following passage, which will serve to illustrate the subject of the 'May-Washing,' will readily be remembered by every reader, as occurring in the early part of the Scottish adventures of WAVERLEY:

'Twa scene, though pleasing, was not quite equal to the gardens of Aiden; yet wanted not the *'dus donzelette garrule'* of that enchanting paradise; for upon the green aforesaid two bare-kyggei damsels, each standing in a spacious tub, performed with their feet the office of a patent washing-machine. These did not, however, like the maidens of Arnida, remain to greet with their harmony the approaching guest, but, alarmed at the appearance of a handsome stranger on the opposite side, dropped their garments (I should say garment, to be quite correct) over their limbs, which their occupation exposed somewhat too freely, and, with a shrill exclamation of 'Eh, sirs!' uttered with an accent between modesty and coquetry, sprang off like deer in different directions.'

'In Ayrshire, and I believe in Scotland broad, a May-washing 'in days o' lang syne' came as regularly round as the month:

#### M A Y - W A S H I N G .

ABOOT the time the mavis<sup>1</sup> sings  
His sweetest frae the brake,  
And primroses around the springs  
Their scented blooms awake:

Whan cralks are heard among the braird,<sup>2</sup>  
An' bats get rife at e'en,  
Aye that's the time, by burn an' swaird,<sup>3</sup>  
To mak the linen clean.

The light had jimpely brak aboon,<sup>4</sup>  
The east began to clear,  
Whan our gude wife was in her shoon,<sup>5</sup>  
An' a' her maids asteer.<sup>6</sup>

They've ta'en the naipry<sup>7</sup> braid an' wide,  
The sarks,<sup>8</sup> the sheets, an' a',  
And they're awa' to yon burn-side,  
To mak them like the sna.

An' brightly did that burnie play,  
An' heartsome was its croon,  
For saft the pleasant month o' May  
Was slipping into June.

The gauzy mist begun to streak  
Owre haugh an' howe sae fair,  
An' mixing wi' the big pat reek,<sup>9</sup>  
Loom'd up the caller air.

Our lassies then for boyne an' tub  
Their coats began to break;  
Lads haud aback! for sic a sight  
Has spoiled my rest a week.

Now jibe an' joke an' canty laugh  
Rang loud owre banks an' braes,  
As ankles like the barkit saugh<sup>10</sup>  
Ged splashin' mang the claes.

Aye glybe the wark goes fra the han'  
Whan some delight's in view,  
An' weel the lassies kent that e'en  
Would sen' them joes enew.

Oh! for the jolly days o' youth,  
Whan love swals frae the bud!  
Life's lythe wind settled in the south,  
The lift<sup>11</sup> without a clud!<sup>12</sup>

Seldom as July sees a frost  
Your lover sees a fla',  
But milk an' hinny kindly mixt  
Without a splash o' ga'.<sup>13</sup>

Wisdom that lies 'neath lyart locks  
Anither saw might say;  
But wha, wi' could December blasta,  
Would scath the flowers o' May?

'The Retrospect' is another production of Mr. AINSLIE, distinguished for simplicity and pathos:

'As up fifty years I look,  
As ye'd trace a restless brook,  
Up glen and cataract,  
Through some wild and desert tract,  
With here and there between  
Some spot of pleasant green;  
Till in mead or flowery dell  
Lay its native crystal well:  
Thus my wand'ring ways I trace  
To my spirit's starting-place,  
When burn and grassy lea  
Were world enough for me.  
Each blossom on the wold  
Was my silver and my gold,  
The birch and mossy stone  
My canopy, my throne!

'But the spirit who can still?

The spring will be a rill,  
Let us dam it as we will;  
And the din of busy men  
Will reach the deepest glen.  
A strange exciting noise,  
Rousing boyhood from his toys —  
Painting, glorious to behold!  
Scenes of pleasure, heaps of gold.  
Yet, I own it with a sigh,  
The glitter took mine eye,  
And with Hope, my wily guide,  
Strange lands and plans I've tried,  
Till I've seen each sunny height  
Take the color of the night.  
But 'the rolling land' is passed!  
I have reached the shore at last;  
Merging calmly to thy sea,  
Dark, dumb ETERNITY!

<sup>1</sup> Black-bird. <sup>2</sup> Sprouting grain. <sup>3</sup> Brook and sward. <sup>4</sup> Scarcely broken. <sup>5</sup> Slippers.  
<sup>6</sup> Astir. <sup>7</sup> Linen. <sup>8</sup> Shirts. <sup>9</sup> The smoke of the great wash-kettle. <sup>10</sup> Peeled willow.  
<sup>11</sup> Horizon. <sup>12</sup> Cloud. <sup>13</sup> Gall.

AN Indianapolis friend inquires: 'Can you tell me what gave rise to the phrase, *'the Great Unwashed'*? Who was he, or they, or she? Is the 'Unwashed' dead — and if so, when did he die, and where?' In the absence of all information 'in the premises,' we throw the momentous query 'upon community.' - - - We know not when we have read a more thrilling paragraph than one in a recent city journal, giving a description of restoring a blind girl to sight, by a Dr. CADWELL, of Canada. She was twenty-one years of age, and totally blind from her birth; having not the slightest comprehension of any object, save from the sense of touch. 'To describe her sensations,' says the narrator, 'when the first welcome ray of light entered her hitherto sightless orbs, would be beyond our power. In an instant, as if by magic, the idea of material things which she had cherished for so many years, through the sense of feeling, were entombed in memory. A new and bright world, full of light and life, full of wonder and admiration, terrible, because hitherto unknown in its realized beauty and grandeur, arose before her. She looked and trembled; she shook from head to foot, like an aspen leaf; and unable to utter a word, she gazed in wild astonishment on the scene before her. When her emotion had somewhat subsided, Dr. CADWELL inquired if she saw him. 'Yea,' said she, 'I see you. Oh, how white you look!' Subsequently she noticed a pair of brass candle-sticks in the room, and inquired what they were. On being informed, she was incredulous. The ideas which she had formed of a candle-stick were far different from those which her new-born sight conveyed. The candle-sticks were brought to her; she handled them, and exclaimed, 'Oh, yea, they are candle-sticks; how bright they look!' Dr. CADWELL showed her his gold watch, and inquired if she knew what it was. She answered in the negative; and on being informed, she said, 'What a queer thing it is! — both sides of it are not alike.' It is most gratifying to be able to add, that from the first opening of her sealed vision, her sight has been constantly strengthening. - - - Our Binghamton friend ('H. R. B.') has certainly 'got us' handsomely. As thus: 'In your *'KNICK-KNACKS'* I see the question, 'Can there be a rule without an exception?' Yes: the nasal organ is indispensable to a comely human countenance. 'How beautiful is the face of nature;' yet we look in vain for a nose!' Wrong there, KNICK.: to wit: ANTHONY'S NOSE. I have seen it!' The 'argument' is a *non sequitur*: and we 'confess the soft impeachment.' - - - 'A SUBSCRIBER' in Pennsylvania sends us the following, for which he vouches: 'Some years since, business calling me to New-Orleans, I found myself one evening steaming it down the Mississippi. The night was raw and unpleasant; and not having much else to do, most of the passengers betook themselves to card-playing. The boat being much crowded, all the tables, etc., were soon seized upon; and although every thing available was finally pressed into the service, quite a number were obliged to wait for others to become tired. One party, however, I observed, who seemed determined to find a place *some where*. Their attention was at length attracted to the plethoric form of apparently a Methodist clergyman, who, extended upon several chairs, was peacefully slumbering. Quietly drawing up a stool on either side of him, they went to work. The game was single-handed euchre, and as the points were scored with chalk upon the sleeper's coat, it soon presented a curiously-variegated appearance. Notwithstanding the game was by no means quietly conducted, the old gentleman slept calmly on, until one of the players, becoming excited in some dispute which had arisen

about the game, and forgetting the vitality of the card-table, in adding emphasis to a proposition he was laying down, brought down his clenched fist with considerable force immediately upon the pit of the old gentleman's stomach. A rumbling cavernous sound followed, and the startled sleeper slowly assumed an upright position, violently struggling the while to recover the modicum of air so rudely expelled. Almost choking with laughter, I awaited the dénouement of the scene. Slowly surveying first one player and then the other, and then carefully scrutinizing his hieroglyphically-adorned coat, he at length very coolly said, much to the disappointment of us all, who were waiting for some violent outbreak: 'Gentlemen, if you have got through with *this* coat, I have another under it that is perfectly at your disposal. Be so kind, however, as to be a little careful of your *'gestures!'*' - - - 'I HAVE been reading in the *'KNACK-KNACKS,'* writes an Andover (Mass.) correspondent, 'your *'Gossip About Children.'* You doubtless remember the weather-cock story told by WORDSWORTH, and I think almost any one can recall some scene in which he has been obliged to lie, by his parents or other friends. I have in my own case a most striking illustration of this. I was once tied to a bed-post until I should tell father that I had heard him say something I had never heard him utter. To obtain my release *I did*, and at the same time told mother that it was a lie. But the effects of that lie did not pass away soon; for my sense of justice was injured, and although mythology does not mention it, I feel certain that *ASTRA*, ere she left the earth, was harbored by a little child.' - - - Some two miles up the river from St. Johnsbury, Vermont, is a primitive sort of a little village called 'The Centre.' Here, not long since, the rustic youth of the vicinity congregated for a 'dance,' 'and dance they did,' said our informant, 'with an unction unknown to your city belles and beaux.' One interesting young man, having 'imbibed' rather too freely, became 'fatigued' in the course of the evening, and wisely concluded to 'retire' for a short rest. A door ajar near the dancing-hall revealed, invitingly, a glimpse of a comfortable bed, of which he took possession with a prospect of an undisturbed 'snooze.' It so happened, howbeit, that this was the ladies' withdrawing-room, and no sooner had he closed his eyes, than a pair of blooming damsels came in from the hall, and began adjusting their disordered ringlets, the dim light of the tallow-candle not disclosing the tenant of the bed. The girls had tongues (like most of their 'seck') which ran on in this wise: 'What a nice 'dance' we're having! Have you heard any body say any thing about me, JANE!' 'La, yes, SALLY! JIM BROWN says he never see you look so handsome as you do to-night. Have you heard any body say any thing about me?' 'About you! why, sartin: I heard JOE FLINT tell SAM JONES that you was the prettiest-dressed girl in the room.' Whereupon the dear things chuckled, 'fixed up' a little more, and made off toward the hall-room. They had hardly reached the door when our half-conscious friend raised himself upon his elbow, and quite intelligibly, though slowly, inquired: 'Ha' you *heard ary borry say any thing about ME, girls?*' 'Phansy their pheelinks' at that juncture! They fled with an explosive scream. - - - 'STYLE,' says the learned LINKUM FIDELITY, 'is style.' The fact is illustrated in the following florid extract from a country journal which shall be nameless:

'FAOST. — On last Sunday night there was a *large* white frost, which not only left its sign upon the house-tops and fences, but the beautiful shrubs, aye, even the tall and stately oak of the forest, plainly indicates that their day of beauty and grandeur is closed, at least for a season. And as we gaze upon the once beautiful and lovely rose, which, but a few mornings ago, as the *Lark* sent forth his shrill notes of joy, raised its tender bud and kissed the golden rays of the *oriental sun*, and see each lovely leaf withering into nothingness, we are led to believe and exclaim, Sic tran-

*sit gloria mundi!* Yes, gentle reader, but yesterday we beheld you, as it were, in the full prime of manhood; bold, vigorous, and resolute, unlike the gentle flower, the cold and writhing winds of adversity had not access to your heart. Old age had wrought no furrows on thy placid and manly brow; *no silvery locks decorated thy animated visage*, but all was life and convivality! But oh! remember that you too must pass away. And ere the close of 1852, perhaps the autumn of your life may have come, and the cold and chilling frost of death may nip your tender bud!’

This editor may improve: in fact, he cannot avoid it. The next move he makes *must* be up. - - - THE new volume of the ‘*Home Journal*’ commences under new auspices, and with a greatly enlarged circulation. A new supply of Pencillings from the pen of WILLIS; new Songs and Ballads by MORRIS; a new Novel; an additional Department for the Ladies; and enlarged accounts of Lectures, Schemes of Benevolence, etc., are among the novelties announced. We invoke for our old friend MORRIS the patronage which he labors so well to deserve. His journal is well printed. - - - THE following, we are assured upon undoubted authority, is a veritable prayer, made by a student of the Lane Theological Seminary, when called upon to close a ‘monthly concert,’ as it is called. He arose and effectually ‘closed’ it thus: ‘O LORD, we thank THEE that though we cannot read the BIBLE in the original tongues, yet we have a translation which is as good as could be expected, under the circumstances. And we also thank THEE, that though THOU hast made the world very large, and hast stationed missionaries all over it, and hast made it revolve with very great velocity, yet THOU hast so caused the centripetal force to overcome the centrifugal, that they don’t fly off!’ - - - THACKERAY, in his admirable lectures, quite carried the town with him; and our friends in Boston have a rich treat in reserve for them. His manner is unconstrained and natural; his voice silvery and clear; and his pronunciation faultless. In private, his manners and conversation are eminently winning and agreeable. - - - AN odd old fellow thus describes, by two styles of definition, the thing known as ‘*Transcendentalism*:’ ‘Ye see, I have tew definitions—one vulgar and t’other refined. The refined definition is this, and I’ve gin it afore: Transcendentalism is an attempt to penetrate the Unknown; to measure, and sound, and define that which has neither depth, nor size, nor form; to analyze the soul, and to make its relations to another world a part of the universal chaos which covers every thing. My vulgar definition is this: Transcendentalism is an attempt by philosophers to measure the ALMIGHTY in a quart-pot!’ - - - IN a certain sea-port town, in the State of Maine, not the farthest removed from the British line, resides, or did reside five years since, Deacon B ——. The Deacon’s son ‘JIM’ had a hankering after the salt water, but could never persuade the ‘old folks’ to sanction his making the long voyage. At length, after many months of fruitless pleading, ‘JIM’ *did* succeed, and the old gentleman fitted him out. A few days after his departure, a neighbor met the Deacon, and the following conversation ensued: ‘Well, Deacon, so JIM’s off at last!’ ‘Yes, yes, I see it wa’n’t no use; he was bent on going; so I thought he’d best go, and be done with it.’ ‘I guess you did about right, Deacon; JIMMY will come out straight yet, I reckon.’ ‘I reckon so too: he’s smart, JIM is, and has got a first-rate ship, and a first-rate skipper. You see, fact is, Captain BROWN understands the hull thing, and he has promised to show JIM how to keep the reckoning, and how to take *lunars*, and I expect afore the first voyage is up, JIM will be a perfect *lunatic*!’ - - - WHAT is the *real* name of the writer whose *nom-de-plume* is ‘BON GAULTIER’? A correspondent wants to know, and we can’t tell him, just at this moment, although we have heard it. - - - BOOTH, the tragedian, is dead; and in him has departed a

man of true genius. What an actor he was! With almost every thing physically against him, small stature, inelegant lower limbs, and at the last a broken nose, he had nevertheless that burning fire of GENIUS, that God-given gift, which threw every mere personal defect into deepest shadow. Who can ever forget his SIR GILES OVERREACH, his HAMLET, his RICHARD the Third! What entrances and exits of the stage were his! No actor that we have ever seen in our short life ever so affected our spirit as BOOTH in his palmiest days. Poor erratic child of genius! But 'after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well! Nothing can touch him farther.' - - - A FRIEND who spent some weeks the past autumn in Montpelier, Vermont, as a member of the State Legislature, vouches for the following: The morning after the death of DANIEL WEBSTER, he was making his way to the capitol, (one of the most beautiful edifices in the country, by the way,) when he fell in with a somewhat 'pompious' clergyman, hailing from a far-western State — a brother or brother-in-law of one of the members of Congress from his district. Our friend remarked that the Legislature would probably adjourn immediately, on account of the national bereavement. 'Won't there be any other ceremony on the occasion!' asked the clergyman. 'I presume not to-day,' was the reply. 'In some places,' explained the western divine, 'it is usual on such occasions for some one to pronounce a *philippic*!' Not being well posted up in such proprieties, the Legislature omitted the 'philippic.' The same member reports that one of his fellow-legislators objected strongly to some of the provisions of the new 'Liquor-Law' as being, in his humble opinion, quite too '*astringent*!' - - - A JOURNEYING correspondent of the '*Times*' daily journal, in a description of the upper and lower falls of the Genesee at Portage, ventures the prediction, that in less than five years these wonders of nature will attract as many visitors as Niagara. We have not a doubt of this. We visited them in October, and must say that they are matchless in the grandeur and almost fearful sublimity of their surroundings. No scenery that we ever beheld approaches them in *wild vastness*, for we can think of no better combination of words to express their peculiar character. Mr. HENRY J. BART, the distinguished landscape-painter, now resident at Rochester, has painted two views, from picturesque points, of these great wonders of nature. The first, executed for Colonel SILAS SEYMOUR, embraces the Upper Fall, and that most marvellous of modern kindred achievements, the Great Rail-Road Bridge, that spans the awful gorge of the Genesee at Portage: the second, a commission from Mr. WADSWORTH, of Genesee, embodies a view of the Lower Fall, with its bold accessories of rocks and towering headlands. No points could have been better chosen. - - - 'Will you tell me,' writes a friend, 'where I can get a song, mentioned in your September number, and advertised in my village paper to-day, as '*Sung to ANNOT LYLE by Sir WALTER SCOTT*'? My sister suggests that Sir WALTER must have been accompanied in his solo by the '*Last Minstrel*!' - - - An old and cherished friend, doubtless at this present moment in Seville, old Spain, in company with a companion whose genius has made him world-renowned, mentioned to us one evening a little circumstance that reminded us not a little of 'Grandfather WHITEHEAD,' so inimitably represented by PLACIDE the elder. 'I'm all right,' said an old city merchant, to a friend who had congratulated him upon his hale old age, 'I'm all right, only I can't remember any thing: memory's gone: forget every thing that I wanted to remember when I left home: can't think o' nothing.' 'Why don't you keep a little memorandum book? That would always refresh your memory.' 'Well, I do keep one; but I can't remember to bring it down



with me. I'm *very* forgetful — very.' 'Past surgery,' dear Sir — 'past surgery!' - - - WHAT a lovely winter, thus far, we have had in this our goodliest of all goodly cities! Take up the telegraph weather-reports in your morning papers, and in all directions you may find, 'Snow fell six inches last night;' rain, with a sour east wind;' 'snow-storm raging, and a terrific gale on the lake,' etc., etc.: while here, in a climate tempered by the great equable ocean that surrounds us, day after day the sun rises and sets in the pure apple-green of our clear cool sky. We really *love* this metropolis of our native 'Empire State!' - - - FRASER'S London Magazine has been showing up the pretensions of that amiable, weak, vain, and inconceivably over-rated poetaster, TUPPER. A cutting imitation of his 'Proverbial Philosophy' is embraced in the review: as for example:

'THE sun sets in the west; darkness envelopes the earth.  
 Light is something: we have said it; when the sun sets something is gone.  
 Speech is the light of thought; silence is darkness; thought is a sun.  
 When the sun sets, thought ends; silence should come, but it does not.  
 Speech which is light goes on, yet how it is light we marvel.  
 Speech without thought is heavy; heavy and light are dissimilar.  
 Speech, then, is light and heavy; there is unity in contradiction.  
 We talk, but we have nothing to say: such talk is proverbial.  
 Give us a form of speech; give us a manner of speaking.  
 Sentences please on the lip, if the mouth will utter them roundly.  
 Matter to say we have none, but we speak in the manner of TUPPER.  
 Manner will make the man, and as for the matter — what matter?  
 Yet it is good to pause in a thing that might go on for ever.  
 Milk is sweet, nuts are hard, bricks are red, but white occasionally.  
 Let the voice die on the lip: the words of the wise are ended.'

'HEAD-ACHE' proper is an ailment with which we were never at all troubled but if any of our readers should be afflicted with it, at any time, it will be a pleasant thing to know what it is, according to a late German medical author, who has divided, classified, and named the different varieties. Just observe of what awful ailments your head may be susceptible: 'Klopfen-Stehend; Stechend-Bohrend; Klemmend; Klopfenreissend; Drückend; Bentaubender; Glücksender; Klopfer; Auseinanderpressender; Pressender; Zerspringender; Wogender; Schwappender; Ziehend; Spannend; Drückendpressend; Schraubender; Zwangender; Herauspressend; Zusammenpressend; Ziehendwählend.' Riding up Broadway in an omnibus the other afternoon, we saw 'on the street,' as they say at the south, a young man who had the '*Zusammenpressend*' to such a degree that he could hardly sustain himself from falling. By-the-by, certain of our medical testimony before coroners' inquests are not much behind these German 'head-aches' in general comprehensibility. A metropolitan physician testified on a recent inquest, that he found, on examining the body of the deceased, 'more than a *normal* quantity of blood in the liver; the *subarachnoid serous effusion* more abundant than usual; the *condensation* of the brain awry, except a portion of the *cervical* substance, and a *ludimnia* upon the left portion: *alluminous infiltration* was visible in the vascular structure of the kidneys, which were also *emphiseomatous*.' The man being dead, the coroner's jury wisely thought that such a number of learned symptoms were enough to kill any body, and they brought in a verdict according to these 'plain facts.' - - - How many things one sees, in running over the columns of a morning journal at the breakfast-table, to touch the heart with sympathy and sadness! Just now, in reading the report of the trial of a young man for murder — since convicted, and

now awaiting the dread execution of the law — we came upon the following passage in the testimony :

'Mrs. SAUL sworn: 'Prisoner is my son. He is my only son. My husband is not living.'

May God pity and help that poor, aged, widowed mother, in the trials through which she has already passed, and has yet to endure! Surely she must feel that there is 'another and a better world' than this, the theatre of her mortal sorrow and agony! - - - Mr. B —, a well-known metropolitan printer, once told us that on one occasion an old woman from the country came into his printing-office with an old BIBLE in her hand. 'I want,' said she, 'that you should print it over ag'in. It's gettin' a leetle blurred, sort of, and my eyes isn't wot they woa. How much do you ax!' 'Fifty cents.' 'Can you have it done in half an hour! — wish you would: want to be gittin' home: live good ways out o' teöwn.' 'Certainly.' When the old lady went out, he sent round to the office of the American Bible Society and purchased a copy for fifty cents. 'Lon' sakes a-massy!' exclaimed the old lady, when she came to look at it, 'how good you 've 'fixed' it! — it's e'en-a'most as good as new! I never see nothin' so cur'ous as what printin' is!' - - - PERHAPS few of our readers will remember, what we have never encountered until to-day, the following '*Epitaph on a British Calf*.' It is ascribed to the great statesman, GEORGE CANNING, and was to have adorned the monument erected over the Marquis of ANGLESEA's leg, which he lost in the battle of Waterloo:

'The bard who writes these lines is sure  
That those who read the whole  
Will find a laugh was premature,  
For here too lies a sole.

'And here five little ones repose,  
Twin-born with other five,  
Unheeded by their brother toes,  
Who all are now alive.

'A leg and foot, to speak more plain,  
Rest here of one commanding,  
Who, though his wits he might retain,  
Lost half his understanding:

'And when the guns, with thunder fraught,  
Poured bullets thick as hail,  
Could only in this way be taught  
To give the foe leg-ball:

'And now in England, just as gay  
As in the battle brave,  
Goes to a rout, review or play,  
With one foot in the grave.

'Fortune in vain here showed her spite,  
For he will still be found  
With England's sons again in fight,  
Resolved to stand his ground.

'But Fortune's pardon I must beg,  
She meant not to disarm;  
For when she lopp'd the hero's leg,  
She did not seek his harm:

'And but indulged a harmless whim;  
Since he could walk with one,  
She saw two legs were lost on him  
Who never meant to run.'

THE following description of '*A Visit to Glenmary*,' the former residence of Mr. N. P. WILLIS, near Owego, would perhaps have appeared more timely in an earlier number, for which indeed it was intended. We can testify to the faithfulness of the limning. The last time we visited GLENMARY was on a warm, wet November day. Save an umbrella, 'companion we had none.' Over the picket enclosing the grave of the poet's little daughter, here spoken of, a small light tree had fallen; the rain was trickling from its leafless sprays upon the grave below, and little streams were percolating from the gray-green mossy wall of the tomb into the murmuring brook below, whose miniature cascades, as it gurgled and fretted onward, gave forth a plaintive sound, seeming to say, in a faintly-audible voice, 'Sleep, baby, sleep!' The letter, however, is more 'in order:'

'DEAR KNICK.: You are an EDITOR, and the world says that I have a perfect right to abuse or compliment you at pleasure; to write to you, and indeed to make free with your time and fair name, as though they were my own: therefore bear with me patiently. The moments hang heavy upon my hands, and I address you more with the expectation of 'killing time' than of either amusing or interesting you very much.

'Choked with dust, and tired of footing the ragged pavements of this otherwise delightful Owego, I paid a visit, a few days since, to GLENMARY; and you, I know, can appreciate the pleasures of an afternoon so spent. A delightful ride of half an hour's duration brought us (for there was a 'we' composing the party) to the former residence of Mr. WILLIS. We had planned the excursion, but Nature manufactured the weather; and never was there a more lovely day 'for seeing' than that. No great coarse red-faced sun blazed away in our faces, but softly and mildly the light came down through the thick foliage that shadows the glen. A single foot-path wanders up the ascent, turning and winding as though uncertain of its way; now leading straight through a long avenue of noble old forest-trees, worn by time, and showing in their rough trunks and gnarled limbs evidences of many a stormy day, and of a youth long since gone by; and again burying the visitor in a wilderness as profound as though human footstep had never trod it. As the eye gazes up at the towering arch of fresh and whispering leaves above, the ear catches the ceaseless murmuring among the branches, and listens instinctively, as if there might be whispering voices in the air. Indeed, I know not why, but there is a silence and lonely beauty pervading every thing, that speaks more audibly to the heart than to the outward senses. A little brook winds merrily down the glen, rushing along as though hastening to the open valley below, to escape from shadows and darkness, and to dance in the open light of the unclouded sun.

'On the banks of this little stream is pointed out the spot where a fair and majestic lady (now, alas! 'gone glimmering through the dream of things that were!') used to sit, and with her white feet 'trouble the stream,' while the poet bathed them in the crystal waters. But a short distance thence, I found the little tortoise-shell comb which I send you. May not that fair lady, in making her sylvan toilet, have dropped it there, and left it thus unnoticed?

'About half-way up the glen a rustic seat is placed, tempting the visitor to rest, and more leisurely view the beauties of the place. Near this a foot-bridge across the stream leads to the grave of Mr. WILLIS's child. No stone marks the spot, but a light paling surrounds it, and at the foot of the grave a simple rose-bush is growing. Indeed, it is a fitting scene for a child's last sleep; buried among the trees, that look down as though in their strength to protect it, and the never-ceasing murmur of the little stream, and the whispering of the leaves sounding faintly around.

'After sitting here some time, we continued our walk up the glen. So strongly imbued were we with the beauties of the place, that we immediately got up a little operatic amusement, to give our pent-up feelings vent. One of the party, whom I will call 'FAIR,' undertook to 'do' NORMA, while CHARLEY C——, of New-York, (whom you know, I presume,) executed the DRUIDS and ADALGISA; and your servant was orchestra and audience. The solemn stillness was broken by sounds that never before had interrupted this retreat, and the old woods learned new echoes.

'But I will trespass no longer on your patience. Suffice it to say, that NORMA gave out, ADALGISA 'fizzled,' and the DRUIDS, with the orchestra and audience at their heels, rushed from off the scene, and stood in a few moments at the summit of the hill. From here we could see the lovely valley of the Susquehanna spread out below, like a vast picture of wondrous beauty, with Owego, quiet, pleasant, and home-like, (*That it is!*—ED.) slumbering in the midst of it. The river for miles wanders through the valley, winding and turning, as loth to leave the scene, and yet greeting the eye just as pleasantly, till it is finally lost from sight.

'For a long time we gazed in silence upon the lovely valley before us, and when our 'unwilling footsteps homeward bent,' a feeling almost of loneliness came over us, and we turned again wistfully to gaze, till the surrounding trees shut out the view.

'Excuse haste and a bad pen: Truly Yours,

'FEATHERSTREAM.'

'P. S.—We spent the evening over a bottle of 'Sparkling Micanber,' and our glasses clinked musically to the names of yourself, 'O KING,' *et als.*'

A young man from the 'rural districts,' being on his first trip to see how the world wagged, arrived in Buffalo a short time since, and put up for the night at a first-class hotel. On retiring he deposited his boots at the side of his chair by the door. On getting up next morning, he discovered that his boots had 'made tracks.' He rushed down stairs to the office, made inquiry after his lost property, and was informed by the clerk that probably the porter had them. 'PORTER's got 'em, eh?' said he: 'well, I'd like to know what in thunder Mr. PORTER's got to do with *my* boots!' Having discovered the whereabouts of the 'colored pusson' who had taken them away, he demanded his boots. 'Dar dey is,' said EBONY, producing a pair of highly-polished cow-hides. 'No, *them* aint 'em!' he exclaimed:

'mine was a *dirty* pair!' The grin of the African was '*some*,' as the phrase goes in that quarter. - - - The author of '*A Chapter on Stuttering*' (which awaits insertion) writes: 'Permit me to inquire whether our late lamented 'OLLAPOD' was not afflicted, to some extent, with a habit of stuttering! He possessed very many points of resemblance in common with CHARLES LAMB and LEIGH HUNT, both of whom labored under an impediment of speech.' Not at all: a pleasant voice, a conversation free and flowing, as all will attest, who ever knew him, were especial characteristics of WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK. - - - The LESTER RIFLER, named after the excellent foreman of the printing-office of the KNICKERBOCKER, under the command of Captain S. L. R. THOMPSON, made a target excursion to Hoboken, recently, and had rare sport. Many prizes were won, of greater or less value; a fine silver goblet among them, and a most beautiful pair of castors from the establishment of our friend LUCIUS HART, number six Burling Slip, whose Britannia and silver-plated ware, in all varieties, for use as well as ornament, are no where excelled, either for beauty or cheapness. If any city reader doubts, *test* him! - - - 'How do you get on with your arithmetic and catechism?' asked a father of his little boy the other night: 'How far have you got?' 'I've ciphered through Addition, Subtraction, Justification, Adoption, and Sanctification!' answered the little fellow. It used to puzzle us a good deal, we remember, when a boy, to 'cipher out' the meaning of several of these last-named 'sums.' - - - In answer to several inquiries, we may say in this place, that orders with enclosures for the '*Knick-Knacks*' may be sent either to L. GAYLORD CLARK, Editor of the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine, Number 139 Nassau-street, or to D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, the publishers, Number 200 Broadway. A third large edition seems 'inevitable.' We hope it may be found a pleasant holiday-book to many readers. - - - Our friend LUCIUS HART tells a capital story of the ingenuity exercised by a little boy, in calling attention to his first pair of new boots: The little fellow would draw up his pantaloons, and display the whole of his boots; then walk up and down the room, with eyes now on the shining leather, and now upon a friend of his father's, who was present: but it was a bootless effort. At length, however, he succeeded. Sitting in front of both, he exclaimed: 'Father, ain't three times two six?' 'Yes, my son.' 'Well, then,' said he, pointing to each of their feet, 'if three times two is six, *there's just six boots in this room!*' - - - 'WHAT a long tail our comet has got!' Professor OLMPSTED, of Yale College, in a town-lecture upon astronomy, the other evening, speaking of the '*Great American Comet*,' (we take it that there is no *other* such comet in 'Ew-rop,') observed that 'The rate at which it travelled was about one million three hundred thousand miles an hour, more than four thousand miles to every pulsation of the wrist, or beat of the clock. It was also remarkable for its near approach to the sun; in fact, it almost grazed that body. The least calculation of its tail made it about a hundred millions of miles in length. So that were it wound round the earth like a serpent, it would go around it four thousand times!' Now it seems to us that that is *too* big a tail for *any* 'body,' celestial or terrestrial, and especially for an '*erratic* body,' bound by no law unless it be by some 'higher law' than is known to the other 'bodies celestial,' whose 'glory' doesn't lie in exactly the same direction. Apropos of this magnificent scale of celestial measurement: it reminds us of a reply once made in England by one of our own 'cute Yankees to a London cockney, who, standing upon the 'benk of the Tema, nea-urr Grin-nidge,' said: 'Me deah Saw; 'av' you any such rivers as *that* in Emerikaw!'

'As *that*!!' exclaimed the Yankee: 'what, that muddy creek! Get eöut! Why, we've got more 'n ten-and-twenty rivers that would flow straight through the 'Big Brook,' the 'Tlantic ocean, that shets you off from us, and then stick eöut further on both sides than all the rivers that you got in your hull 'garden-patch,' as you call your little 'Island o' *Eng-land*!' 'Göd blez me soul!' exclaimed the cockney, drily: 'that's very extrod'nary!' And it *was*, 'rayther!' But comets' tails out of the question, we have pigs' tails enough, accumulated in one year, in the capital of one State in the Union, to eclipse the erratic heavenly body of which Professor OLMSKED speaks. Accurate statistics have been furnished, from a porcine 'observatory' at Cincinnati, from which it appears, that pigs enough are slaughtered in the 'Queen City of the West' alone, not only to cross the Atlantic, each with the tail of his next neighbor in his mouth, but that, without straightening the kinks in the tail of any one 'individual' of the 'species' which 'form the line,' the whole would reach, and nearly double on the other side! Grand is astronomy! Wonderful, mathematics! - - - You step into the office of the New-York and Erie Rail-Road, or that of the Hudson River Rail-Road, and in the superintendents of each you shall see two thoughtful-looking gentlemen, engaged in what you cannot help perceiving are very important avocations. They are not unlike commanders of armies. Every hour, and sometimes every half hour, their 'troops' and 'supplies' are passing and repassing each other, each going or coming to different near or distant points, with 'baggage,' and freight, and 'munitions,' following in the rear; upon iron roads, quilted with 'turn-outs' and mazy with curves and parallels; but there they sit, with the map of their battle-fields, the 'time-tables,' before them, 'calm as a summer's morning,' because they know that if their officers and 'train'-ed soldiers do but perform their duty, they need fear no evil. What an effective thing is *SYSTEM*, legitimately carried out by competent and faithful directors of pliant *POWER*! Think for a single moment of this, reader, as you are whirled past the bleak wintry landscape, riding securely and delightfully in the 'rapid car.' - - - A FRIEND at West-Point tells us a comical anecdote of a very diffident young clergyman, who had been invited to dine with a professional brother, who also kept a young ladies' boarding-school. He was introduced to a bevy of the fair pupils in the drawing-room, and among them to a Miss M —, to whom he said, stammeringly: 'A-a-a-a— Miss M —, a-a-I-I-I am not entirely unacquainted with you. I-I-I had the honor of *sleeping with your father* a short time ago!' If this isn't a rich specimen of the art of 'scraping acquaintance,' we have never heard of one. It beats 'poor *POWER*,' in the 'Man of Nerve,' all to nothing. - - - In the pamphlet entitled '*Grinnell Land*,' by Colonel FORGE, of Washington City, it is conclusively proved that in recent English national maps the name of Mr. GRINNELL has been ejected from a land where, according to the laws and usages of all civilized nations, it had a right to remain for ever, and '*Albert Land*' inserted instead. 'Such,' concludes the writer, 'are the thanks and the greetings of England to America for sending solicited aid to assist in finding her long-absent subjects!' - - - A FEW Sundays since, Reverend Dr. — was invited to make a few remarks to some infant scholars, attached to a Sabbath-school; children from four to eight years of age. 'My dear children,' said the learned Doctor, 'you have great privileges; far greater than those enjoyed who lived in the days of ARISTOTLE, COPERNICUS and PYTHAGORAS; for had you all the advantages of the Pythagorean age, it would not prevent you from being drawn away by the ignis-fatuus of Sin!'

FROM a review in the 'Century Papers' of an article upon '*Gastronomy and Gastronomers*,' embraced in a volume of 'Selections from the Quarterly Review,' (contained in one of the excellent works known as 'The Appleton Library,') we segregate the subjoined extracts. Probably the reviewer had never heard of the Strasbourg goose, the hero of the first *Paté de fois Gras*, of whom the experimenting 'chef' remarked, that 'his great heart throbbed with pride for the honor of the French cuisine, as he stood with bursting liver before the devouring fire, a martyr to the grand science!'

'TO MAKE A PIG TASTE LIKE A WILD BOAR. — Take a living pig, and let him swallow the following drink, viz.: Boil together in vinegar and water some rosemary, thyme, sweet basil, bay-leaves, and sage. When you have let him swallow this, immediately whip him to death! — and roast him forthwith!'

'HOW TO EAT A GOOSE ALIVE.' — Take a goose, or a duck, or some such lively creature, (but a goose is best of all for this purpose,) pull off all his feathers, only the head and neck must be spared. Then make a fire round about her; not too close to her, that the smoke do not choke her, and that the fire may not burn her too soon; nor too far off, that she may not escape free. Within the circle of the fire, set small cups and pots, full of water wherein salt and honey are mingled; and let there be set also chargers, full of sudden apples, cut into small pieces in the dish. The goose must be all larded and basted over with butter, to make her the more fit to be eaten, and may roast the better: put then fire about her, but do not make too much haste: when, as you see her begin to roast — for, by walking about and flying here and there, being cooped in by the fire, that stops her way out, the unwearied goose is kept in, she will fall to drink the water to quench her thirst and cool her heart, and all the body, and the apple-sauce will make her empty and cleanse herself; and when she roasteth and consumes inwardly, always wet her head and heart with a wet sponge; and when you see her giddy with running, and begin to stumble, her heart wants moisture, and she is roasted enough! Take her up, set her before your guests, and she will cry as you cut off any part of her, and will be almost eaten up before she be dead. It is mighty pleasant to behold!'

'*Elegiac Stanzas*,' by HENRY W. ROCKWELL, will appear in our next, as also a poem on the death of DANIEL WEBSTER. 'Water-cure, a Bubble,' etc., has been placed in type. The following friends will be responded to in the Gossip of our February number: 'The Professor,' 'BEVERLEY,' of Burlington, 'J. B. B.,' 'W. F. G.,' Saratoga, 'B. G.' and 'G. H. S.,' Erie, (Pa.,) 'E. AND A. B.,' Nashville, (Tenn.,) 'J. B.,' 'C. W. J.,' Oxford, Maryland; 'B. F. S. G.,' Charlestown, (Mass.,) 'Rusticus,' 'M. D. P.,' with his book of 'matchless verse,' and many matters more. A notice of our gifted contributor, 'W. N.,' author of 'BLONDINE,' in a late number, was accidentally omitted in making up our forms. - - - The present number being stereotyped, we were compelled to prepare our matter early, by which means much has been omitted from our pages that would otherwise have appeared. Works, many of them of more than common interest, from the following publishing-houses, will be noticed in our next: Messrs. JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS, and JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY, Boston; BANGS, BROTHER AND COMPANY; D. APPLETON AND COMPANY; GEORGE P. PUTNAM AND COMPANY; HARPER AND BROTHERS, and JOHN WILEY. - - - 'HAPPY NEW-YEAR!'

#### PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

THE PUBLISHER desires to inform the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER that he had engaged the artist who illustrated the EDITOR'S 'KNICK-KNACKS' to make an etching of the EDITOR'S SANCTUM to go in the present number. A slight accident renders it impossible to get the plate ready in time. Having calculated much on furnishing subscribers with something more than had been promised, he was seriously disappointed in his expectations. Not being able at the last moment to provide an appropriate plate, it occurred to him that from the numerous applications he has had for the EDITOR'S portrait, he could not do better than let that take the place of the designed illustration. It is nearly four years since it appeared, and the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER are now about ten times as many as at that period. He trusts, therefore, that the comparatively few who may have duplicates of the portrait will remember that we charge them nothing extra for it, and while they may have two copies, to the great majority of our patrons it will be new, and we trust not unacceptable. The etching of the sanctum will be completed and issued in a subsequent number.



# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## JOURNEYINGS IN SPAIN IN 1852.

BY ROBERT T. MACCORM

THE tourist who has been accustomed to all the improvements of European travel, and the luxuries of good inns and good attendance, must be endowed with much self-denial if he attempts a journey through Spain. In that benighted land, at least three centuries behind the present age in all that relates to the conveniences of travel and the comforts of life, his poor body will be most unmercifully shaken over bad roads, and his stomach surprised with a most unchristian *cuisine*. Spain is not a country of canals, rail-roads, omnibuses, and steam-boats, nor of fine restaurants, cafés, and first-rate hotels. A want of energy, and an indisposition to change old customs, pervades every class of society, and the maxim, 'Let well enough alone,' is carried out to its fullest extent.

The *caminos reales*, or royal roads, which branch off in every direction from the capital, and connect it with the principal sea-ports, were admirably planned and constructed in the beginning, but from long neglect, many of them have been suffered to fall nearly into a state of ruin. The other roads, which may be divided into those practicable for carriages, and those which are mere bridle-paths, are much worse than these, and during the winter season are almost impassable.

This condition of things greatly curtails the facilities for locomotion, but among a people who move about so little as the Spaniards, the inconvenience is trifling; and for the tourist it possesses many advantages over our rapid mode of rail-road travelling, for he is enabled to see more of the country through which he is passing, and to gain some idea of the manners and customs of the people.

Robbers are another difficulty which the traveller sometimes has to encounter in his journeyings, both in the high-ways and by-ways. A few years since, it was almost impossible to make a tour through the country without having an encounter with some of these worthies, but at present adventures of the kind are more rare. There are several grades of ban-

ditti, which are classified under the names of *Ladrones*, *Salteadores*, and *Ratones*.

The first of these form themselves into regularly-organized bands, of from fifteen to twenty in number, well armed and mounted, and under perfect discipline. Against such a force resistance would be useless, if not perilous. And when the diligence is stopped by a band of these dashing fellows, the passengers usually hand over their money and valuables with a good grace, and are treated with the utmost civility in return. But if any resistance is offered, or if any of the passengers having a belligerent turn should resort to fire-arms, and wound or kill one or more of the robbers, the blunderbuss is called into requisition, and one runs the chance of losing his life as well as his purse; and if he do escape being shot, he will without doubt be stripped to the skin, and most unmercifully beaten. No injury if possible is done to the ladies; on the contrary, acts of robber-gallantry are frequently shown toward them, which would bear relating.

The *Salteadores* are a lower order of robber, who go on foot, and lie in ambush for their victims, jumping out upon them when least expected; and the *Ratero*, or *Raton*, the lowest of the class, is a sneaking foot-pad, who robs and oftentimes murders unprotected single passengers in unfrequented roads. I often heard tales of travellers having been waylaid and murdered, and of the diligence having been stopped, and the passengers stripped of every thing except the clothes on their backs; yet, turning a deaf ear to these stories, I went quietly on my way, traversing the whole of the peninsula, sometimes in public conveyances and sometimes on horseback, as occasion required, without meeting with a single unlucky adventure. It is the custom of the country to carry fire-arms for personal defence; and in my journeyings through lonely places, I have often met with fierce-looking men, with long beards, and huge guns slung at their saddle-bows, who, without any stretch of the imagination, might have been taken for robbers. But they always turned out to be peaceable country-people, going upon their business, who touched their hats in passing, and gave the national salutation, '*Vayase con Dios*:' May your worship go with God.

Although the inconveniences I have enumerated appear somewhat formidable, they are in reality much less so than might be supposed. And to the tourist who is a lover of the novel and picturesque, and who is willing to put up with a few discomforts in exchange for the pleasures he will meet with by the way, there is no country more attractive than Spain. In this land of the mountain and valley, of the olive, the orange, and the vine, he will behold an original people, whose manners and customs have remained unchanged for centuries. There he will see the Alcazar of the Moor frowning from many a rocky height, and will roam through his fairy palaces, once the abode of all the gorgeous splendors of the East. He will behold the grim monastic pile, and the stately cathedral, and gaze with rapture upon the glowing canvas of Murillo and Velasquez. Every step will be replete with interest. And after the labors of the day, wholesome exercise will add a sweet sauce to his frugal meal, and he will enjoy refreshing sleep upon his homely couch, though he be attacked by an army of fleas; for, as the Spanish proverb

says, '*Quien duerme bien, no le pican las pulgas* : ' fleas do not disturb those who sleep soundly.

At Bayonne, a frontier town of France, I took my place in the diligence for St. Sebastian. Soon after leaving Bayonne, we came upon the neutral ground which lies between France and Spain, and the mountain barrier of the Pyrenees appeared in view. From thence a short ride brought us to the bridge over the Bidasoa, a small stream, which flows between the two contiguous countries; and this boundary passed, we entered the Basque Provinces. We were now among that race of hardy mountaineers who have never yet been conquered, and who to this day speak a language differing from every other in Europe.

An hour's ride brought us to Irun, the first town in Spain; and although so near the frontier, the change is very perceptible. The men, wrapped in their ample cloaks, have a more grave and dignified aspect; the houses are all built with huge balconies; the streets are narrower, and the place has a gloomy, inanimate appearance. Here our passports were examined, and our luggage underwent the scrutiny of the Spanish custom-house. We were treated with the greatest civility by the officers, yet at the same time every trunk, carpet-bag, and hat-box, was searched with the utmost rigor. From Irun to St. Sebastian, the country possesses little interest. The latter place is a homely town of about ten thousand inhabitants, and presents few objects worthy of the attention of the traveller.

Leaving St. Sebastian, we entered a beautiful and picturesque country, where mountain-streams gushed along the narrow ravines, rich verdure covered the Swiss-like hills and mountains, and pretty little villages appeared in view at short distances. The laborers were in the fields, men and women together, turning up the earth with a species of pronged fork, which served the purpose of a plough; the donkey plodded along the road with his heavy burden, and every thing spoke industry among this hardy race of mountaineers. Night came upon us, and one of the most beautiful moons I have ever gazed upon, added a new charm to this wild mountain-scenery. The road became more and more steep, and I descended from the diligence, with several of my fellow-passengers, to enjoy the charming scene on foot.

I had not become accustomed to the lumbering Spanish diligence then, and the novelty caused me no little amusement. Let the reader imagine a huge vehicle containing four compartments. The first of these is the *berlina*, or *coupé*, the place par excellence, situated in front, and containing three persons; next, the *interior*, the second best, containing six persons; third, the *imperial*, placed on top, with places for four persons; and last, the *rotunda*, situated behind, for six persons, who have the pleasure of swallowing all the dust raised *en route*. On the top is placed all the luggage, secured with ropes, and protected from the weather by a leather or painted canvas-cover.

This huge machine is drawn by eight or ten mules, decorated with a profusion of small bells, and presided over by three important personages. The first of these is the *Mayoral*, or conductor, who is the chief or captain. He superintends the driving, regulates the time for stoppage, and pays particular attention to the passengers in the *berlina* and *interior*, with an eye to a *gratificacioncita* at the end of the journey.

The *Mayoral* is sometimes assisted in the driving by the *Zagal*, his second in command, who is a most picturesque-looking personage, attired in the Andalusian costume, which is the adopted dress of the jockey, the smuggler, the bull-fighter, and the robber, throughout Spain. This consists of a gay-colored silk handkerchief tied round the head, on the top of which is placed a low-crowned black beaver hat, with a brim turned up around the edge, and bordered with velvet; of a jacket of brown cloth, embroidered on the back and sleeves with gay-colored flowers, and ornamented in front with filagree buttons of silver or gilt; pantaloons of velvet plush, either blue or dark green, slashed at the sides, and also ornamented with two rows of filagree buttons; a scarlet sash around the waist, and large leather gaiters on the legs.

The duty of the *Zagal* is extremely laborious. He runs by the side of the diligence, sometimes encouraging the animals by kind words, sometimes belaboring them with his long whip, and at others stimulating them to their duty by the most shocking oaths and imprecations, in which he is always seconded by the commander-in-chief. The poor fellow is almost constantly on the go, from the beginning to the end of the journey, only mounting occasionally by the side of the *Mayoral*, or reposing himself for a few moments on the iron step by which the passengers mount into the *rotunda*, when the diligence encounters a smooth piece of road.

The last personage is the *Delantero*, or postillion, who rides one of the leading mules, and is generally a lad of eighteen or nineteen years of age, with sufficient powers of endurance to remain in the saddle from morning till night, without repose, except during the short stoppages for meals. When this huge vehicle is in motion, rolling to and fro over the rough roads, amid clouds of dust, now diving into deep ruts and anon rising again to the surface, it reminded me very forcibly of a Dutch galliot in a gale of wind.

The road becoming more precipitous before arriving at Vittoria, six oxen were attached in front of our mules to assist in dragging us up a steep mountain. Two additional drivers were then added to our caravan; and the uproar made by the combined force surpassed all description. The continual cracking of the whip of the *Mayoral* and *Zagal*, the sound of the goad on the backs of the oxen, and the vociferations of the whole party, reëchoed far and wide through the mountain-passes, in the stillness of the night.

At length we arrived at Vittoria, the scene of one of Wellington's victories over the French. This is a pretty little town of about fifteen thousand inhabitants, with two beautiful *Paseos*, or public promenades, and a handsome plaza, surrounded with arcades. But I did not tarry here, for I had not yet arrived in the interesting part of Spain; and after a day's sojourn, I continued my pilgrimage to Burgos.

Passing through several small, dirty-looking villages, the scenes of poverty and wretchedness, we arrived at Miranda, where we descended to take dinner. But alas! not such a dinner as I have enjoyed in 'La Belle France,' even in the poorest village inns. The Spanish *cuisine* is really execrable. Every article placed before you is stewed, and strongly impregnated with rancid oil, garlic, saffron, and red pepper; and the

newly-arrived stranger, whose stomach is unaccustomed to such high-flavored condiments, is obliged to fall back upon boiled eggs, bread, and cheese. The famous *puchero* and *olla* may be very savory dishes for the Spaniard, but for one accustomed to a civilized *cuisine*, a mixture of beef, bacon, sausages, beans, cabbage, carrots, onions, garlic, pepper, etc., etc., has no attractions.

It was a fête-day at Miranda, and all the town was in an uproar. Young men attired in harlequin costume appeared before the inn, and danced to the music of the guitar and castanet. A procession of priests, attired in their robes of office, and bearing the image of a saint, was likewise parading the streets. The van was followed by the Alcalde of the place, and many of the principal inhabitants; while in front there were about twenty young men, decked out with gay ribbons, who danced along, singing and keeping time by striking together, in a kind of mock fencing, painted sticks or clubs. This curious ceremony continued until the party had arrived at the door of the church, where they entered with all becoming gravity to perform their devotions.

Leaving Miranda, the country became more picturesque, and we soon entered the wild pass between the mountains of Oca and the Pyrenean spurs, where high rocky walls frowned on each side of us, and a grim precipice opened its awful jaws at our feet. After leaving the gorge, the country became almost a desert. We traversed vast plains, where not a tree was seen to gladden the eye, and the few scattered villages through which we passed presented a gloomy and poverty-stricken appearance.

When we stopped to relay, we were immediately surrounded by a crowd of ragged beggars, of all ages, who importuned us, for the love of God and of the Virgin, to bestow upon them our charity. But let it be known that the Spanish beggar, who is the type of all beggars, is the best-bred beggar in the world. He will patiently solicit you for alms by the hour, and then, after finding out that you are inexorable, instead of turning away with a sour face, he politely doffs his hat, and wishes you a pleasant journey.

But we now approached Burgos, the ancient capital of Old Castile, whose time-honored walls I hailed with pleasure. The palmy days of this old city have departed, and its population has dwindled to a few thousands. Yet its far-famed cathedral, its numerous historical associations, its venerable Gothic appearance, and its dark, narrow, and almost deserted-looking streets, make it an object of peculiar interest to the stranger. For nearly a mile from the walls the road was ornamented with an avenue of trees, and numerous gentlemen and bright-eyed señoras were abroad taking their evening promenade.

We at length entered one of the principal gates of the city, and our diligence halted in the Plaza de la Constitucion, a large unpaved square, used as a market-place, surrounded with mean-looking porticoes, and ornamented in the centre with a statue of Charles III. The pearl of Burgos is its cathedral, whose splendor surpasses description. This stupendous Gothic pile was commenced in 1221, by order of St. Ferdinand, King of Castile and Leon, and was finished toward the end of the same century.

Time has dealt lightly with this beautiful edifice. Its lofty spires of

delicate open stone-work, and the exquisite carvings of its portals, remain almost as perfect as when they came from under the hands of the workman. The interior is grand and imposing, but much blocked up by the *coro*, or choir, which occupies a large portion of the central nave, and prevents an uninterrupted view of the whole. The choir is divided into two parts, separated by the transept, and surrounded by a wall eight or ten feet in height, each part being screened off from the transept by magnificent open-worked iron portals, which are only opened during service. The first part contains the grand altar, and the second part, which is properly the choir, is occupied during service by the choristers, and by the priests, when not officiating at the altar. In one end of this is the archbishop's throne, and the sides are lined with two rows of most beautifully-sculptured oaken stalls, whereon are represented various subjects from the Old and New Testament. Standing near the centre of the building, where the eye is less obstructed by the *coro*, the stupendous dimensions of this sacred temple are better appreciated. The magnificent octagon cupola, rising to the height of one hundred and eighty feet above the marble pavement, sustained by four enormous columns, ornamented with beautiful sculpture, and containing niches occupied by the statues of saints and apostles; the dim religious light which pours through the antique painted glass windows, faintly illuminating the long aisles, and the numerous chapels that surround the church, produce a religious effect upon the mind, only experienced in these Gothic piles which man has raised to the worship of the Deity.

The various chapels merit particular attention, for they nearly all contain some good specimens of painting and sculpture. Their altars, however, struck me as being in bad taste. They are covered with a profusion of gilding, and the figures of their saints are decked out in silks and satins, and overcharged with jewelry. The chapel of the *Condestable*, the principal one, is as large as many of our city churches, although only an insignificant part of this. Here repose the ashes of the Velasco family, the hereditary constables of Castile. In the centre are placed the magnificent marble tombs of its founder, Pedro Hernandez de Velasco, obiit 1492, and of his wife, Maria Lopez de Mendoza, obiit 1500. Their full-length statues repose upon their sepulchres, and the exquisite sculpture of the armor of the king, and the costume of the queen, with its delicate lace-work, surpass all description. This chapel contains three altars, and several other tombs of members of the Velasco family, which possess much merit. It is likewise adorned with beautiful paintings, rich carvings, and numerous master-pieces of Spanish statuary, sculptured out of stone. The whole is lighted up by the many-colored rays that pour through the antique windows, which shed a peculiar charm over this resting-place of the departed.

From the body of the church I passed into the vast cloisters, the style of which is more purely Gothic than that of the interior of the building. The windows and the painted arches are most curiously carved, with flowers and strange devices; and the sculptured figures and *alto-relievos* on many of the tombs are most admirable. From thence I passed to the *Sala Capitular*, or Hall of the Chapter, which is said to be a part of the ancient Moorish palace upon whose site the cathedral was con-



structed, and which was preserved as a memorial of the conquest. The Moorish ceiling is of heavy carved oak, covered with curious paintings, the colors of which present an astonishing freshness, considering that eight centuries have passed since they were laid on. We saw here several good paintings, and in an adjoining vestry were shown the *Cafre del Cid*, an iron-bound chest, which belonged to that great captain, and which figures in the chronicles of his times.

There is so little life and activity at Burgos, and so few people seen abroad at certain hours of the day, that the stranger might almost suppose it to be a deserted city. Once the capital of Old Castile, and the residence of a gay and luxurious court, it is now a decayed town, with a scanty and poverty-stricken population, who pride themselves on being genuine Old Castilians, or as they more forcibly say, '*Castellanos rancios y Viejos*.'

This is the city of the famous Cid, who fought so gallantly against the Moors; and we wandered through numerous narrow, dirty and gloomy-looking streets in search of the house where he was born. Finally ascending a hill, on the outskirts of the town, we found the site on which the mansion stood, but every vestige of the building was swept away. A monument in a ruined condition still exists on the spot, bearing an inscription, but it was so defaced that we were unable to decipher it.

I left Burgos in the diligence for Valladolid, and never has it been my lot to travel over a more uninteresting route. This part of Old Castile is flat and treeless, and the clouds of dust raised by our caravan of mules was almost suffocating. The ancient splendor of Valladolid, like that of Burgos, has passed away for ever. The French committed terrible ravages here, and civil wars have completed what the foreign foe commenced. The town was first sacked by the invaders, who subsequently desecrated and burned many of its churches and monasteries. The master-pieces of painting and sculpture were either stolen or destroyed, altars were broken, and gorgeous sepulchres dashed to pieces.

To this day, an inveterate hatred exists toward the French among all classes of the community. Almost every foreigner seen in the streets is taken for a Frenchman; and I have not only here, but in other parts of Spain, had the mortification to see boys stop their play and follow me with impudent faces, shouting, *Frances! Frances!* Stones have likewise been thrown at me more than once, which, had they taken effect, might have caused severe injury.

Valladolid has a population of about twenty thousand souls, although capable of containing more than twice that number. The streets have a gloomy aspect, and there is little animation to be seen in any quarter, except on Sundays and fête-days, when here, as through all Spain, the whole population turns out in holiday-dress, to promenade the streets and public walks.

On the evening of my arrival, I took a short stroll through the town with one of my fellow-passengers, who was a resident of the place. After traversing several narrow, gloomy-looking streets, the houses in which had the appearance of so many prisons, we entered the grand Plaza. This is surrounded by large buildings, underneath the first story of which are handsome porticoes, supported by granite columns. Here are to be

found the best shops, and it is likewise a resort for all the loungers, and the centre of all the business and activity of the town.

After promenading the porticoes, and examining the shop-windows, which did not look very inviting, my companion proposed taking a cup of coffee. At about a stone's throw from the Plaza, he conducted me up a flight of steps and through a small door into a long, low room, where, by the dim light of several lamps which hung from the ceiling, and through a dense cloud of tobacco-smoke, we distinguished about one hundred persons seated at small round tables scattered over the room, most of whom were enveloped in cloaks, and engaged in playing dominoes, smoking, sipping coffee, or eating ices. From the black-bearded, fierce look of many of the company, one might have more readily imagined himself in a den of thieves, than in the most elegant *café* of Valladolid.

After having seen the cathedral of Burgos, that of Valladolid sinks into insignificance. Although it has never been finished, it is now in a half-ruined condition, owing to the fall of the tower in 1841, which caused considerable injury to the building. The Doric façade is handsome, and the arch above the grand entrance noble. The form of the interior is an oblong square, four hundred and eleven feet in length, and four hundred and four in breadth, and presents an imposing appearance, although much injured by the *coro*, which as usual occupies the centre of the church.

In the *sacristia*, or vestry, the sexton showed me a most magnificent *custodia*, a species of tabernacle, weighing one hundred and forty-seven pounds, and over six feet in height, which is used for carrying the Host in the procession of Corpus Christi. This is a *chef d'œuvre* of Juan de Arfe, who lived in the sixteenth century, a period when Valladolid was celebrated for the excellent workmanship of its silversmiths. The sexton informed me this was one of the few precious objects which escaped the melting-pots of the French, who appropriated all the valuables that were not concealed before their arrival. Valladolid possesses the remains of numerous churches and convents, but many of them are now deserted and falling to ruin. Among these, the Church of the Convent of San Pablo presents one of the most beautiful specimens of the florid Gothic style of architecture we have ever beheld. It must have taken years to complete the façade, which is most elaborately sculptured. The interior was gutted by the French, and is now used as a *dépôt* for galley-convicts, before they are forwarded to their destination. The ancient and once richly-endowed convent of San Benito, which was adorned with numerous works of art, is now deserted; and that of Carmen Calzados is turned into a barrack.

One of the greatest objects of curiosity at Valladolid is the painted wooden sculpture of Berruete, Juan de Juni, and Hernandez, whose names and whose works are hardly known out of Spain. These specimens are found in the museum, which contains, beside, the artistical riches of the thirty suppressed convents that once adorned the city. The statues are as large as life, and so faithful is the expression and coloring that they are startlingly natural. They are formed into groups, in which the attitude of each figure is most truthfully displayed. Among

those which more particularly attracted my attention, was a CHRIST bearing the Cross, the Baptism of CHRIST, and the Death of CHRIST, all by Hernandez. The *Silleria* of the convent of San Benito is also another very curious work, by Berrugete. It consists of one hundred oaken stalls, taken from the choir, and nothing can be more admirable than the carving of its bas-reliefs, and elaborate ornamentation. Upon each stall some subject of Spanish history is represented, in which Ferdinand and Isabella, the Cid, and Fernando Cortez, figure largely.

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T O A S N O W - B I R D .

BIRD of the winter-time!  
That comest near when winds are wild and bleak,  
And gusty tempests through the forests shriek,  
In the cold northern clime:

How like a thought art thou  
Of some departed joy, our own no more,  
Whose memory flits around Life's wintry shore,  
Even as thou dost now!

Thou waitest not for Spring  
To fill the fields of heaven with cloudless blue;  
Nor for the merry June, whose breezes through  
The fragrant forests sing.

Morn with its golden mist,  
That floats like incense up from wood and river,  
And Evening, of sweet scents and dews the giver,  
And waves by moonlight kissed:

October's long bright days,  
When hill and hollow teem with the sweet story,  
And the wind whispers its *memento mori*,  
Through wood-lands steeped in haze:

Thou heed'st them not: alone,  
Where the sad Northern day is cold and brief,  
Thy quick chirp gladdens the great forest's grief,  
When the far tempests moan.

Contented with my part,  
Oh! thus would I, when storms do loudest roar,  
In Him who 'cares for thee,' trust evermore  
With an unfaltering heart:

That when at last I stand  
By Death's dark stream, my soul may take its flight,  
Where Summer with its everlasting light  
Fills Heaven's enchanted land!

## THE MAN WHO MARRIED HIS GRAND-MOTHER.

REVISED BY WILLIAM BOWEN

## I.

THE deed shall be told,  
 The serpent unrolled  
 That lies coiling in many a hideous fold  
 Round this heart of mine, once so untrammelled and bold,  
 Since my soul to the DEVL I bargained and sold  
 And became for all time  
 A monster of crime,  
 To be withered in prose and blasted in rhyme,  
 By newspaper-scribblers and poets sublime,  
 In books at a dollar and sheets at a dime;  
 In copy-right volumes and volumes re-printed,  
 An honest resource, by which fortunes are minted.

## II.

There was not a beauty in Union-Square,  
 In street the Fourteenth or in Avenue Five,  
 Whom a person might fancy, that wanted to wive,  
 With figure so graceful or features so fair,  
 Such radiant eyes or such glorious hair,  
 As the ship-owner's daughter, sweet EMILY CLARK:  
 And how, when, or why  
 She was brought to comply  
 With my grand-father's suit, is a thing I defy  
 The whole world to explain; but it can't — nor can I  
 Yet such was the fact:  
 The fortress attacked,  
 Struck its colors to Age, by a million backed;  
 And I — I was bidden to witness the scene  
 Of Seventy wedded to sweet Seventeen.  
 A terrible bargain! I saw it: what then!  
 I became from that hour the most wretched of men.

## III.

THURX stood at the altar the radiant bride,  
 (Like MADELINE BRAY by the side of old GUNDY)  
 In orange-flower blossoms that pallidly vied  
 With the hue of her cheeks and her brow's noble pride:  
 The azure of heaven, the depth of the sea,  
 From beneath her long lashes gleamed sadly on me,  
 As my pitying gaze  
 Met the sorrowful rays  
 Of her eyes, which I saw through a glorified haze,  
 That saddened, yet brightened my heart as they fell,  
 Like celestial fire in a cavern of Hell!  
 Mixing torture and bliss in delirious swell,  
 All higgledy-piggledy, smash and pèle-mêle,  
 Till, my brain spinning giddily, scarce I could tell

If the yelling of fiends or the clang of a bell  
On my ear with such splitting monotony fell!

## IV.

Yes! the evil was done,  
And I — *I* was the son  
Of the man whose respectable father had won  
The beauty whose aspect had floored me outright  
By a striking example of love at first sight.

## V.

Oh! she was fairer than words can describe!  
Though were I a bard of the TENNYSON tribe,  
I would say so in terms  
Containing the germs  
Of at least half-a-dozen poetical firms  
In phrases so choice,  
With so gentle a voice,  
That the hearts of American girls should rejoice.

## VI.

But as I am merely  
A man who writes clearly  
His meaning, and then sells his manuscript dearly;  
In fact, as I'm strictly a business person,  
Some subjects I can't turn the stream of my verse on;  
And at this very moment, recording the curse on  
My heart, I could go off and rant like MACPHERSON,  
Or hexameters LONGFELLOW-metred, or VOSSIAN —  
But who would stand classical rhythm, or OSSIAN!

## VII.

Ah! few people know  
The flame-currents that flow  
Beneath the cold masks men of business show:  
How, while talking of stocks that must up or down go,  
Their hearts may be rent  
By passions long pent,  
Like gas under pressure in want of a vent!

## VIII.

I struggled, I wrestled — I squabbled and fought  
With my love for my grand-mother — horrible thought!  
Of course I well knew  
That it never would do  
To encourage such notions: I labored to view  
Her beauty as common-place; nay, I was fain  
To try and make out that her features were plain:  
I tried to find fault with the turn of her chin;  
She was slender — I strove to believe she was thin:  
That her waist was too long, and her figure too tall —  
Her eyes much too large, and her mouth much too small;  
Her complexion too pale, and her fingers too white  
That, in short, after all, she was nearly a fright:  
But with all her deformities such a sweet girl,  
Such a lovely, adorable, delicate pearl

Of intense fascination,  
 Her least observation  
 Or look set my heart and my head in a whirl,  
 And inspired such wild thoughts, that I rose once or twice  
 With a vague fiendish thought that some bliss at no price  
 Might be purchased too dearly! then, grasped by the vice  
 Of an iron necessity, backward I sank,  
 And — a glass of ice-water impatiently drank!

## IX.

Oh! adoring his grand-mother makes a man feel  
 His heart to calcine, and his senses to reel.  
 Wild, beautiful, devilish, maddening dreams  
 Float round him like incense, in violet streams,  
 That, as they curl upward in spirals gigantic,  
 Form serpent-like columns to domes necromantic;  
 While angels — soul-blasted — are driving him frantic  
 By choruses splendid, unearthly, transcendent,  
 That seem to reflect upon harp-strings resplendent,  
 Self-echoing, quivering, gleaming, like strings  
 Golden, silvery, flame-twisted, moved by the wings  
 Of the gorgeous spirits that beat on the air,  
 Light-flashing, electric —

Oh, hellish despair!  
 Hence! begone, dreams insane! To the emerald grass  
 In that vista of grand crested trees let me pass,  
 Where the shadows fall coolly across the bright glade,  
 Like the stripes on the skin of a tiger displayed:  
 Is not earth — this sad earth! — a wild beast that devours  
 All that crawls on its surface, and withers the flowers  
 Ere their beauty is felt! Ah! she leans on my arm;  
 'Tis the delicate pressure — voluptuous — warm!  
 Let the priests and the laws do their worst! But what's this?  
 I'm alone; all was vision; all — even that kiss:  
 All, even that look of the deep, loving eyes:  
 She's my grand-father's wife: she is good — I am wise.

## X.

Such a life could not last:  
 With my strength ebbing fast,  
 (Not having, like Homer's great hero, a mast  
 To which I could bind  
 My refractory mind,  
 As he lashed his limbs, when the Sirens he passed,)  
 I resolved by an effort prodigious, one day,  
 Since no more I could fight, to run bravely away,  
 Notwithstanding my grand-father urged me to stay,  
 And my beautiful grand-mother counselled delay,  
 With tears in her eyes such as risk one's salvation:  
 Then I knew my sole chance lay in flying temptation!

## XI.

I fled, striving vainly to tear from my heart  
 The kiss, which at parting I could not refuse.  
 In Paris at Vézou's I dined à la carte,  
 In Switzerland saw all the lithographed views:  
 Yet I could not conceal  
 From myself that the steel



Had entered my soul ; that for woe or for weal,  
 (As the Frenchman expressed it, 'for *veau* or for *veal*,')  
 My grand-mother's charms were the spell that still reigned  
 O'er my life. Nay, the fiend whispered low : 'I had gained  
 Quite as much as I'd lost in the heart that remained ;  
 Deserted and lone, on the rock of old age  
 In silence to throb, and in darkness to rage ;  
 With a love to which hope was for ever denied :  
 For, a man may not wed his own grand-father's bride,  
 'Not marry his grand-mother ! No, that is plain :  
 I'm a martyr, a victim to passions insane !'

## XII.

'But what's this in the paper ?' I read and re-read  
 The paragraph thrice : 'Why, my grand-father's dead !  
 I'm his heir, and of course I at once must return,  
 Not to see *her*, of course — *that's* another concern :  
 Yet — to meet her again ! and a widow, and free !'  
 'Well !' We met : all was over, with her and with me

## XIII.

A certain amount of heroic resistance  
 Is certainly possible — when at a distance.  
 But love, like a magnet, grows stronger the nearer  
 Its subjects approach : thus from queerer to queerer  
 Reflection lured on ; I at length grew so cunning  
 At killing objections, like pheasants in gunning,  
 That, though the idea may perhaps disconcert you,  
 To marry my grand-mother *seemed quite a virtue !*

## XIV.

Yes ! we married : love topping all con-siderations,  
 And defying the horror of pious relations.  
*I married my grand-mother !* Thus I became  
 A mark for the scorner, an emblem of shame.

—  
 Postscript : by Electric Telegraph.

But what's this, old woman — what's this that you say :  
 'I married by strictly legitimate option !'  
 You or I may say so, my good nurse, but the way  
 Of the world is a different hint to convey.  
 'Now,' replies my good nurse, 'do, child, listen, I pray :  
*Your father was only a son by adoption !*'

## XV.

Such indeed was the fact, and my fair bride's embraces  
 No longer an orthodox canon disgraces ;  
 But when once a blunder is made, how retrieve it ?  
 The fact I proclaim, not a soul will believe it.  
 My grand-mother's face was, they say, the sole cause  
 Of my wicked defiance of canonized laws ;  
 And all the young ladies persist in declaring  
 That we 'went the entire' to escape from despairing ;  
 For they cannot give up such a capital story  
 As wedding one's grand-mother — just *con amore*.

## THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

A FAITHFUL AUTOBIOGRAPHY: RENEWED BY REQUEST.

BY CLAUDE SAULTS, M. D.

I HAD stumped about the country for a dozen years or so, in the same equipage, having wonderful success in curing 'cases,' but half the time cheated out of the credit of it by catnip tea. I took a notion to cast up my books to see how rich I was, and what could be made of outstanding accounts. It cost a great many evenings of hard work to arrive at the knowledge that, all debts being paid, I was not worth a 'brass farthing' — not a red cent. Notwithstanding all the lucrative cases of typhus which I had managed, I remained poor. I believe that people in the city pay their fees with alacrity because the charges are exorbitant. When a bill for a hundred dollars, for looking two or three times at a sick child, is presented to one who lives in a well-furnished house in the upper part of the town, the very largeness of the demand is a delicate compliment upon his ability to pay. The man of the house sits down at a handsome secretary, and draws out a clean check for the full amount, saying, 'Doctor, you are very moderate: now that Jacky is out of the woods, come in, in a sociable way.'

As soon as the messenger is gone, the *pater-familias* exclaims, 'What an outrageous bill! It is an expensive luxury to be sick.' However, it has its advantages to be attended by a fashionable doctor, as it has to worship God in a fashionable church. On one occasion I was called in midsummer to attend a sick man on the sea-shore. After several days, his family physician, the renowned Doctor Jallapa, arrived from the city, and the patient was soon after on his legs, no thanks to me, and ready for the surf.

'How much are you going to charge him?' said Doctor Jallapa.

'Twenty-five dollars,' said I.

'Poh!' said he, 'make it a hundred. He expects it.'

'If he expects it,' said I, 'it would give me great pain to disappoint his expectations;' whereupon I acted advisedly, and received an honored check for a round C. on the Phoenix Bank.

On another occasion, when attending one of my own patients in the same vicinity, while crossing the 'big bridge' when the tide was up, I came near being drowned. My sulky was soon afloat, but the horse, being a good swimmer, reached the opposite bank. Now, beside risking my own life, I fairly dragged the patient from the very gates of death. I got him out of a bilious-remittent, drove the jaundice out of his skin, and when I came to ask him for ten dollars, he blackguarded me like a chicken-stealer, and would never employ me again. The fact is, that people in the country abhor taxes, and a doctor is the worst of publicans. To be sick they think is a dead loss, which they unchristianly grumble at; but to have to pay for being cured, irritates them beyond

measure. Oh ! how meek they are, when they lie prostrate in a burning fever — when their teeth chatter, and the whole house jars with their shaking agues ! Oh ! how welcomely the latch is lifted up to admit you when life seems to hang upon a hair ! But get them on their legs, and the first thing which they forget will be that they were ever on their backs. If many of them do pay you, it is under protest, procrastinating the settlement to a time when the account might be outlawed, clipping down the fair proportions of a just bill, and giving you the most ragged representative of money.

I say that when I came to overhaul my accounts, I was not worth any thing, and therefore arrived at the conclusion that it was high time to marry a wife who would take care of my money. I did so, and found my condition better, but for some years had a hard time of it. My children were extremely pettish and peevish, and what with nocturnal calls, I had not a night's rest for five years. If any thing ailed them, they were sure to cry the night long ; but if they were well, they woke up long before the crowing of the cock, climbing over me at the very moment when I had composed my head for a short morning nap. But paternal philosophy can well be reconciled to the sweet music of 'crying babes,' some thousands of which have been imported into New-York during the present year. But the number of people taken sick in the day-time, who send for the doctor by night, produced a compound fracture of my time, which seldom gave me a comatose state. It is the sweetest of all consolations to lay a weary head upon the pillow with the thought that rest awaits you until the dawning light. Whatever carking cares have vexed you, that is a long season of immunity which stretches through the dark hours of the night. Then do the strained muscles lapse into the most easy attitudes in the yielding couch, and the taxed intellect is still, and you bolt the door upon ingratitude and strife.

But to lie down without security from disturbance is enough to frighten away sleep. Such is the lot of a country doctor. I could relate innumerable instances of the utter disregard with which he is routed from his bed, without occasion, at all hours. Here is one in point :

I arrived late one winter evening at my own door, after a hard day's toil. With what a feeling of relaxation did I divest my feet of heavy boots, set them smoking at the fire, and then regale them in easy slippers ! Then wrapping about me a soft padded gown, with what luxury did I fall back in my arm-chair, peruse the daily paper, and sip a cup of tea ! 'Now,' said I, 'the labors of the day are over. A storm is brewing out of doors. I hope that no body will come here to-night. If they do, I won't go. Let them go after Bogardus. I won't immolate myself for any body. It is unreasonable.' With that I pulled down my ledger and made a note of the day's visits, one half of which were to poor houses, negro huts, and Irish shanties. As to this class, they loved me like a brother, and their confidence in me was unbounded. They sent for me if their bones ached, or if their corns hurt them, and I went with all speed, though I sometimes had occasion to scold them. Before retiring for the night, I opened the outer door, as was my custom, to see the state of the weather. It was a tremendous night. The moon shone palely, but the wind blew a hurricane. It rained, it hailed, it snowed,

it blowed. I thought again of the poor mariners on the coast, and with a silent prayer for them, and all houseless, unprotected ones, I closed the door, and went to bed. I had just recovered from the shivering sensation of cold sheets, and become conscious of a grateful warmth, while that delightful drowsiness which borders upon sound sleep stole over me, when there came a knocking, impatiently repeated, enough to wake the dead. 'God bless me!' I groaned out, crawling out of bed, and lifting up the sash, 'what do you want?'

'Doctor, want you to come right straight away off to Banks's. His child's dead.'

'Then why do you come?'

'He's p'isoned. They gin him laud'num for paregoricky.'

'How much have they given him?'

'Dono. A great deal. Think he won't get over it.'

'When did they give it to him?'

'This arternoon.'

'Why did n't you come sooner? How do you think I am to go two miles on such a night? Have you brought a wagon?'

'No.'

'Then I won't go. Tell them to ———; ' and having prescribed hastily out of the window, I closed the sash and went back to bed. But the howling wind and rattling sleet against the panes had not that soothing effect which they have to one who lies snug and warm and irresponsible in his couch. 'What,' said I, 'if that child should die through my neglect! Will it absolve me from criminality because the parents are poor? I will go: I must.' With that I leaped out again, kindled a match, and went down into my office. Not choosing to wake my man Flummery, or to disturb my old horse, who was craunching his oats, and housed for the night, I took my stick and set out to walk. The snow-water went through my shoes like a sieve; my neck and bosom were instantly covered with sleet. Nevertheless, I had some humorous thoughts while breasting the storm, and composed a Latin distich by the way. I had just got the last foot of the pentameter correct, when my own foot struck against something which looked like a black log. On scrutiny, by the light of the moon, I found it to be my old patient, Timmy Timmons, apparently sound asleep, with his beloved rum-jug by his side. I in vain shook him to make him aware of his situation, and see if the spirit had left his body. I shook the rum-jug, but there was no spirit there, not a drop. 'Timmy,' says I, 'wake up.' No answer. I then kicked him, but he bore it as if he had been used to kicks. 'He is dead,' said I, and passed on to the next house. There, while opening the gate, I was fiercely attacked by a stout bull-dog; and while keeping him off, and fighting my way up to the house, the master came out in his shirt-tail with a loaded gun. 'Do n't you know me?' said I, as he examined the priming; 'it is the doctor.'

'Souls alive!' responded he; 'I thought it was a thief! I'm glad you spoke when you did. In a minute more I should have popped you over, Doc'. Sorry to do that. My son John's got the fever-aig. Here, Bull, Bull, Bull, Bull! — g' home, Sir!'

'Timmy Timmons,' said I, 'is lying out in the lane, drunk or dead,

I do n't know which ; dead drunk, at any rate. He must be looked after.'

'Wait till I put on my breeches. What a wunnerful night! Won't you come in and git warm?'

'No ; get on your breeches, and make haste.'

'Guy! when I first heered you, I thought it was Lawrence comin' to break house. He's a desput fellow. So I gets up and looks out o' the window, and then I went into the corner to find my gun, and if I did n't ——'

'Come, come ; do you want ——'

'To get the rheumatiz? No, I do n't. Hold on, Doctor ; be down in one minute.'

We returned to the congealed Timmons. My coödjutor took up the jug, shook it, and said, 'Not a drop.' He then smelt it.

'It is rum,' said I, 'the cause of all this misery.'

'No, Doctor, not *all* rum ; there's been a little *molasses* into this jug, by the smell of it.'

'Lift him up,' said I. He did so, and carried his burthen home, where I brought Timmy to life.

I now trudged on upon my original errand, hoping to save another life more valuable than that of Timmons. Arrived at the house, I perceived it shut up as if hermetically sealed. Not a light was to be seen. I knocked at the door, but no answer. I knocked furiously, and at last a night-cap appeared from the chamber-window, and a woman's voice squeaked out, 'Who's there?'

'The doctor, to be sure,' said I ; 'you sent for him. What the dogs is the matter?'

'Oh, it's *no* matter, Doctor. Ephraim's better. We got a little *skeered*, kind of. Gin him laud'num, and he slept kind o' sound, but he's woke up now.'

'How much laudanum did he swallow?'

'Only two drops,' said she. 'Taint hurt him none. Wunnerful bad storm to-night!'

I buttoned my coat up to my throat, turned upon my heel, and tried to whistle.

'Doctor, Doctor!'

'What do you want?'

'You won't charge nothin' for this visit, will you?'

Now, as I travelled back on foot, the moon became obscured, the driving sleet blinded the eyes, I heard the Atlantic breakers booming and beating upon the coast ; and with head down, like a bulrush, I arrived at my own door wet and disconsolate, saying to myself: 'THAT LITTLE PLANT CALLED PATIENCE DOES NOT GROW IN EVERY GARDEN!'

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S I G N O N A B A R B E R ' S A L E - H O U S E .

ROVE not from pole to pole — the man lives here,  
Whose razor's only equalled by his beer ;  
And where, in either sense, the cockney-put  
May, if he pleases, get confounded out.

## THE LAY OF A YOUNG PARISIANNER.

OFTEN I'd wandered through the LOUVRE  
 And GALERIE DE BEAUX ARTS;  
 Often I'd seen the troops manœuvrer  
 Up on the CHAMP DE MARS;  
 But Beauty and Manœuvre yet  
 I found were still to learn,  
 When first I saw LISETTE, coquette,  
*Griette chez BOIVIN JEUNE.*

BOIVIN JEUNE looks like a duchess,  
 And she smiles a gracious smile  
 On the novice in her clutches,  
 Whom she measures for *pants pailles*;  
 But 'the French' entirely fails him  
 (Which took so long to learn)  
 When thy bright glance assails him,  
*LISETTE, chez BOIVIN JEUNE!*

Afternoons one's sure to *flâner*  
 At the windows on his way,  
 Where the crafty tradesmen blarney,  
 In the QUARTIER DE LA PAIX;  
 From gay crowds that never cease  
 On the BOULEVART, he must turn  
 To RUE CASTIGLIONE, DIX,  
*To LISETTE, chez BOIVIN JEUNE.*

For there's always something needed;  
 Satin scarfs of gorgeous hue,  
 A *jaquette de matin* braided,  
 Or a *faux col rabattu*;  
 Not at all that one's a dandy,  
 Oh no! 'tis but to learn  
 The language of *marchander*  
*From LISETTE, chez BOIVIN JEUNE.*

Vainly they smile, the dames that keep  
 Watch by the ELYSEES;  
 Vainly their trailing satins sweep  
 The smooth *asphalte pavé*;  
 Let the proud FAUBOURG beauty's breast  
 Heave with disdain, and spurn  
 The *bourgeois* crowd — I like thee best  
*LISETTE, chez BOIVIN JEUNE.*

My countrymen, who, *en badaud*,  
 Parade RUE RIVOLI,  
*Moustache, cigare, lorgnon, PINAUD,\**  
 Glim cane and *bottes vernies*,  
 Are no disguise; and if they were,  
 Your 'accent' she'll discern:  
 No Yankee ever humbugged her,  
*LISETTE, chez BOIVIN JEUNE.*

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\* THE correct halter.



In RICHELIEU's old building, \*  
 Whose gas-lights bravely show  
 On the mirrors and the gilding  
 AUX TROIS FRERES PROVENCAUX;  
 Where the glasses swim with MOET,  
 Bubbling over like an urn,  
 Young America eries, 'Go it!  
 Here's to her, *chez BOIVIN JEUNE!*'

I too — but never mind it now:  
 The gloves she sold are soiled,  
 The lace-trimmed *cravate* is laid low,  
 The dainty *mouchoir* spoiled;  
 But in day-dreams I cherish yet  
 These memories, and yearn  
 To see dear Paris and LIBETTE,  
*Grisette chez BOIVIN JEUNE!*

LITTLE BRANCH.

## T H E L I T T L E N E L L :

A LEGEND OF LAKE MICHIGAN.

BY LEWIS J. BATES.

'THE triumph and the vanity,  
 The rapture of the strife!'

BYRON.

'To battle with the elements, and be  
 Victorious.'

ANON.

'By the horn spoons!'

The Little Nell rose and fell lazily on the heavy blue swells, rolling with slow and stately majesty toward the distant bar, whose seaward outline was marked by a low, shifting line of foamy white. The sun was just peering above the trees on the bluff, bold hills, slanting on the waves hardly a mile in-shore from the boat, giving to their crests a light golden tinge, in a long tapering column, converging to a point at the eye; while the little village of White Lake, directly under our lee, and some five miles distant, with its white houses and pretty gardens, was yet in the shade.

Listlessly I leaned against the mast, striving to satisfy myself that three or four sardines and a cracker or two constituted what was intended to be implied by the term 'breakfast,' and watching the effect of the various shades and curiously-blended tintings of green, and purple, and gold, and scarlet, where the pine-forest and the beach and maple bottom-land met, half-way up the side of one of the largest hills; or, closing my eyes, I dreamily enjoyed the genial warmth of the sun-light, that appeared to suffuse rather than penetrate the balmy blue haze of Indian

summer, floating so fantastically around the hill-tops, and boiling up mysteriously from the valleys, and waving like a fairy veil far out over the waters. Wonderful transparency of opaqueness, presenting no obstacle to the vision, yet itself distinctly visible!

We had sailed all night with a slight westerly breeze, on our return from Stony Creek, where we had sold a cargo of flour at so small an advance on the original cost, that the skipper was hardly yet through grumbling at our speculation.

The Little Nell was a small craft — ‘a very inconsiderable machine,’ as the skipper’s grand-mother, Mrs. Jones, had expressed herself, to the great indignation of her grand-son — carrying only a main-sail and jib, and capable of stowing about eighty barrels of flour.

John Jones, the ‘skipper,’ as I called him, was almost as ‘inconsiderable’ as his ‘machine,’ being a little, close-fisted, weasel-faced fellow, as odd and as full of fun as he was stingy in every thing but eatables and drinkables. On the morning in question he was steering the craft, having just relieved me from my watch; and after his morning’s allowance of grumbling, he had relapsed into silence, apparently examining with great interest the rudely-carved snake’s head which adorned the end of the tiller, except when he glanced his eye forward at a headland by which he was steering.

The sun-light crept closer and closer to the beach, and I was absorbed in a profound calculation of the time it would require for it to light up the surf on the bar and gild the top of the liberty-pole on the green in front of the Sailor’s Hotel, when I was disturbed by the voice of the skipper:

‘By the horn spoons!’

This was an ejaculation never uttered by the skipper except when he was suddenly struck by some new and brilliant idea; and the tone in which it was uttered conveyed the impression of a man who was lost in a sense of his own wonderful sagacity. Knowing this peculiarity of his disposition, I waited a moment for his self-admiration to subside, and then looked up for an explanation of his thoughts, with a sardine arrested in its course just half-way between the can and my lips.

‘Well?’ I ventured to say, in an expectant tone. The skipper looked up, glanced at me, looked to windward, then at the town, and finally at the mast-head, apparently engrossed in a critical scrutiny of our dirty-yellow fly.

‘By the horn spoons!’ he repeated, musingly.

The sardine disappeared. It was evident that he did not wish to be disturbed. A second sardine was lifted from the can by the tail, and allowing the oil to drain from it, I amused myself with watching the swells as they passed from under us, one after another, till they broke on the bar.

I love the water, especially Lake Michigan. Not as others love it, for its lucid clearness, its profound, unfathomable depth, the ever-varying beauty of its aspect, as it barely ripples in the sun, or thunders in unapproachable majesty in the storm; not for the silence and the awe of the old mounds that dot its shores, sole relics of an unknown age; and not for the inaccessible mystery of its wondrous ebb and flow; though each

of these has its own separate and particular charm. To me its waves are an intelligence and a life. Every pulsation of its mighty bosom is a heart-beat of memory. Every swelling billow is crested and fraught with mementoes of the past; of the sweet thoughts that have dropped upon me like dew, as I have lain on the moving deck, and looked up into the blue sky, and counted the clouds, and striven to number the stars, learning first

‘To mingle with the universe;’

of the friends I have met and the scenes I have passed through; of pleasure and of peril—for these I love it.

‘By the horn spoons!’ repeated the skipper suddenly, stamping his foot as if to give energy and resolution to the words. At the same instant he let go the main sheet, and shoving the tiller hard to windward, the bows of the *Little Nell* coquettishly receded from an advancing wave just ready to embrace them, until her head looked directly into the little creek upon which the village was built.

The words were so startling, and the action was so sudden, that the can of sardines slipped carelessly from my hand and rolled into the water. Wistfully I gazed at the place where it had disappeared, till the next wave swept away the bubbles in its track; and then turned, with a look of mingled reproach and indignation, to the skipper, for an explanation of his conduct.

‘Never mind the sardines,’ he said, ‘we’ll get breakfast ashore: it cost six shillings though, and there must have been a shilling’s worth in the can,’ he added, abstractedly.

The idea of a warm breakfast on shore, so suggestive of hot coffee and smoking Indian meal griddle-cakes, with butter and honey, for which the landlady of the Sailor’s Hotel had a wide-spread reputation, had a wonderfully mollifying effect upon my indignation; and at the additional thought of fresh white-fish, my anger entirely evaporated in a broad smile and a complacent smack of the lips.

‘You know there’s to be a ball at Grand Haven to-morrow night,’ continued the skipper.

I assented with a grunt.

‘There *may* be some passengers from White Lake for us!’ he observed inquiringly, after a pause, laying a peculiar stress upon the word *may*.

‘There *MAY*,’ I rejoined, in a manner that implied that there could be no doubt on the subject.

‘Two or three?’ said the skipper.

‘Six!’ I replied, confidently.

‘Three couple at twelve shillings: four dollars and a half,’ he added, musingly.

‘Three couple at two dollars: six dollars,’ I returned, decidedly.

‘It’ll pay?’

‘Of course.’

‘We may get some freight.’

‘Certainly, we will.’

In a few moments we were amid the breakers on the bar; but, running

before the wind, it required but little skill to keep the channel, and we were soon made fast along-side the wharf, if a pile of logs, slabs, saw-dust and dirt merited that title.

Arriving at the Sailor's Hotel, we gave the landlady a decided intimation that she was expected to excel all her previous performances in the culinary art, the skipper adding, by way of stimulus, that we had eaten during our stay at Stony Creek some cakes which, to use his own expression, 'knocked the last we got of her make into the bung-hole of a water-butt.' From the gleam of the old lady's eyes at this reflection upon her skill, I knew that something extraordinary might be expected; and revelling in the delicious anticipation, we returned to the bar-room, to await the breakfast bell, and gather from the loafers our presence attracted the prospects for the success of our enterprise.

While thus engaged, a young man entered, and learning that we were to sail at six in the evening, so as to arrive at Grand Haven in time for breakfast on the following morning, he engaged a passage for himself and two ladies. We also contracted to carry some dozen or more barrels of white-fish, just enough to make good ballast for our craft.

The breakfast proved equal to our most sanguine expectations, only 'a little more so.' In fact, that particular breakfast formed henceforth and for many months an era from which to date, and a standard with which to compare all subsequent experiments in good eating; and to this day, I never dream of fresh white-fish fried, without re-devouring, in imagination, the very same identical fish who fell a victim on that memorable occasion to my relentless voracity. After breakfast an hour or two was spent in getting our freight on board, smoking and talking; when I left to the skipper the business of hunting up what other orders there might be in store for us, and calling for a bed, I retired, to sleep off the effect of my last night's wakefulness.

At four o'clock in the afternoon I was aroused from a sound sleep by a violent shake from the skipper, accompanied with the information that dinner was ready and our passengers waiting. I was not long in completing my toilet, though the hint dropped by the skipper, that I might expect to see Kate Hill and a young-lady cousin of hers, described as 'some and a few to boot,' did add an extra flourish to the fall of my hair over my temples, and the set of my open, sailor-like collar; and somehow, my gaiters shone more than common.

Going down the rude stair-way, which opened directly into the dining-room, my ears were greeted by the familiar voice of Kate Hill, in her usual merry tone, followed by a burst of laughter, in which the sweet, clear voice of a stranger joined, so different from any thing I had heard among the rough lake-shore lumber-men with whom my lot had been cast during the last six months, that I involuntarily paused to listen. Something was said by the same sweet, mellow voice, and another burst of laughter followed. The flourish of my hair suddenly disappeared; my cravat lost its complicated, jaunty tie; my collar settled away into an easy, natural fit; and I stepped into the room with something of the quiet, unassuming air that I should have presented at home.

The trout, a delicious-looking morsel, stuffed and baked, and done to a dainty brown, lay in close proximity to a tempting white-fish, the very

counterpart of the one I had eaten for breakfast, both steaming up clouds of savory, inviting odors; and the company were only restrained from an immediate and simultaneous attack upon the tempting viands by the declaration of Kate that 'they should n't touch a mouthful until I had made my appearance.'

Grim reader, did you ever eat a white-fish or a baked trout, with Indian meal griddle-cakes and wild honey? Not such a shrivelled, dried-up conglomeration of scales, fins, hard skinny flesh, bones and salt as you may procure at one of our city hotels by that name; but a real bona-fide fresh fish, caught by your own hook or net just at sun-rise, the first trophy of your now acknowledged skill, and served up for breakfast, juicy, delicious, and of a snowy white, with the memory of your ride on the blue dancing water, in a neat white skiff, propelled by the pretty daughter of your landlady, yet green in your imagination? Did you ever—pshaw! of course you never did, or there could be no earthly reason assigned why you should be loafing around some fashionable watering-place during the hot summer months, instead of finding health, quiet and pleasure by the clear waters of the west: so I shall not waste words on your ignorance by describing the various beauties of bass, pickerel, pike, and a host of other fish that swarm in the great lakes; or painting the morning ramble through the cool green forest, followed by a dinner of wild fowl and a supper of sweet, rare venison steak. No wonder you have lost your appetite, and have to go to some springs or other to recruit! A man who do n't know the difference between good and bad venison, who never ate white-fish or lake-trout, and who is a stranger to *genuine* prairie-hens, and too lazy to cultivate their acquaintance, ought to have a 'bowel complaint'!

Springing forward as I entered the room, Kate caught me by the arm, and welcoming me kindly to White Lake, she passed her arm gaily around my waist, and dragged her half-willing victim to the farther end of the long table in a kind of wild, frightened waltz; when, pausing directly in front of the stranger lady, she ejaculated:

'Mr. Bates, Alice Lee.'

Miss Lee rose, bowing gracefully, and cordially extended a delicate white hand. To have made a drawing-room bow in such circumstances would have at once lowered me at least sixteen degrees in the eyes of Kate, Ned Green, and the skipper; and to nod in the ready, familiar style of the lumber-men, seemed equally inappropriate: so I determined to 'split the difference,' and bow about 'half and half.' Kate, however, effectually redeemed my obeisance from any appearance of studied refinement, by pulling me backward just at the critical moment when I flattered myself that the 'difference' was handsomely 'split,' in such a manner as to nearly bring my head and knees in contact; and then pushing me as suddenly forward, so as to straighten me up with a jerk, just like opening a jack-knife; to the infinite amusement of the company, no doubt, but to my ill-concealed chagrin. For this piece of frolic I, however, revenged myself by a warm kiss from the tempting lips of the laughing beauty, when the face of Ned Green was observed to elongate just in proportion as mine recovered its natural serenity.

Leading me to the table, and seating me beside herself, Kate com-

menced an undertone, and, to all appearance, wonderfully confidential conversation, to the still greater annoyance of the poor fellow, who was led to suppose, from our occasional quick glances at himself, that the conversation was in some manner mysteriously connected with his own individual private affairs and appearance. He, however, so far bottled his wrath as to place a chair for Miss Lee, and with his blindest smile and most finished bow, asked her to 'set by.' The effect of this demonstration was, however, wholly lost on Kate. Indeed, one would have thought she was entirely ignorant of *who* Mr. Ned Green *did* lead to the table. This was something very much like adding insult to injury; and when, in the ardor of our talk, Kate pulled down my head and whispered in my ear, and I returned the confidence in turn, only contriving to draw Kate a little nearer, and to somewhat prolong the mysterious communication, winding up by a whisper apparently intended to be extremely low and guarded, and yet loud enough to be distinctly heard, of 'Ned must n't know any thing about it, of course; you understand; mum's the word,' accompanied by a peculiar smile and a nod which spoke volumes in itself, the poor fellow could contain himself no longer, and looking daggers at Kate, he observed:

'Come, Bates, are you *ever* going to carve that ar fish!'

As he said this, he transferred his glance to me, with a look which would have demolished a stove-pipe; but as I sat with the tall coffee-urn between us, I merely ducked my head, and the glance passed harmless.

Kate sat while I was cutting up the tempting fish with an abstracted air, until she was roused by Ned with:

'Come, pour out some coffee; don't you see we're all waiting!'

'Pshaw!' said Kate, suddenly starting, 'I forgot you were all at the table;' and she turned the coffee with a haste that was almost dangerous.

This last remark was immediately succeeded by the clatter of knives and forks and the ringing of spoons, and I had now an opportunity to contrast more closely the appearance of the different members of our little party.

The skipper has already been described, and I am myself indescribable, and must therefore be imagined.

Kate Hill was, as I have said, the belle of the place; and she truly merited that distinction, if black eyes, red cheeks, tempting lips, and a form the proudest of our city belles might envy, had any claims to beauty. There was a roguishly arch expression lurking in her clear eyes, and a whole troupe of mischievous sprites were eternally playing their gambols amid the saucy curls of her glossy hair; though when she was sober she would draw on a face so supernaturally solemn as to fairly astonish the spirit of mirth, and effectually drive him from her presence; and then the elves would slink out of sight in her hair, and the room would seem to grow darker; and one felt, beneath the influence of one of those looks, as if he had just attended the funeral of his dearest friend, and had been forgotten in the Will. On the whole, she was the wildest, the sprightliest, most inexplicable little tyrant that was ever the acknowledged queen of forest beauty.

Miss Lee was of a different order and style of beauty. She had the



faultless form and brilliant eyes of her cousin, and her complexion was fairer than the misty clouds the sun-light loves to linger on at parting, and as the clouds, was tinged with faint roses, like the shadow of a crimson curtain. There was a winning sweetness of expression on her lips, and a quiet, gentle dimple in her chin; but the fire of her large eyes, and the sweeping contour of her forehead, redeemed these from their apparent lack of energy. True, she was thus beautiful, but the spell of her presence was not in these: it was in the gentle realization of that natural and acquired refinement which hung about her like a mantle, contrasting with the rude wildness of her companions.

Ned Green was a handsome young lumber-man of twenty, the general favorite of lake-shore beauties, good-natured, active, daring, and manly, with clear, jolly blue eyes, curling hair, and light, firm tread. He was the undisputed monarch of the wrestling ring, boxing, running, or leaping match, and could 'saw or chop round any lumber-man in those dig-gins, and give him odds at that.' Public opinion had, for once, rightly assigned him to Kate Hill as her future partner for life, and public opinion never made a better match.

After dinner I left for the boat at once, to trim and secure her load and prepare for our departure. By the time the skipper appeared with our passengers, I had made main-sail on the little craft, got her headed for the lake, and made fast close to the mouth of the creek, with a long plank communicating with the shore. While Ned and the skipper were getting the ladies aboard, I occupied myself in hoisting her jib as she lay with her head to the wind, which was blowing a light breeze from the north-west. The ladies' carpet-bags, which were already aboard, I had taken the precaution to stow away in an old sea-chest in our little fore-castle; so that nothing remained to be done but to see the ladies themselves aboard. Kate had been led across the plank with perfect ease, except that she nearly pushed Ned into the creek, in a sudden *fright*, the moment she was actually safely aboard. But with Alice the case was different. In vain did Ned and the skipper assure her of the perfect safety of the enterprise; in vain did Kate (suddenly forgetting the fear which had so nearly proved disastrous to Ned) walk back and forth half a dozen times unsupported.

'Let Bates try,' said Kate, who was ashore again; 'he'll manage it in some way: get out of the way, Ned!'

Stepping lightly on the plank—a narrow, vibrating affair, not more than ten inches wide, and stretching over a dozen feet of water—and apologizing for its insecurity to unaccustomed feet, I presented my hand, and to my surprise, it was at once taken, and Miss Lee assisted aboard without the slightest appearance of that apprehension she had a moment before professed. Kate caught my hand as Miss Lee dropped it, and sprang lightly aboard, and then turned to laugh at her discomfited gallant.

'By the horn spoons!' muttered the skipper, dropping his lower jaw till it rested on his cravat; and then turning away, he indulged in a long, low whistle.

'That ar's a go!' said the boy who was to cast off our lines, leering wickedly on the chagrined gallants.

"What is the name, you mean?" said Ned, looking him.

"What is the name, you mean?" said the stranger, calling his name.

"What is the name?" asked Ned, putting on a face of indifference and unconcerned curiosity. But the man's face was fixed in his hands, and Ned saw that he was not to be deceived.

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sense of loneliness, an intense craving and reaching out for the companionship of some mind whose hopes and aspirations were congenial, the thirst of that ambition that would set the dreamer apart from his fellows.

Ned was engaged in an earnest conversation with Kate, and the skipper was leaning listlessly over the tiller, whistling for a breeze. It had fallen a dead calm, leaving us some five miles out on the lake, rocking heavily up and down on the uneasy waters; and the sails flapped with a wearisome sound against the spars and rigging.

‘Is it not glorious?’ said Miss Lee, slowly turning to me.

‘I never saw a lovelier evening,’ I replied: ‘see how gradually the twilight steals over the water.’

‘I wonder if Italian sun-sets are more beautiful: the mist floats around the hill-tops like a delicate veil.’

‘There is not a lovelier sky in all the Old World, Alice, than that which is spread over our own home,’ said I, unconsciously using her first name.

‘And yet it is neglected by men of refinement and literature.’

‘Not entirely, though far too much so. Never was a land more worthy of all the admiration and eulogy that genius can bestow, and I hope that some of our gifted authors will yet finish the task that Cooper and others have so nobly begun.’

‘True, they have done much. Do you not love to be a sailor?’

‘Sometimes,’ I replied, seating myself beside her; ‘but it is not always pleasant.’

‘I should think one such evening would repay you for a month of hardship.’

‘One *such* evening does, Alice; but many similar ones, with no more appreciating a companion than the skipper there, are almost sufficient to destroy the charm.’

The sun had now been down for more than an hour, but the evening was so clear that objects could be seen at a great distance, and I fancied that the swell of the lake was growing shorter and heavier.

‘How strangely the mist boils up out on the lake!’ observed Alice, after a long pause. She had been gazing steadily to windward for some minutes.

I turned quickly to the quarter indicated.

The light, smoky vapor which had all day hung over the water had grown denser and darker, till it somewhat resembled a light fog, through which the faint glimmer of the stars could hardly be discerned. Close to the horizon, where the sky and the water blended, it had suddenly lifted or rolled up, like an immense curtain, in the form of a low arch, resting at either extremity on the waves, and in the centre was in a state of strange and wonderful commotion. In places the roll was as smooth and regular as if folded by human hands, but in others was thrown into confused and irregular cloud-like masses, from which fantastic spiral columns dipped curiously downward, and were suddenly withdrawn; or parting into little snowy wreaths, were driven hither and thither in an inextricable whirl, as if tossing and rebounding from the seething waters beneath. That portion of the heavens revealed beyond this wonderful arch was of a dull, leaden-gray color, across which flashed continual

streamers of lurid red, as of the reflection of a distant conflagration seen through the momentary openings of its own dun mantle of smoke. Above this, the sky had not changed, but stretched softly away in all its wondrous and illimitable glory.

‘In with the canvas, for your life! in with it!’

It needed not the warning cry of the skipper to urge me to my duty. Already I was at the halliards, and in an incredibly short space of time the *Little Nell* was rolling uneasily upon the billows under bare pole; but as the apprehended storm would drive us directly upon the bluff shore under our lee, the main-sail was close-reefed, and I stood by to set it again after the first violence of the puff should be over. While these preparations were going on, the arch had rushed upward and outward, growing less distinctly defined as it spread, and shadowing the dim light with its rushing wings, till the darkness settled palpably around us, in a seeming circuit of half a mile in circumference. The air, too, appeared to grow close and heavy, as of many persons breathing in a small room. Still the roar of the distant surf was distinctly audible, as we held our breath in awe, till it was drowned in the swelling moan of the advancing tempest. The lights on shore were shut from view by the advancing vapor, and we were alone with darkness and the storm.

In mercy for us, the tempest sent a light breeze as a harbinger of its approach, by the aid of which a little headway was got upon our craft, and her head brought close to the wind. The ladies were hurriedly collected at the foot of the mast, and with the assistance of Ned I lashed some empty casks we happened to have on board, two under each of the heavy thwarts, so that, with the farther security of our little fore-castle, which was perfectly water-tight, there was at least but little danger of our going down outside.

Scarcely were these preparations completed ere the tempest burst in all its fury. Our frail vessel bowed to her powerful antagonist till the water poured over her side in a torrent; and then, gracefully recovering, leaped eagerly forward to the contest, but was lifted bodily on a giant surge, and flung violently astern.

For an instant I thought we were lost, as the water swept by and over us in a rushing torrent, and instinctively I grasped an oar that lay near me. At the same instant I felt a soft arm thrown hurriedly about me, with a timid, half-doubtful, half-clinging pressure.

But the *Little Nell* recovered herself nobly, and as she rose gallantly on the next wave, flinging the spray half-mast high, to fall in a shower over our persons, the voice of the skipper blent with the storm for a moment, and was swept away to leeward, as he bent resolutely over the tiller:

‘By the horn spoons! hurrah!’

For half an hour there was an alternate succession of puffs and lulls. The gale then became steady, but gradually increasing in violence, until the whole surface of the lake was white with foam, through which our gallant fabric appeared to rush with the velocity of an eagle on the wing, the spray flying in a continual arch over her cross-trees.

At length the darkness dispersed a little, and we were enabled to note our position. Good heavens! there was a bright light under our lee:

we were hardly a mile outside Muskegon Light-house, and the breakers were leaping madly over the bar within half that distance, so surely and rapidly had the storm driven us before it, although we appeared to advance.

All eyes noted our danger at the same moment. There were none of us so ignorant as to suppose for an instant that there was even a hope of escape. The narrow channel opened into the lake in the form of an elbow, but the breakers rolled completely across it, with a violence that would have torn us to shreds in an instant. We could see their white crests leap wildly into the air to the height of a dozen feet or more, and then fall back, but to be succeeded by others. The roar and turmoil of the surf was beginning to rise above the noise of the gale, like the thunder of Niagara. Slowly but steadily we drifted down to certain destruction, every surge flinging us aloft in its giant embrace, as if in the very wantonness of power, and hurling us remorselessly nearer and nearer the wan and grisly Presence whose footsteps were abroad on the waters.

‘Doomed!’ said the skipper solemnly, during a momentary lull. ‘The Little Nell will never make another trip.’

‘Hush! we are at the very portals of eternity.’

‘God can alone save us!’

I turned to the pale face of the last speaker, whose arm was thrown clingingly around me. I had supported her against the violent motion of the boat. God help me! her look of innocent confidence and trust, even in spite of her last words, was absolutely appalling, as though I could afford protection in the last impotent struggle. Until now, even in the face of despair, there had been with me a faint hope, the shadowy outline of that blessed form that never quite deserts the young and daring. With a confident reliance on the power and skill of the sinewy limbs and the strong heart that had never failed their owner, I felt that I might even yet be saved; but as I glanced at the frail form at my side, a palpable vision of the triumph of the passionless Conqueror passed before my mind. I could see the shapely forms, grown stiff in his cold embrace; the ghastly horror of the distorted features; the rounded limbs, swaying idly to and fro beneath the dark waters, with a fixedness and rigidity of motion that was more than terrible; the crowd on the beach; the smoothing down of those out-starting muscles; and most fearful of all, the closing of the poor bruised lids over those protruding eyes. There were the faces of those who were near and dear to me; the mother who had already once bared her heart to the touch of the All-Sorrowful; the sisters and brother who were wont to place such an implicit reliance in my strength and skill as a sure safeguard on the waters.

Strange that we two should be so linked together—the fair stranger and myself.

I chanced to glance at Ned. His face was as pallid as the sheeted foam that rushed seethingly by, and already the bitterness of the great agony was passing over his heart. Kate leaned against him with an expression of trust, mingled with a shrinking terror, that was pitiful in its helpless confidence. Who should awake her from the hope that was as a bubble? Might she not have read despair in his averted looks?

The skipper had calmly divested himself of his cravat and boots, and

had drawn his belt a little tighter, with the air of a man having nothing to hope, yet mechanically preparing for a fruitless struggle; and he now bent earnestly over the tiller, and watched the motion of the boat with an attention that improved every chance of escape or procrastination.

A sudden thought struck me. Although it seemed but little short of madness, still I determined to make the attempt, and force more sail upon our already burthened craft. True, if I failed, our fate would only be more sudden and irremediable. It was staking our last and only hope, that of nearly reaching the shore before we were broken up, against a possibility.

With hurried fingers I tore away the line with which the jib was lashed to the stay, and gave it to the wind. As the broad sheet rushed out from its fastenings and spread to the gale, the little craft bowed till the water poured over her side in a torrent, but recovered herself slowly and rushed forward with a mad bound, only to be flung back again. Throwing my whole strength and weight into the effort, it was not until I had been thrice plunged headlong beneath the surging waters, and once nearly lost my hold of the boat, that I succeeded in trimming and securing the swelling canvas. I then passed astern and took the tiller.

Even as I grasped it, and gave her a freer sheet, a fearful billow heaved up in the red light of the beacon, and combing over, poured down upon our doomed heads in a cloud of foam. The boat was instantly filled and driven under; but now the casks my forethought had arranged did us good service, and we struggled slowly to the surface. The wave had broken outside; we were upon the bar!

The peculiar shape of the boat kept her upright, and the broad canvas straining out as though it would part from the bolt-ropes, we moved heavily forward, half buried in the water. Another breaker! but this time it rose directly under us; the bows of the vessel shot far out into the air, she careened violently, freeing herself from the water with which she was filled, and then surged forward with a shock that threatened to part her in fragments. Another and another! still she forged slowly ahead, and at last the white line of the surf was fairly astern.

At this instant a rushing shriek, as of many voices mingling in the agony of terror, but swelling high above the roar of the surf and the whistling of the rigging, rose fitfully from out the seaward gloom, and died hoarsely away in a prolonged moan.

'My God! what was that?'

There was no time for a reply, for the blast that instantly followed almost took away our breath, though to me the sound, although singular, was not a stranger: the voice of the pent-up wind as it rushed along the cavity of a curling wave, the weird war-cry of the contending elements. I felt my heart leap to my throat with a wild bound, and my blood boiled along my veins with the peculiar thrill of arousing courage, as if the defiant shriek of the storm had been addressed directly to myself. As the vessel met the broken billows, and rushed madly up their dark slopes, the eager excitement of my frame appeared to pass into the inanimate wood; and as I bent forward and watched her motion with an absorbing and controlling interest, she seemed rather to obey the impulse of volition than the natural laws that prescribe the motion of matter.

The skipper, too, had caught the excitement. He would chuckle and rub his hands gleefully, with flushed cheeks and eyes sparkling merrily; he would lean over the side and watch the hurrying billows, and then glance at the canvas, with many a muttered repetition of his favorite oath.

The veriest coward alive will meet a certain degree of danger with an appearance of interest; and to the brave there is a fascination in peril that nothing else can afford. Who does not remember with something more than pleasure the proud thrill of triumph with which he first outstripped his fellows in some daring feat; such as stemming successfully the rushing torrent, or climbing far out on the very topmost bough of a waving oak, where none of his companions dared to follow? And the man who plunges headlong into the fiercest shock of battle, or raises his proud arm in contention with the elements, is actuated by the same motives, and experiences the same wild joy, that animates the ardent school-boy. O Pleasure! thou fickle phantom of the pursuing heart, they have never drained the foaming cup of thy delirious bliss who have not faced the destroying angel in some one of his legion forms.

So the night wore slowly away, the gale gradually decreasing in violence, until it was but a moderate breeze; but the commotion of the lake was such that we did not dare to alter our course, but stood directly out into the lake, although we reduced the canvas as much as was practicable with a perfect control of our movements.

At last a few faint streaks of gray in the east announced the near approach of day. The skipper, Ned and Kate, were in the fore-castle, laughing and talking around our little lamp; and the savory odor of steaming coffee gave token that Kate had also put our little stove in requisition.

Alice had preferred remaining without, as the strange gurgle of the water and the uneasy motion of the boat in that pent-up place inspired her with dread. She had seated herself on the thwart next me, with my warm coat wrapped about her, and whiled away the hours in desultory conversation. I was stiff and sore with the exhausting efforts I had undergone, and as soon as the gale had sufficiently died away to admit of steering with less exertion, I was glad to change my upright posture for a seat beside her. Weary and wet, at last she fell into a quiet and refreshing slumber, reclining unconsciously against my shoulder. Poor girl! this was to her a new and strange existence, and the excitement and exposure of the preceeding hours might have worn out many a less delicate frame than hers. I thought, as I looked down upon her fair young face, with the damp, disordered curls floating languidly back from her pure brow, and streaming over the white shoulders peering timidly out from the rough pea-jacket, that I had never beheld any thing half so fair, and I inwardly prayed that this might not be a type of her voyage over the stormy ocean of life. Sleep, the blessed angel, around the pure-hearted weaves a strange spell of innocent loveliness that makes the plainest features beautiful—beautiful in their calm and quiet repose, if nothing more; and his subtle fingers had wrought a smile upon the curtain of her thoughts.

When it was fairly day-light, I put the little craft about, and ran directly before the wind in the direction of Grand River, the bold sand-



hills at its entrance being just visible above the horizon. The skipper came out and relieved me from my watch, the reef in the main-sail was shaken out, and we sped merrily over the unquiet waters. I then retired with Alice to the fore-castle, to partake of some excellent coffee, and have a chat with Ned and his pretty partner.

Kate was looking a little sober, and handed us the beverage with a look of demure thoughtfulness that I could not avoid smiling at; while Ned was the perfect picture of good nature, joking and laughing, and snapping his fingers in great glee. At last, as if to punish him for one of his most wicked sallies, a sudden lurch of the boat caused Kate to spill some hot coffee on his knees as she was handing my cup to me; and his violent start of sudden pain only had the effect to bring his head in contact with the foot of the mast, against which he was leaning, with a violence that made it tremble. Throwing up his hand suddenly, to rub the contused phrenological developments, he upset the cup of Alice, bringing a fresh deluge upon his devoted neck and shoulders. The grimaces and contortions of the poor fellow under this triple infliction were really pitiful, but they afforded an excellent opportunity for a laugh at his expense for the ensuing half-hour. Although he took it all in good part, it was plainly evident that he did not more than half believe in the genuineness of the accident, for he did not venture to be very witty again in some time without a furtive glance at the two girls, to see if their cups were freshly full.

We reached Grand Haven at seven o'clock, whereupon our passengers repaired to the dwelling of a friend, and the skipper and myself to the hotel, to sleep off the fatigues of the night and prepare for the coming ball, which was a glorious affair, and will no doubt be long remembered with pleasure by the Terpsichorean damsels of the place. Our return to White Lake was, however, excessively dull, although we carried a full cargo beside our passengers.

At this place we hauled out our craft and re-painted her. Some three weeks after, when we entered the port of Muskegon, the skipper's grandmother 'allowed' that THE STORM was a 'nicer machine' than the Little Nell; but in spite of our assertions, she continued to asseverate that she 'knew that ar yaller fly the minnit she sot eyes on it, and she reckoned Johnny had saved it when he swopped boats, out o' respec to his gramma.'

There was a wedding at White Lake on the ensuing Christmas.

New-York, October 25, 1852.

MENTAL BEAUTY.

## 1.

The shape above let others prize,  
The features of the fair;  
I look for spirit in her eyes,  
And meaning in her air.

## 17.

A damask cheek, an ivory arm,  
Shall ne'er my wishes win;  
Give me an animated form,  
That speaks a mind within.

## III.

A face where lawful honor shines,  
Where sense and sweetest love move,  
And angel-innocence refines  
The tenderness of love.

IV.

These are the soul of Beauty's frame,  
Without whose vital aid  
Unfinished all her features seem,  
And all her roses dead.

## S O M E G E R M A N S O N G S .

BY DONALD MACLEOD.

## D E A T H - S O U N D S .

## I. SERENADE.

'WHAT music wakes me from my sleep,  
 So pleasant and so light !  
 O mother, darling, see who sings  
 So late into the night.'

'Naught do I hear or see ; then sink  
 Back to thy slumber mild.  
 None brings thee now a serenade,  
 poor sick little child.'

'No, 't is not earthly music which  
 So fills me with delight ;  
 The angels call me with their songs —  
 O mother dear, good night !'

## II. THE ORGAN.

'My good old neighbor, wake once more  
 The organ's solemn strain ;  
 See if that holy melody  
 Can stir my heart again.'

The sick girl prayed ; the old man played :  
 So played he ne'er before ;  
 So pure, so glorious that he knew  
 His own old strain no more.

It was a newer, holier swell ;  
 He saw, not unafraid,  
 That though his hands might seek the keys,  
 Yet angel-fingers played.

## III. THE THROSTLE.

'BEAR me out to the garden bowers :  
 I'll rest the summer long,  
 If once more 'mid the clustering flowers  
 I hear the throstle's song.'

They brought the throstle to the child,  
 But still its head it hung  
 Silent and sad within the cage,  
 But not a note it sung.

Then lifts the child an earnest look  
 With glances that implore :  
 It sings — her eyes flash full of light,  
 And close for evermore.

LUDWIG UNLAND.

## S T R A Y L E A V E S

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A GEORGIA LAWYER (IN WASHINGTON CITY).

I REMEMBER very well once coming from one of the halls of Congress, after having listened attentively to a debate which commenced on the 'Annexation of Cuba,' and ended on 'Progress.' The last speaker, a Senator from Kentucky, had entered into a discursive lecture upon the various kinds of progress going on upon the face of the earth, and some of his statements had made a lasting impression upon me. His oft-repeated query, 'What is progress?' haunted my ears, and followed me to my hotel; and as I entered my chamber in the evening twilight, I flung myself in an arm-chair before the bright fire, and repeated aloud: 'What is progress!'

And then I went off into a deep reverie. All my early life flashed back upon my mental vision: the beautiful scenes of my young childhood; the tender care of my gentle mother—one 'whose womb never bore me, and whose breasts never gave me suck,' and yet whose fostering love rescued me from an untimely grave, and strewed the sweetest blossoms of affection and happiness across my path; of my noble-hearted father, with his glowing genius, and his unconquerable humor; of my dear brother, whose death flung such a pall upon my life; of the little rose-buds that sprung up beside me, and which the angel Death broke from their parent stem ere they had unfolded, leaving that stem a withered and a drooping plant. 'And are all these passed away!' I said, 'and is this *progress*? These gray hairs gathering upon my brow; this sadness settling upon my heart; this weariness intruding itself upon my limbs: is this 'progress'? If it be, I want none of it. I would rather be the dull weed that rots on Lethe's shore. Oh for my happy boyhood again! Oh for a draught of the fountain of eternal youth!'

'You may have it if you will!' answered a soft, sweet voice beside me.

I looked up in amazement, for I had scarcely known that I had spoken aloud. I felt ashamed of my absence of mind, for I ought to have remembered that there was no privacy in Washington life, and no security from impertinent intrusions, except by bolted doors.

'Pardon me,' continued my visitor, 'but I have unintentionally overheard your soliloquy; and I repeat, you may have it if you will. It is at my command. But listen to me first, and then decide; for know, that the draught once quaffed, its effect cannot be recalled, and the youth you long after will be yours for ever. Time itself will grow old; generation after generation will spring up around you, mature, wither, and pass away; but the bloom of eternal youth will be upon you, and though you long for the rest of death as ardently as the lover for the affection of his mistress, it will not, cannot come to you. Will you have it upon these terms?'

He stood quietly before me, awaiting my answer. He was a young man, apparently not over twenty-five years old, with a fine manly coun-

tenance, in the bloom of health and vigor, but with a shade of sorrow upon his brow.

‘And who are you,’ asked I, ‘that offer so generously so rich a boon? You had better retain it,’ I added incredulously, ‘that you may preserve your own youth and manliness.’

‘Alas!’ he said, ‘I need it not for any such purpose. I have already tasted its waters, and I can never put aside its effects until the end of all things is at hand. More than two centuries have already passed over my head, and I long for the rest of the grave; but ah! its shadows come not to me. As wave after wave of the human ocean has rolled up with its beauty and its majesty, with its tide of human sympathy and mortal affection, I have sought to linger upon its summit, but it has glided from beneath me and passed away, leaving me to repeat the same effort with each succeeding wave, and with the same vain result. I have no one that I care for; even when my heart clings to some fleeting object, it is torn quickly from its hold, leaving that heart to weep tears of blood: the sweet consciousness of having some one who will mourn my fate when I die, is not for me. I have no hope; and even the excitement of fear is denied to me. Oh cursed hour, when I quaffed the waters of that life-giving fountain! when I put an end to all human sympathy, and left myself an isolated wretch, with this mockery of perpetual bloom upon my cheek, and this reality of perpetual sorrow upon my heart!’

‘But who are you, and how did you obtain it? and how is it, that while you have been unable to give it to those you loved, you now offer it to a mere stranger?’

‘Listen to me, and I will tell you. I was born —— But there is the sound of your supper-gong: I will tell you hereafter.’

There was the sound of the gong, sure enough, but where was the man? I looked about in vain for him, but either he had vanished quickly, or he was but the creature of my dreams. *Quien sabe?* If he were born of that deep reverie, his paternity must be traced either to that Kentucky senator, with his oft-repeated query, or to the soft and wooing influences of that luxurious chair, and that cheerful fire. Again I say, *Quien sabe?* But he was gone, and he came no more, although, half-doubtingly, half-laughingly, I waited for him in the dim twilight. And again a deep reverie came upon me, but this time it was the sober, second thought of practical reason.

‘And *this* is ‘progress,’ I said: ‘to walk humbly and cheerfully in the path of God’s providence; to scatter the blessings which He puts within our hands to the poor and wounded He has placed around us; to drop the tear upon the blossom which He plucks from our bosom: the tear of sorrow for our deep affliction; the tear of hope and joy for the blessed assurance that it is transplanted to a lovelier bower, where it will continue to unfold in an eternal sunshine; to scan the map of life which He has spread before us, and to teach to our fellow-mortals the many brilliant lessons we may learn, if we will; to continue to develop our faculties and our usefulness, with our eyes steadily fixed upon a brighter land; and then, when Time steals from us our energies and our wisdom, to let our soul’s progress still be upward, until death releases it from its fleshly tabernacle, leaving it to soar to that realm where only the fountain of

perpetual youth bubbles up, and where the 'spiritual body' shall continue to 'progress' through the endless cycles of eternity, gathering new strength and new beauty on its onward march.

PERHAPS there is no part of the earth where more ludicrous scenes take place than in Washington. The gathering together of people from all parts of the world, the varied interests, and the numberless claimants, all help to form grotesque incidents, which, if they could be skilfully combined by a master hand, would create a soul under the ribs of death. Having neither the time nor the ability, I will only mention one. There is in the Senate a gentleman of distinguished talent, of fine personal appearance, and of inimitable wit. On one windy morning, he was wending his way through a by-street, when a gust blew off his hat. It had scarcely touched the ground before a huge Newfoundland dog pounced upon it, and ran away, bearing it as a trophy. The senator, unwilling to part so summarily with his new beaver, pursued the felon, and the scene became highly exciting to the people of the metropolis, who, delighted with any incident that could give amusement, were thrown into perfect ecstasies of joy at seeing the race between the dog and the senator; the one plunging at his utmost speed, with the hat between his teeth, and the other, his long hair streaming in the wind, and his stentorian voice making the air discordant with a multitude of fierce entreaties and impressive threats, pursuing with frantic strides the caittiff quadruped. Finding that his biped antagonist was gaining upon him, the thief fled into an open door, and in too went his pursuer. The dog dashed up a flight of stairs, and up dashed the senator. The dog fled into a chamber, and there too ran the avenger; and there they both encountered a beautiful girl, who was just robing herself at her morning toilette, and who was scarcely in a condition to receive so unexpected a visit.

'What do you want, you wretch?' said the lady, with flashing eye and indignant scowl, to the senator.

'My hat!' answered the somewhat affrighted but still determined intruder; 'my hat, which your rascally dog has stolen from me!'

'I believe that dog is Satan!' muttered the lady; and then fiercely added to the dog: 'Give him his hat, Sir!' which the quadruped instantly obeyed. 'And now be off with you, you pack of fiends!' (to the dog and to the senator;) and rushing at them, they both fled down the stairs in congenial terror, forgetting in their present panic their former difference. The crowd in the street received them with three hearty cheers, and the honored representative of a noble State went home with his rescued chapeau in his hand, (to guard against a repetition of the direful occurrence,) but with a more humble and subdued spirit than ever before had throbbed within his bosom.

'I have learned a lesson,' he said, when he had reached home, and wiped his brow; 'two, I may say. One is, to hold on to my hat of a windy day; the other, and more important, is, never, under any circumstances, to rush into a room where a lady is dressing; for of all the fierce volcanoes that Nature ever produced, the most terrific is an angry woman!'

Why, (added he, with an impressive gesture, and a slightly-subdued expletive,) there was lightning sufficient in that girl's eyes to have furnished the material for a dozen tropical storms, and enough left over for a brilliant aurora-borealis !'

But the story lacks the mingled tone of fun and of terror which the hero gives it, and which is so provocative of mirth, that one of the most distinguished and lamented statesmen of our land, whenever he heard it, or it came back to his recollection, would give way to uncontrollable laughter, even when the heavy hand of disease had grasped his form — a grasp that was never relaxed until the victim slept in death !

*Washington City, December 28, 1852.*

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T H E   W I N D :   A   F R A G M E N T .

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BY J. H. WILSON.

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From what high region hast thou come, O Wind !  
Thou hast such chilliness upon thy breath !  
Hast kissed an iceberg on the seas, or slept  
An hour upon some mountain's brow, where dwell  
Perpetual snows ! What region gave thee birth !  
The topmost peak of Andes ! or of Alps !  
Or farther east, Himalaya, upon  
Whose loftiest height no living thing can move,  
Where but to be were instant death to man,  
Such constant cold is ever reigning there !  
Canst thou not tell me of the many things  
That thou hast met in wandering over Earth !  
The wonders of the mountains ! — of the seas,  
Or deserts wide ! — for thou hast seen them all,  
And paused to sun thyself in pleasant vales.

Where dost thou sleep, O Wind ! on summer noons,  
When not a motion of thy breath is visible !  
When aspens quiver not ; when in the field  
Not one rye-stalk doth bow its head to thee,  
Nor blade of grass ! When o'er the quiet lake  
No ripple moves, or shade of passing clouds,  
Dost thou as summer flowers enjoy the sun,  
And like a god, art sleeping on some hill !  
Canst thou propitiated be by gifts  
Of human hands ! Was it for this they raised,  
In ancient Greece, a temple to the Winds !  
Lo ! thou of all the things, to which mankind  
In ages past have bowed, wert worthiest  
Of love, and praise, and offerings from their hands !  
For thou alone art typical of God,  
Invisible, omnipotent in might,  
And movest over land and sea as once  
The Spirit of the Lord moved o'er the deep.

Lo ! thine the gift is of perpetual youth ;  
Nor art thou older now than when thou play'dst

Amid the orange-groves of Solomon,  
 Or kissed the cheek of Eve in Paradise,  
 How frolicsome art thou in merry Spring,  
 And joyous as a lamb upon the hill!  
 Then Earth enrobes herself in tresses gay,  
 And thou dost tend upon her all the way,  
 Blowing the bursting buds to tender leaves,  
 And from the ocean waves upon thy wings  
 Thou bearest water for the mountain rills,  
 Or gatherest up the dew-drops from the grass,  
 The forest leaves, and from the flowers that deck  
 The vale at morn, and lift their pouting lips  
 Unto the sun, from climbing vines, from hills,  
 And mountain-brows: and those sad tears we weep  
 At midnight, bending o'er a dying friend;  
 Or those some mother sheds upon the grave  
 Where but a month ago they laid her son;  
 And tears that maidens weep on moon-light even  
 O'er tales of high romance, or fairy-land,  
 For UNA's sake, or for some prince forlorn,  
 Left desolate within a tower, where all  
 Night long unearthly sounds fill the wild air,  
 Loud clanking chains, sepulchral voices low,  
 Imaginary sounds that make us fear,  
 Such as the Siren FANCY with her wand  
 Brings from the bosom of the dark-browed Night.  
 Thou art no scorner, for thou gatherest up  
 The tears that fall from off the poor man's lids,  
 And from the rich, and hangeest them side by side,  
 Within the golden bow. Thou art a friend  
 Unto the sorrowful as well as gay,  
 And playest with the hair of her who sits  
 In tattered garb beside her humble cot,  
 As with the raven locks of some high dame  
 That twines the jessamine 'round her palace door.

Thou art alike unmerciful: unto  
 The dust of kings, of conqueror, or saint,  
 Of beauty's magic form that ruled men's hearts,  
 As to the vilest Ethiop's, that bowed  
 His knee in servitude: thou sweepest them  
 As one across the continents and sea,  
 And giv'st them to the mighty woods,  
 The lovely flowers, or to the loathsome weeds,  
 Unmindful whence the source from which they came.  
 Sometimes thou movest over earth, so light  
 Of foot, so languidly, thou couldst not break  
 The smallest spider thread. But other times  
 Thou hast a giant's strength, to bend the oak  
 As one would bend a bow; or else in wrath  
 To toss great ships upon the sharp-edged rocks.

Sometimes thy fingers free the avalanche  
 From its poised point, until with giant-bounds  
 It comes into the plain beneath, leaping  
 Through woods of pine upon the mountain's side,  
 As when in Hindostan through jungles leaps  
 The lion on his prey.

And when for days the sun has scorched the earth,  
 And all are fainting in his piercing heat,



I've seen thee springing up, a harbinger  
Of change, a bringer of soft dewy showers,  
As thou of yore didst bring to ISRAEL,  
In times of great distress and scorching heat,  
When from the mountain-brow ELLIJAH saw  
Upon the far horizon, guided by  
Thy power, a cloud that seemed no larger than  
A hand when first it came in sight, but which  
Rolled up the sky, and freshened all the land.

God maketh thee His instrument,\* and thine the task,  
From century to century, to blow  
Thy arid breath 'round Babylonian plains,  
And Nineveh, and great Persepolis,  
And ancient Tyre; so that no living man  
Doth dwell where once those famous cities stood,  
Save when some wandering Arab spreads his tent  
To pass the night, and at the coming dawn  
Resumes his journey through the wilderness.

So thou dost work a curse on Egypt's lands:  
As when in days of old upon thy wings  
The locusts came, consuming every herb,  
And fruitful tree, and flower, and opening bud,  
From year to year thou sweepest now o'er her  
Destroying sands; her richest soils become  
A waste. In time the wilderness will spread  
From broad Atlantic to Pacific's coast,  
A desert now, inhabited by sands alone;  
And they who travel there will search in vain  
For sight of tomb, or monumental work.  
The Pyramids and Sphinx, half buried now,  
Will crumble down: no token left to tell  
Where CHOPRA built his tomb. Thus buried lie  
The famous cities of her ancient state,  
Memphis, and Thebes, where mighty temples stood,  
That held the records of the elder world,  
Creation, and the deluges of Earth,  
Wherein the priests mysterious rites performed,  
And taught their neophytes an inner sense  
To such belief as ruled the populace.  
Amid their streets long rows of sphinxes stood,  
And alabaster obelisks, whereon  
Recording hieroglyphics were engraved.  
Yet naught is left to tell where once they stood,  
Save when some Arab digging through the sand  
Strikes on a temple roof, and mining down,  
Clears for himself a subterranean home.

And in the great Saharan desert wide,  
Thine is the power to stir the dread simoom  
That buries at sad whiles whole caravans  
Of pilgrims that on yearly journeys go,  
From Barbary unto the Prophet's tomb;  
Or merchantmen, that on their camels bring  
From Araby the Blest their stores of myrrh,  
Frankincense, and other the like costly gifts  
Or precious relics as the Turkish lords  
Of Tunis or of Tripolis may buy.

## Contes des Comtesses:

O R, T A L E S O F C O U N T E S S E S.

BY CHARLES O. LELAND.

### THE VENGEANCE OF LOLA MONTES.

*'Frauen und Jung frauen soll man loben,  
Es sei wahr oder erliegen.'*

*Be it a falsehood, or be it all true,  
Speak well of a woman, whatever you do.*

FRAUEN GUNST, WAR NIE UMSUNST—'The good opinion of a lady was never valueless.' This saying, O reader, is worth remembering! It would have been well for the HERR VON PLÖTZ had he not forgotten it.

The Herr von Plötz!—It may be, O reader, that thou knowest not his name! For many there be, of high and low degree, whom I have met walking to and fro over this green and beautiful earth, who knew not the Herr von Ploetz; yea, and went down to their graves as only the good go, under rose-wood counterpanes, with the date on silver coffin-plates, who had passed their allotted spans in gentle, child-like ignorance of such an individual. But among the number I cannot include many of the residents in the city of Munich in the year eighteen hundred and forty-seven, for they were all, as things went, pretty generally acquainted with him, and knew that he corresponded for the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, of Augsburg, chronicling in that great German journal much of the social small-beer, literary large turnips, and political small potatoes of the day.

He was short in stature, peaceable of disposition, extremely fat, and greatly beloved. And I rejoice amazingly when I reflect that he actually ate, drank, wrote, waddled about, lived, moved, and had his being in Munich. For had I proceeded to accurately describe him, you would have called me a plagiarist from Cervantes, and accused me of resurrectionizing Sancho Panza.

Now it came to pass, that in those days Lola Montes arose, and was sent unto Munich, not of her own will, but to work out that of Destiny. And when Von Ploetz had heard this, he mended his pen—though not his manners—and exclaiming:

*'Every day cometh something new,  
But seldom any thing good or true.'*

wrote down the following item of news for the paper, which was duly published and eventually paid for. [And his pen trembled with delight, his soul thrilled with rapture, his eyes expanded with joy, and his pulse went pit-a-pat with pleasure at being the first to communicate the intelligence:]

*'To-day THE NOTORIOUS LOLA MONTES has arrived in Munich!'*

Unfortunate Von Ploetz! Better for thee had it been hadst thou never

learned to write! Better, far better, hadst thou never become a correspondent! But best, far best, hadst thou remembered the Italian rhyme:

*' Parla poco, ascolto assai, e non fallirai!'*

He that hears much, nor reports it at all,  
Shall be welcomed in parlor, in kitchen and hall.

'Morn rose and fell' upon the city of Munich. Buds ripened into flowers, and flowers to fruit. Minutes expanded into hours, while hours elongated into days, and all swam forth on the chequered tide of Time into the miscellaneous chaos of Eternity. With the flood swam Lola, and a very good swim she made of it, too, in the good graces of King Ludwig. She put no faith in that wicked verse of Ovid's; that verse which, like so many others, only tends to give a bad opinion of human nature, and harden hearts naturally gentle and confiding:

*' Turpe senex miles, turpe senilis amor.'*

Which means that an 'old soger' is a hard case, and that the friendly regards of an old gentleman arn't worth having. 'Nay,' said she, (or might have said,) speaking in one of her numerous native languages:

*' Mas vale viejo que me honre  
Que galan que me asombre.'*

It is better to be the privy-counsellor of a good old king, than be loved by some young fool who would abuse me! (A literal translation: and where, think ye, did I learn the original?)

Now, among Herr von Plötz's peculiarities, the most peculiar was that of being *ein guter Gesellschafter*; which means, 'good company' and a first-rate diner-out. For his good-nature was incredible, his appetite invincible, his thirst unquenchable, and his budget of odds and ends inexhaustible. Nor was he without talent, having written '*Der Verwunschene Prinz*,' or 'The Enchanted Prince,' one of the most amusing and popular modern German romantic comedies. Every body knew Ploetz, he dined every where; Count Seinsheim patronized him, all the world invited him. Had he lived one hundred years ago, he would have made a flourishing French abbé.

O thou unfortunate Ploetz! how gladly would I turn aside the fearful decree of Fate which I even now perceive hanging like a thunderbolt over thy devoted head! How gladly would I annul the past, and thus prevent the future catastrophe whither my pen even now tends. But it may not be! Solemnly, darkly, deeply, sternly, irrevocably, like the awful Destiny of the ancient Greek drama, it comes rolling on, overwhelming in its majesty! tremendous in its power!!—THE REVENGE OF LOLA MONTEZ!!!

QUICKLY and briskly, Louis the Poet-king rushed through the streets of his German Athens. His coat, restrained only by the upper button, streamed horizontally behind him; and so rapid was his pace, that had a volume of his own poems been placed on those skirts, it would not have fallen off. Bob, bob, bob went his head, right and left, to the passing salutations of his subjects; while his great eyes glared like those of Mel-

moth the Wanderer on all countervailing objects. Among these objects was the Herr von Ploetz. Twisting around his head, and with that impetuous rapidity which distinguished his regal style of address from that of other mortals, the monarch exclaimed :

'Good day, Herr von Ploetz; call on Lola; take dinner; Countess of Landsfeldt; adieu!'

And with the last word, he was already a hundred furlongs distant.

Was it a dream? Could it be true? Was it some subjective imagining, developed from the transcendental depths of his German 'moral consciousness'? Was he *verhezt*, or bewitched? Was he *Der Verwunschene Ploetz*, and, like his own princely hero, enchanted? Lola! soup! wine! roast and boiled! the king! And yet it must be true! Here was the Ludwig's-strasse, there was the Opera-house. Over the way was Kaiser's book-store, and in the door-way he could even perceive Meister Karl looking on. And far, far in the distance, vanishing as he went, was the figure of His Majesty, *Ludwig der Aesthetiker*!

Infatuated Ploetz! what demon was it that then whispered in thine ear: '*Go! 'ein gutes Mahl ist henkenswerth*'—a good dinner is worth a halter.' And with Lola, too. What dishes—save, indeed, chafing dishes—couldst thou expect of her! Hadst thou never heard the couplet:

'Grossen Herren und schönen Frauen  
Soll man wohl dienen, doch wenig trauen.'

Mighty lords and ladies fair  
Should be obeyed, but trusted ne'er.

'Or didst thou hope, with that smooth tongue of thine, to come it over Lola, cause her to forget the '*notorious*,' and blind her completely! Ah, Ploetz! Ploetz!

'Quien el diablo ha de engañar  
De mañana se ha de levantar.'

He who the devil would fain deceive,  
Must rise right early, I well believe.

Yes, Ploetz went—and dined. And many days rolled over this great dumpling which men call the world, and each said in silver tones to its successor: 'I have seen Ploetz calling on the Countess!' *Every day!*

'Wer etwas will gelten  
Der kommt selten.'

'He who would pass for something, should call seldom.' Believe me when I say, that hospitality should never be too severely taxed, for 't is ill work to over-drive a willing horse; and 'never be a guest for more than nine, or less than three days.' Alas! the only philosophical reflection which occurred to Ploetz was, that while the pot boils friendship blooms.

And now a dark, wild change steals o'er the fair landscape of the Herr von Ploetzian vision. The sun of Lola's favor still gilds with flashing refulgence the plate and china, but there is in its radiance a touch of fire infernal. How transient is earthly happiness, and with what remarkable dexterity does the pea of prosperity vanish beneath the thimble of destiny!

'Glück und Glas!  
Wie bald brich' das!'

'Fortune and glass  
Soon break and pass.'

‘For there’s no trustin’ these here princes,’ as the London tailor said when he sent the bill with the pants to Louis Napoleon. Their love and their good-will, and their ‘inwites’ out to dine, are all variableness and the shadow of turning.

‘Princes’ favor, April weather,  
Ladies’ love, a floating feather,  
Luck at cards, or game with dice,  
Ever alter in a trice.’ \*

Yet once again, and Ploetz was invited to sup with Marie, Lola Montez, Countess of Landsfeldt. Never had he been in better appetite; never had the dishes been so good, the wines so delicate, the weather so agreeable, or the lady so fascinating. And Ploetz ate. Ate like a ploughman, ate like a dragon, ate like the devil. And still Lola with fine-drawn fascination led him on, provoking and titillating at every instant his ready appetite with new dainties. At last——

Changing her mien into the vindictive passion of a veritable fiend incarnate, and smiling as only a fiend or a woman can smile when an old enemy has been remarkably well taken in, Lola glided up to Herr von Ploetz, and spreading before his astonished eyes an old newspaper, said:

‘*Read that!*’

Ploetz read——read the paragraph which our readers have also perused, announcing the arrival in Bavaria of ‘*the notorious Lola Montez.*’ Need we describe his feelings? Need we describe the hurried and fluent apologies which, with the tact of an old diner-out, he so readily poured forth? With three words Lola stopped them all, exclaiming:

‘You are poisoned!’

‘What!’ gasped Herr von Ploetz, ‘*p-p-poisoned!*’

‘Yes,’ replied Lola ferociously, ‘poisoned with every thing. Arsenic; hydrocyanic, crotonic, and oxalic acids; belladonna and stramonium; laudanum, sour-kROUT, and lager-bier, with all other deadly articles known to modern chemistry, are at present struggling for mastery in your wretched frame. And now——ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho!——I am revenged! Die, wretch, *die!*’

Without a word, the hapless Ploetz sank back upon the sofa. Upgurgled from his throat one fearful sound:

‘*Gu, gu, goo, oo, oo, guggle, uggie——ooh!*’ Ploetz thought that it was his own death-rattle——

But it was n’t!

Let me draw a charitable veil over the fearful sight which followed. A dreadful thunder-storm, which arose at this instant, lent a dire horror to the scene. Need I describe the wrath and imprecations of Lola, the awful roar of the thunder, the pattering of the rain, and the dying groans of the poor Von Ploetz? For the *groans* did indeed die, one by one—as groans usually do. But Ploetz *lived*, after enduring an immortal agony for about two hours. For at the expiration of that time, Lola, moved with compassion, graciously granted him a little milk and some warm water.

O reader! if it was necessary to draw a veil over the two hours’ agony of Ploetz, what sort of double-quilted drapery should we now cast over

the emetical scene which followed? Suffice it to say, that Ploetz lived; lived to rid his system of that enormous quantity of poisons with which he had *not* been dosed; lived to write new letters and eat new dinners; lived, I trust, to learn that, right or wrong, women should only be well spoken of; lived, in fine, to suggest by his story the following moral, written lang syne by great Saint Augustine:

*'Crede mihi, si totum cælum esset papyrus, et totum mare atramentum, et omnes stellæ pennæ, et omnes angeli scribentes, non possent describere astutiam mulierum.'* 'Believe me, that if all the heaven was paper, and all the sea ink, all the stars pens, and all the angels scribes, they could not describe the craftiness of women.'

And as it is usual, reader, to conclude tragic entertainments with a farce, let us wind up this narration with a merry pasquinade, which was found one morning attached to the door of the palace of the King of Bavaria:

'Un jour LOLA,  
Bel oiseau, s'envola  
Vers un pays cheri de LOYOLA.  
Elle trouva là  
Un roi poète, et puis le cajola,  
Et de caresses l'accabla.

'Du roi la tête se troubla:  
Il affubla LOLA  
Dans un beau faibala  
Des titres, des bijoux — en veux tu? — les voilà!

'Le ministère s'assembla,  
Et voulut chasser LOLA,  
Mais c'est lui qu'on exila.  
La cour bêla:

'Le bourgeois beugla;  
On siffla LOLA;  
On perçut le roi, holà! — Malgré cola,  
LOLA est toujours là,  
Et puis, voilà!  
Vive le roi, LOLA, et LOYOLA!'

So much, O reader! for my story — so much for the song.

In Munich first I heard the tale,  
And afterward from LOLA MONTEZ:  
I tell you this that you may know  
I got it from the *rerum fontes*.

# Q U A I N T L I N E S .

BY THOMAS WATSON.

When will the fountain of my tears be dry?  
When will my sighs be spent?  
When will desire agree to let me die?  
When will thy heart relent?

It is not for my life I plead,  
Since death the way to rest doth lead;  
But stay for thy consent,  
Lest thou be discontent.

For if myself without thy leave I kill,  
My ghost will never rest;  
So hath it sworn to work thine only will,  
And holds that ever best.

For since it only lives by thee,  
Good reason thou the ruler be:  
Then give me leave to die,  
And show thy power thereby.

## T H E D E A T H O F D A N I E L W E B S T E R

BY MARY.

A GREAT soul passing! — earth is weeping,  
Angels with joy await;  
To them it is not death, but sleeping,  
Opening the golden gate!

An eye of mesmeric power is closing;  
Rapt senates may not wait  
For the majestic form, reposing  
In earth's most mighty state.

The God-like mind untiring,  
In its onward, upward path,  
Will cease not its aspiring  
In the light of perfect faith.

A nation's brightest star is setting  
In light serenely fair,  
GRAY's Elegy his last thoughts asking,  
Then seeking God in prayer.

A sable veil is gently flowing  
Upon a Nation's heart:  
From a rare gift of God's bestowing  
They're called upon to part.

A mighty intellect is fading  
Away from mortal sight,  
A giant mind is shading  
From us its gorgeous, light.

The vital spark, in its ascending,  
Hath sought its fountain-head;  
A glorious light it still is lending  
To dust that else were dead.

He 'lives!' we feel the strong pulsations  
Of his inward life and light;  
He 'lives!' and unto future nations,  
For him there is no night.

With his senatorial robes wrapped round him,  
We gaze upon the massive brow,  
Whose diadem of thought hath crowned him  
Immortal, even now!

'Tis fit, when autumn leaves are falling,  
And autumn skies are gray,  
That with the voice of Nature calling,  
The 'God-like' pass away.

*Brooklyn-Heights, October 25, 1852.*



## A TRIP TO THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

BY VIATOR.

XX

## THE SWEET AND THE RED SWEET SPRINGS.

'SHALL we go to the Blue Sulphur?'

'Oh no,' said the invalids, one of whom had been there on a former trip. 'It is a beautiful spot, with the blue flowers around the fount; and they live there delightfully — such pastry and good things! But it is a long ride, and somewhat out of our way. Let us turn our face homeward.'

So we entered the stage; and, going first to Union, turned off from the 'pike' and started for the Sweet Springs, distant from the Salt twenty-two miles. The road is rather rough, but there is some variety on the route, and the small mills and manufactories have an air of Yankee thrift about them, especially a blacksmith's shop whose bellows is made to work by means of a water-wheel of his own construction.

You first come to the Sweet Springs, and a mile farther, on the road to the White Sulphur, to the Red Sweet. The former is an old-established place of resort; the latter has been but recently brought into notice. They are both situated on the borders of the same stream, which meanders through a beautiful, romantic valley, and forms a number of water-falls and picturesque spots for pic-nics. The waters of the springs are substantially alike, except that the last-named has a little iron in one of the three fountains flowing from the base of a large rock, which gives just tinge enough to the sediment to justify the name of 'red.' They have no particular taste, unless it be a slight smack of carbonic acid gas which one sometimes detects when he imbibes a bubble. Thousands of bubbles of this gas are constantly chasing each other to the surface. The temperature is always about seventy-eight degrees, which is about that of the summer-streams in which we used to bathe when boys. The water is consequently not very agreeable to drink; but the plunge-baths (which are arranged much like those at the Warm Springs) are delightful; not, as there, enervating in their effects, but decidedly tonic. So clear is it, that on one occasion a person who had been in the habit of bathing at night, not observing that the water had been drawn off, jumped plump upon the gravelled bottom, some six feet from the stand, and nearly broke his legs, but was only too thankful to the PROVIDENCE that prompted him to jump instead of dive, in which last event he would have broken his neck.

Why the waters are called 'sweet' I cannot imagine, unless it be that the whole valley in which they are situated is particularly charming; and, being the last of the mountain-group at which the visitor from the East usually spends any time, all parties are better acquainted than at other places where they have previously met; there is less stiffness, more

gayety; the ladies' smiles seem sweeter; and the exhilaration of spirits produced by the delightful baths bring about a sweetness of temper: every thing, in fact, makes association with these waters sweet. At the Red Sweet every thing is fresh, and new, and cozy; a neat white frame hotel, and tasteful cottages. At the old Sweet, things are on a more grand and pretending scale, but very rusty withal. A huge brick hotel, built in the days of speculation, with three grand porticoes connecting with each other by platforms, reminding one of a lunatic asylum or a state-house; but it is unfinished, although the mutton and other condiments taste none the worse because the rooms in which you eat are lathed, not plastered. There is a large and convenient common-parlor opening on one side into the dining-room, and the other into a spacious ball-room. The grounds are nearly if not quite equal in extent to those of the White Sulphur, and scattered over them, without much regard to arrangement, are numerous cottages, sadly in want of paint and repairs.

The fact is, the whole concern has long been in chancery, and is only leased from year to year by the officers of the court; but as I write I learn that there is some hope of its soon being sold, and having an owner who will feel it to be for his interest to make extensive improvements, plant more trees, lay out more walks, and thus add to the attractions of a spot the waters of which are invaluable.

## XXI.

## DECIDEDLY GAY.

Most of those we had met at other springs preceded us here, and we found every body ready for all kinds of sport. There were many Virginians, all the leading public men assembled in view of the approaching conventions at Staunton; old planters, all full of conversation, and ready for sport. Under the shed in front of the bath-house, where the fountain is from which they drink the waters, you would every morning find assembled a group of ex-governors, judges, Congressmen, and untitled gentlemen, discussing agriculture, politics, and sporting, enlivened with many a racy anecdote. Occasionally some ladies returning from a walk would stop to take a glass, and the gentlemen would try their skill

'A DIPPER of water so quickly to snatch,  
That from it the fair one a bubble might catch.'

On one occasion, among the group of countrymen with flowers and game, and boys with maple-sugar, were two old hunters, one of whom had a quantity of game which he speedily disposed of to those who were desirous of extra dishes, and then pocketing his earnings, stretched himself on the grass to take his ease after his hunt, and looked on with apparent indifference at the chaffering of the second hunter, who was persuading gentlemen to take fifty-cent tickets in a shooting-match, the prize of which was to be a very fine bear-skin he carried. The terms were, that each was to have a shot by himself or a substitute for every ticket he held, and the owner of the skin was to reserve one shot for himself. The tickets were soon taken; and the owner of the skin led the way to an adjoining grove. A mark was fixed to a tree, and several shots fired with various success; and it began to be conceded on all sides

that if any one could beat the owner of the skin it must be Judge M., who had some reputation as a shot. Among the stragglers who followed the party up to the grove was the second hunter, who was standing near Judge M., and leaning on his rifle, an apparently indifferent spectator of the sport. Suddenly he called the Judge's attention to a spot on the tree, made by the removal of a limb, and levelling, planted a ball directly in the centre.

'Why, my good fellow, you seem to have some practice in this business. Suppose you take my place in the match, for your eyes are better than mine.'

The hunter consented; but his skill seemed to forsake him, and he left abundance of margin for the owner of the skin, who fired his reserved shot and came off victor, thus retaining his skin and making some five dollars beside.

'Devil!' said the Judge; 'I could have done better than that myself'

'I dare say,' said the substitute. 'Why did n't you fire yourself!'

'Because I thought you would fire better.'

'I was n't in luck jest then. Yer all looking at me kind o' made me narvous.' And saying this, he quietly pocketed two dollars and a half, handed over by the first hunter.

'But you seem to be in luck now. What does that mean?'

'Oh, him and me is partners!'

And then the two hunters very coolly shouldered rifles and bear-skin, and walked off, leaving the Judge to the comfortable reflection that he had been 'sold.'

There was a constant interchange of civilities between the visitors to the Sweet and the Red Sweet: on Tuesday a ball at the one, on Thursday a ball at the other. And there was more of beauty and youth, more decided life and fun, than had been seen any where else. The big parlor was a grand place for flirtations while it rained, (and it rained a great deal.) Mr. Sydney and Miss Dalton played chess incessantly. Williams and Miss C. promenaded the piazza, and occasionally peeped in to ask 'Who's beating?' of Mr. Larch and Mrs. C., who are rattling away at backgammon. In another corner of the parlor Mrs. Snubbs and a young moustachoeed beau, who has taken Mr. Easy's place, are playing whist against Mrs. Easy and that beau whom she picked up at the Salt. At the piano a group are collected around Miss Clara, who plays opera-music, ever and anon exchanging some speaking glance or meaning remark with the gentleman who turns over the leaves, Colonel Wilson. Mr. Easy flutters around the table where his wife sits, occasionally trying to joke, but with evident effort; Mrs. Snubbs wonders what can be the matter with him; and Mrs. Easy talks more than ever to her partner in the game, to the infinite delight of Mrs. Riverman, who sits by watching with much interest this game of 'Who shall be jealous!' In the centre of the room a group of children are playing all manner of fanciful games, while some of the younger ones, and conspicuous among them a little black-eyed boy, run around playing hide-and-seek among the groups of ladies and gentlemen who were seated or promenading in every direction. On the piazza stand or sit the smokers, reading the papers or talking. This is an after-dinner scene.

## XXII.

## THEY SAY.

THEY say that Mr. Snubbs has come. He dropped in one evening just as Mrs. S. was dancing a fandango with the moustachoed gentleman before mentioned. He is a little, sharp, sedate-looking man; and as soon as his beloved wife saw him, she turned pale, and then became very loving and very quiet, taking long walks with him to show him the sights, ceasing all gayety. Her bevy of beaux, who had been each calculating on a nice intrigue, have scattered, and from being the most fascinating, she has become to their eyes a most common-place sort of a personage; and Snubbs, her husband, who has thus suddenly turned up, and whom every body thought a myth, is quite an object of curiosity. They say he has never been known to be with her at the Springs before, but he thought the money went rather fast, and would just take a look at the way it went. The ladies are all delighted. They say that Williams is engaged to Miss Cushing; and that old Larch is actually going to marry Mrs. C., whereat her daughter is greatly troubled, because the old lady has got all the money. They say Williams has been sick ever since he heard of this news. They say that Mr. and Mrs. Easy have had a regular flare-up, growing out of Easy's jealousy. The people in the next cabin heard him swearing about that gentleman she has been flirting with. She thrust Mrs. Snubbs in his teeth, and reminded him of some remark he had made, to the effect that one who truly loved could not be jealous; but there was a making up, and some kissing afterward, and this morning they are both off. They say that Sydney has engaged a seat in the same extra with Colonel Dalton's family, and is going to spend some weeks on his plantation, which looks, the ladies say, as if things were settled. They say Miss Clara likes Colonel Wilson, and so does the mother; but Mr. Riverman is very anxious to go home, and won't say yes or no.

## XXIII.

## THE FANCY-BALL.

WE had a fancy-ball, got up at four days' notice, during which interval all hands were busy making dresses. There was no grand theatrical wardrobe to draw upon, and no resource but what the ladies had in their trunks, and the calicoes and ribbons of the country-store. But it was all the merrier for that. A young gentleman personated old Mother Hubbard to perfection; there were ladies of the Louis Quatorze age; a man with his head turned round; Indians and hunters without end; a Chinaman; a Falstaff, and what not: and last, though not least, there were all the country-people gathered from miles around, in Sunday finery, to see the show. It was a fine moon-light evening, and I strolled out on to the piazza to hear the comments of these lookers-in at windows on the scene within.

'Haint she lovely?' said one, as the beautiful Mrs. Lamson of South Carolina passed.

'Deed she is; and how nice that are dress fits her. She's had two

tucks taken up on one side with that bit of ribbon; and that are part that hangs down is what they calls a train. And them's real diamonds she's got on her bussum.'

'Well, I never! Jest look, Miss Simmons, at that there calico skirt. How nice it matches to the waist! That Chinaman's got a queue made of pack-thread. Well, this 'oman's plenty tall, any how. Them ruffs stands out as ef they'd a pound o' starch: why, they're paper muslin, I declare!'

The last person commented on was Miss Oushing, who, costumed as Queen Elizabeth, walked majestically along, escorted by Mr. Williams, as Rob Roy.

I felt myself touched on the shoulder, and turning, beheld Mr. Gambeadle.

'I say, excuse me, but ain't that the lady he's engaged to — I mean Williams!'

'Yes.'

'Wall, I thought so. 'Twixt you and I, I reckon he would n't be sorry to get out of the scrape. I reckon you must have told him what I said at the White Sulphur, for he did n't darken our doors ag'in there, and became a perfect pattern of propriety. But scarcely had we moved our bank to this place before he gin us a call, and since he's been engaged to her, he's played more desperate than ever. I heard it said that he found the old lady'd got all the money, and he wanted to get off; but the colored gal says her mistress do n't seem to care now about his playing; she thinks she can cure him, and perhaps she thinks it's a sign he's got money. But no matter; 'taint none of my business.'

'Nor mine; so I'll go in to supper, Mr. Gambeadle.'

The ball lasted until three o'clock in the morning, and wound up with a grand supper of cold saddles of venison and mutton, piles of frosted sponge-cake and ice-cream, washed down with good punch and poor champagne; and when it was over, the season was voted at an end. The next day was devoted to packing and parting: crowded stages drove away, and the two or three hundred guests dwindled down to about fifty, who, as their numbers decreased, exerted themselves to be more merry.

#### XXIV

#### A DEATH

But the merriment was soon changed to sadness. One who had been among the brightest and most attractive there, a lady from Virginia, retired to bed in perfect health, and was found dead the next morning. Words cannot describe the sensation produced next morning as it was told at the breakfast-table from one to another, 'Mrs. W. is dead!' The heart had apparently ceased to beat without one moment's warning, and there she lay, sleeping to appearance, but never to wake.

That was a solemn morning. People talked in low tones, and were more anxious to leave than ever. The coffin was brought to the parlor, where the service being read, we all walked in procession to the retired little grave-yard on the hill among the trees — a pleasant spot, where old monuments recorded the names of visitors to the springs who had

died many, many years ago, and where wild-flowers were growing in profusion; but it seemed very desolate, the idea of being buried so far away from home, where no friends could come and read your name and recall you to mind.

It was a sad conclusion to our many days of amusement and hilarity.

## XIV.

## CONCLUSION.

I WILL not weary the reader with an account of our return *via* the Natural Bridge, Staunton, (from which we took an excursion to Wier's Cave,) Charlottesville, and Acquia Creek.

Not long since, I saw in a paper the marriage of Sydney and Miss Dalton. I met the sharp Baltimore lawyer who was so knowing about Williams and Miss Cushing at the White Sulphur, who told me that Williams postponed the consummation of his happiness so long that Mother Cushing became alarmed, and informed him that Mr. Larch (who backed out of his bargain, after escorting them home) had been dismissed because she, Mrs. C., had expressed a determination to settle the bulk of her fortune on her dear daughter. This bait took. Williams married, and found that the fortune consisted of a mortgaged old farm and a few negroes, part of a stock which had been sold off to pay for trips to the springs. He is now a general agent in Washington, where his wife makes quite a show, and Mrs. Cushing manages the house. At Saratoga this summer I met Mr. Gambeadle, who told me that a branch of his establishment was opened in Washington last winter, where Williams occasionally 'gin us a call,' adding that 'he'd got his eye-teeth cut, and played with more care; seemed to have tolerable luck. And, by-the-bye, I ollers thought that sending the colored gal to ask if he gambled was intended to reach his ears, jest to let him know what an interest she took in him: that's a kind of a way of taking young men in.'

Miss Clara is still single. Mr. Larch and Colonel Wilson are regular visitors. I think Clara is disposed to flirt a little with Larch, and has made her father believe that she rather likes him, which circumstance is in itself enough to make the old gentleman favor the suit of Colonel Wilson, as he always inclines to the weaker side. Beside, he says, what should his daughter marry an old bachelor for, who made such a fool of himself as to court old Mrs. Cushing?

So much for the Virginia Springs.

## H O L L O W   F R I E N D S H I P .

THE great man down, (you mark,) his favorite lies ·  
 The poor advanced makes friends of enemies:  
 And hitherto doth LOVE on FORTUNE tend:  
 For who not *needs*, shall never *lack* a friend:  
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,  
 Directly seasons him his enemy.

## A B A L L A D O F L O V E .

BY MORRIS

'There's a treasure I'm preserving,  
 There's a secret I'm reserving,  
     No man knows;  
 But I'm sure there's one who guesses  
 What my tell-tale look expresses,  
     What my tell-tale eyes disclose.  
     Only she and only I  
     Must be nigh  
 When the secret I unfold,  
 By the old mill turned to gold  
     In the sunset-sky;  
 Where the ardent river rushes  
     To the mill-stream's rapid race,  
 And the summer foliage blushes  
     In the autumn's first embrace.

'But not yet; youth's fitful feeling  
 Cannot claim the real revealing;  
     Time must show  
 There is something holier, truer  
 Than the love of school-boy wooer  
     Can bestow.  
     Now her beauty  
     Calls from duty  
 Thoughts maturer years will spurn,  
 And her maiden heart will yearn  
     For something higher,  
     Love's real desire.  
 Down then every heart-misgiving,  
 In the future I am living,  
 In the future, when this maiden,  
 Now so fair with beauty laden,  
 Is to me at last the real  
 Of my longing life's ideal.

'Thus, while careless youth is growing  
 And like morn to day is glowing  
     Into power,  
 Shall my heart control its beating,  
 And its secret still secreting,  
     Wait the hour;  
 Nurtured by thy sweet remembrance,  
 Seeing in all things thy resemblance,  
     Gentle flower.  
     Yet what brightness  
     Bears a likeness  
     Unto thee!  
 Not like stars of poet's divining,  
     Which the gaudy day denies,  
 Is the calm continual shining  
     Of the light within those eyes.  
 Coral lips and golden tresses



Call I not thy lips and hair :  
Nature in her fond caresses  
Gives thee priceless gems to wear.  
Wear them then with faith and prayer,  
Till another's lot they share ;  
So shall inward goodness beaming,  
Rival all thy outward seeming.

Yet, a strange and fearful sadness  
Sometimes clouds my thought of gladness,  
Thought of thee,  
Lest thy young and wayward measure,  
Seeking only present pleasure,  
Of the wide world unaware,  
Unreflecting,  
Unsuspecting,  
Catch thee, dove-like, in a snare :  
Lest some passion-driven suitor,  
Like an overruling tutor,  
Bend thee to his lawless power ;  
One too credulous,  
One too sedulous,  
He deceiving,  
Thou believing,  
Till there comes a fatal hour.  
God avert it ! God avert it !  
Pray I from my inmost soul ;  
Grant the visions now that girt it  
Mist-like from my mind may roll.  
Speed the years which intervening  
Keep me from thine angel face ;  
Speed the distance darkly screening  
Every look of dawning grace ;  
Speed the moment of our meeting,  
And the rapture of our greeting,  
When only thou and only I  
Shall be nigh,  
And the secret I unfold  
By the old mill turned to gold  
In the sun-set sky ;  
Where the ardent river rushes  
To the mill-stream's rapid race,  
And the summer foliage blushes  
In the autumn's first embrace.'

Thus he sang and thus he pondered,  
Youthful, hopeful, trusting all ;  
And to lands afar he wandered,  
Lands where orient breezes fall.  
Mid perennial bloom and splendor,  
Cloudless years passed away,  
And he came at last to render  
Ripened hopes and feelings tender,  
Which had soothed him day by day.  
Come he to the village olden,  
Came he to the mill so golden  
By the ardent stream ;  
And he sought the village maiden  
Bounteously with beauty laden,  
Angel of his dream.

Sweetly from the moss-grown steeple  
Evening chimes fell o'er the people  
As before;  
Early scenes once more surrounded  
And with joy his bosom bounded  
As of yore.  
Then with steps that slightly trembled,  
Though he fain would have dissembled,  
He approached the cot  
Where, beneath the woodbined gable,  
Long ago he conned the fable  
Of his lot;  
Conned it not from truthful page  
Written by experienced sage —  
Words of light;  
But unwise,  
In woman's eyes,  
Thinking there to read aright!  
Knocked he at the time-worn building  
Full of trust,  
But the ancient matron chilled him,  
And the thought of joy that filled him  
Fell to dust:  
With low words of deep emotion,  
Like the supplicating ocean  
To the shore,  
Was the question gently uttered  
At the door:  
But with tones sad and desponding,  
Like the hollow shores responding  
To the wave,  
Was the answer deeply muttered  
That she gave:  
'Is she dead, or is she living?  
Tell me that!' he wildly cried.  
'She is dead, and she is living,'  
Mournfully the voice replied;  
'Dead in honor and in name,  
Living in her sin and shame.'

To that gabled cottage came he,  
Pride and love within him leaping,  
Lion-hearted:  
Broken down and weak and weeping,  
He departed,  
Wandering o'er the village plain,  
Crazed in heart and crazed in brain

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YEARS have passed, yet still he wanders,  
Wanders o'er the village plain;  
And he stops and sadly ponders,  
Crazed in heart and crazed in brain:  
Yet a kind and harmless ranger,  
Doing good and loved by all,  
And most happy when a stranger  
Chances in his way to fall;  
For to him, in voice confiding,  
Will he thus his tale relate,

First an oath upon him binding,  
 All to keep inviolate:  
 'There's a treasure I'm preserving  
 There's a secret I'm reserving,  
 No man knows:  
 Yet there's one, I'm sure, who guesses  
 What my tell-tale look expresses,  
 What my tell-tale eyes disclose:  
 Only she and only I  
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 In the sun-set sky;  
 Where the ardent river rushes  
 To the mill-stream's rapid race,  
 And the summer foliage blushes  
 In the autumn's first embrace.'

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## S K E T C H E S   I N   S O U T H   A F R I C A .

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BY MONTGOMERY D. PARKER.

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WE are again at Cabenda, one of the most noted and extensive slave-marts south of the equator, and a place which has been designated as the 'Paradise of Africa,' on account of the beauty of its scenery and situation, as well as for its fine climate during the greater part of the year, and general freedom from the deadly fever which is the bane of nearly all other points of interest or attraction on the coast.

The fever does exist, and hardly a single white man among the agents and employés of the numerous Portuguese slave-factories established here, escapes a touch of it during the first year of his residence; but from its comparatively mild form, very few instances of disease prove fatal, and in two or three seasons one gets pretty well acclimated. We have been obliged to watch this place with unceasing vigilance during our stay on this part of the coast, and have rarely been absent from it more than ten days or two weeks at a time, and then only to look into Loando bay, and the mouth of the Congo river, which are within a day's sail to the northward and southward of Cabenda, and quite as notorious slave-stations as this. The little 'Boxer' is therefore quite well known here, and we in our turn have made ourselves well acquainted with the localities, and the 'big men' of the place, including the principal darkies and the slave-factors.

The native towns lie on the borders of a beautiful bay, which is known to the traders on the coast as 'Cabenda Hook;' and as far as I have been able to learn, they are all under the sovereignty of a king, called Socco Frank. Each town is again ruled by a head-man, who, since the natives have picked up a little English, is styled Prince, as 'Prince Sam,' 'Prince Pogota,' 'Prince Oldman Jack,' etc. King Socco holds his court in the

largest and finest of the towns, which lies on a commanding eminence on the right hand as the harbor is entered, and which serves as a prominent land-mark for vessels going into Cabenda. We saw but little of His Majesty at any of our visits, as he is largely engaged in trade with the slave-factories, many of which are in the immediate vicinity of his residence on the hill, and he is consequently often absent at his other towns, or on excursions into the interior or 'bush' collecting slaves. He is the only native king I have seen who affects the European dress and manners; and they ill become him when contrasted with the free and easy carriage of his chiefs and dignitaries, many of whom are large, fine-looking men, and appear to great advantage in their own costume. On the occasion of our seizure of the American brig, of which case I have spoken in a previous number of these sketches, it appeared that some of the goods composing her lading belonged to him, and at that time he came off to the ship, accompanied by his suite, to endeavor to prevail on our captain to allow his property to be landed before the brig was sent to the United States. He was dressed in a black frock-coat and trousers, white shirt, shoes, stockings, and a black hat; and it was very evident from his ill-concealed uneasiness in the garments, that he never wore them except on state occasions or official visits, for it was with great difficulty that he could get up the side or move along the deck in his borrowed plumes. Two of his chiefs accompanied him, dressed in all their native finery, which of course was vastly better than their everyday rig, to suit the importance of the occasion. Strapping fellows, full six feet in height, they looked and moved with all the dignity of free black noblemen. The costume of one, whose dress and ornaments were really splendid, and I should judge very costly, will bear description.

This man, a sort of prime minister to the king, was also largely interested in the cargo of the brig before mentioned. He wore a very fancy piece of crimson and gold-colored cloth about his loins, reaching nearly to the feet; on his head a scarlet tarbouch or cap with a gold tassel; and on his shoulders a very fine and costly shawl of native manufacture. On his neck, ankles, and wrists, were heavy silver rings, chased in a beautiful manner, and around his waist a silver belt at least eight inches in width, and formed of a great number of chains, meeting at the back in a large lion's head in relief, of massy silver, and in front joining a clasp formed into the shape of some other beast's head, also of the same precious metal. His 'fetishes,' or charms to keep off the 'evil eye,' were suspended from his neck in great numbers by gold and silver chains, and many of them were quite pretty and curious in their workmanship. In his hand he carried a massy silver staff or cane, about four feet in length, fashioned into the form of a serpent with three bodies or tails, which, twining round each other, made the body of the staff, the head, with large emeralds for eyes, forming the handle. It weighed at least ten or twelve pounds in solid silver, and, together with his other silver ornaments, was made in England and brought out to him by some captain or supercargo, with whom he was connected in his trading operations. I have seen him many times since the occasion of his visit, and have learned that he is very wealthy, and the most influential chief at Cabenda. He has of course gotten most of his riches by selling his own countrymen; but with that we have nothing to do.

The whole party sat down on the deck, and His Majesty King Socco proceeded, through an interpreter, to open the 'palaver,' and make known to our captain the object of his visit. He was of course told that it was impossible to deliver him his goods, as the brig would be sent home with every thing that was found on board at the time of her seizure, but that perhaps he might soon get them in case she was not condemned as a slaver. He remonstrated, and argued the matter without avail; and after taking a glass of ship's whiskey, which he did us the honor to say was good, His Majesty and suite took their leave, as I thought, very much disgusted with Yankees and their ideas of *meum* and *tuum*. I never saw him afterward, and fancy that it was his first and last visit to an American man-of-war.

I must not omit here to give a passing notice to our friend Prince Pogota, a darkey whose never-failing attentions to us on our various visits to Cabenda will long be remembered with *strong emotions* by most of the officers of our ship. Pogota's town lies on a point of land jutting out into the sea on the right of the bay, forming one side of 'Cabenda Hook;' and here we were always sure of a most cordial welcome from his Highness when we visited the shore, who invariably offered us in the most pressing manner all the hospitalities which his country, house, and even his harem afforded. Whenever he saw our boat entering the little cove in front of his town, he would rush into his house and put on his finery, consisting of an old uniform coat and rusty sword, which some French naval officer had given him; and with these trappings to support his dignity as a reigning prince, down he would come to the beach followed by half the population of his town, and selecting from among his subjects a half-dozen athletic fellows to bring us safe and dry through the surf, he would dance about on the sand, awaiting our landing with the most eager delight. Would that our greetings could have been confined to a cordial shake of the hand; but Pogota would never rest satisfied until he had embraced each one of us separately, and our clothes in consequence generally bore the 'air of majesty' — at least of his majesty — for some time afterward. From the beach we went to his house, a neat little cane-structure, situated in a cool, delightfully-sheltered grove of cocoa-nut and banana-trees, where we could pass an hour or two during the hottest part of the day very comfortably, drinking the refreshing milk of the cocoa-nuts which the natives gathered for us, or strolling about among the quaint little houses, picking up African curiosities for our cabinets at home, or trading with the darkies for poultry, fruit, and vegetables, for our messes on board ship, the larders of which on our arrival at Cabenda always show a lamentable deficiency in these necessities.

In the centre of the 'Hook,' and facing the sea, stands Prince Sam's town, and near it runs a little stream from which we obtained fresh water for the ship. I went on shore to see this town one day, but was not fortunate enough to find the Prince at home. I took the liberty, however, of inspecting the house of his Highness, and was entertained by some half-dozen of his wives, who, for the small consideration of a paper of smoking-tobacco, allowed me the freedom of the premises, and even showed me the 'greegree' house, where were some of the most outrageous-look-

ing household gods I ever beheld. The missionary has as yet obtained no foothold at Cabenda; and these poor people are encouraged in their strange religion, which is a mixture of sensuality and superstition, by highly-colored and grossly obscene and blasphemous prints, which the French and German traders have scattered profusely on the coast. This 'greegree' house had several wooden images representing their different gods, rudely but truthfully carved by the natives themselves, but the arts of the white man had furnished the lascivious pictures with which the walls were profusely hung.

On my return to the boat, I was lucky enough to meet Prince Sam returning home in company with another royal scion, 'Oldman Jack.' He stopped when he saw me, and saluting me in African style, said in pretty good English that he had heard from his people on the beach that I had gone to his town to see him, and expressed a wish that I should return and partake of his hospitality; but as it was getting late, and the boat being ready to shove off, I did not avail myself of his politeness; so making my excuses, and presenting the old man with a cigar-case filled with Havanas, I took my leave, promising to come and see him at our next visit to Cabenda. Prince Sam is nearly seventy years of age, with hair and beard very gray. The latter he wore quite long, which gave him quite a patriarchal look for a darkey. He told me that he had seen during his life-time more than fifty thousand slaves shipped from Cabenda, but that he and Pogota were not engaged in the trade at all now, King Socco having monopolized the business.

The natives of Cabenda are not a fine-looking race of men; they are generally under the middle stature, and not strongly built, but they possess great powers of endurance, and are often employed by masters of vessels on the south coast, who say that they will pull an oar in a heavy boat an entire day, without appearing to suffer; and for this reason they are preferred in these smooth waters to the Kroomen of the north coast, whose peculiar worth lies in their skill in managing a boat or canoe in the surf, or on a bad bar. The Cabendas are great thieves, and it is necessary to be on one's guard against this knavish propensity. On one occasion I went on shore to the Point to obtain some specimens of copper ore, accompanied by two of the ship's boys, carrying implements to break the rock and dig the ore. When we landed we were joined by several natives, and while proceeding to the spot, one of them, attracted by a small leathern purse which hung round the neck of one of the boys, made a sudden snatch at it, and with his knife severed the string by which it was suspended, and ran off with his prize into the jungle. As the affair happened on my friend Pogota's ground, I at once proceeded to him and made my complaint; and to his honor be it said, that in less than an hour the offender was secured by men that he sent in pursuit of him, and the stolen property returned with all that it contained.

I am led to believe, from my own observation, that the natives at this place as a tribe have nothing to do with the slave-trade, or the slave-wars: for, in the first place, they are too poor; and in the next, they are too cowardly. The King, Socco, carries on his slaving operations with some kings in the interior, and through him the numerous barracoon agents obtain their supplies, and send their returns in the shape of farina,

muskets, calicoes, and other articles which compose an African cargo. Neither are the slaves kept at barracoons on the sea-shore, but are congregated in gangs at half a day's journey into the 'bush,' where their owners await a favorable opportunity, when no man-of-war is near, to hurry them down to the beach and put them on board the slave-ship. This is often done in one night between sun-down and day-light; and I have reason to believe that two or three cargoes were sent off directly under our guns while we have been lying at an anchor off the 'Hook.' We often saw beacon-fires on the shore at night, which were probably signals to a slaver in the offing to run in under cover of the darkness and a good sea-breeze and take in her cargo, or else to await the arrival of launch-loads of slaves to be sent off from the shore. Any one conversant with the system of slaving tactics on the coast, will understand how easily all this may be done. While we have been out, a cargo of slaves is known to have been shipped from a point between Tobocanee and Cape Mesurado, in the very heart of the Liberian territory; and so well did the English know the entire disability of the Liberian government to prevent such an occurrence, that they kept a cruiser constantly stationed there. Indeed, it will be many years, I fear, before the republic will be able by her own force to keep the slave-trade entirely out of her dominions.

With a most luxuriant soil, every thing grows in Cabenda with the least amount of cultivation; and the natives pay a good deal of attention to the raising of beans, squashes, sweet potatoes, and other kitchen vegetables, every man's hut having a small garden or patch of land attached to it. The women perform all the field-labor, and this custom obtains very generally throughout Africa. The men employ themselves principally in fishing, and when on shore do nothing but smoke their pipes and mend their fishing-nets and lines, leaving all other work to their meek helpmates, who never complain, but go through with their drudgery quietly and cheerfully.

The houses at Cabenda are built of a species of reed, plaited like a basket, with a thatched roof, and are so low as not to admit of a man's standing erect within them; and the door is rarely more than three feet high. To allow ventilation, they have windows or little doors in the roof; and it is quite amusing on the occasion of any sudden noise or excitement to see a woolly head and naked shoulders protruding like a chimney from every house in a town. These huts are also remarkable for the air of neatness and order which pervades every thing in and about them, a pleasant peculiarity which is rarely noticeable among the other tribes on the coast.

Every habitation has its *fetish* or household god, which is provided with the best place, has food constantly placed before it, and is otherwise treated with the greatest veneration. These are generally small wooden images in human shape, decorated, painted, and dressed after the manner of the country, although sometimes the tutelar deity assumes the shape of an alligator, turtle, or other beast. The natives are very fond—for what reason I could never learn—of driving nails into these images whenever they can get them; and several that I saw were completely covered and bristling with spikes, nails, and bits of iron, which undoubt-



edly, in the eyes of the poor pagans, increased and strengthened their attributes.

Each man and woman have, moreover, their own personal *fetish*, worn around the neck as an amulet against the 'evil eye.' Sometimes this is a little bundle of straw or leaves, sometimes a little image, and sometimes a small patch-work bag, made of leather and filled with earth. Whether these are obtained from a *fetish* man or made by the natives themselves, I could not learn; but they probably select what most strikes their fancy, and the article goes through the process of consecration at the hands of the *fetish* doctor. When we first arrived at Cabenda, we were desirous to obtain some of these native charms as curiosities, and we found that although the natives would not sell them from off their own persons, they would obtain us duplicates in any quantity; and even during our short visits on shore they would carve out, with a good deal of skill, the most grotesque little wooden images, with nothing but an old rusty knife for a tool. These they appeared to set no value upon, other than the small trifles we gave for obtaining or making them.

The slave-factories give employment to a large number of the natives, and some of them make very good carpenters. I have seen several large boats at Cabenda made entirely by native carpenters; and Don Alphonso, who owns one of the largest barracoons, assured me that they acquired the use of the tools with remarkable facility, and with comparatively little instruction.

I have before spoken of the climate of Cabenda, and the south coast generally, and when it is contrasted with the rains, tornadoes, and little gales of wind which are frequent at all seasons of the year on the coast to the northward of the equator, it is really delightful. The weather is never subject to sudden change, and a heavy squall or gale is unknown here. When it rains, the air is cool and pleasant, and the whole country appears invigorated and refreshed. The land and sea-breezes are very regular, and alleviate the intolerable heat of the sun, from which, it must be acknowledged, Cabenda is not exempt. Our cruising about this place, and in fact on the whole southern coast, has passed thus far very pleasantly. We have not a sick man on the list; and we are all desirous of spending the rest of our allotted time in this vicinity, rather than run the gauntlet of the rains and tornadoes, which we are obliged to do every time that we return to Monrovia and the Cape de Verde. The reflection has often struck us, what a vast amount of loss of life and suffering might have been saved had the Colonization Society planted their settlements in this region, instead of the murky, poisonous district which they did choose, where the young Republic of Liberia is now endeavoring to fight its way, under every disadvantage of climate, situation, and inconvenience. I doubt whether a worse locality could have been found in all Africa than the one they pitched upon.

It is now five months since we left our head-quarters at Port Praya, and to-day we sail on our return, eager to obtain the letters which we know are there awaiting from our loved ones at home. Pogota came off in a canoe to take leave of us this morning, and brought me a fine parrot, which in return for my first caresses nearly took off the end of one of my fingers in his powerful beak. Two English brigs of war are exercis-

ing their crews at sending down yards, and going through other nautical manœuvres, as we call 'all hands up anchor;' and to the tune of 'Old King Cole' the men walk away with the deck-tackle, and soon our little brigantine, under fore-topsail, jib and mainsail, is — I was going to say *dashing* out of the bay, but the old 'Boxer' never did that; six knots with a smooth sea, and half a gale of wind on the quarter, was the most we could ever safely reckon upon; so I will substitute a more moderated expression, and say — creeping, slowly but surely, out of the bay, with her nose pointed to the northward.

A H Y M N O F S O R R O W .

TO THE MEMORY OF OUR 'LITTLE FREDDY.'

'INTO the silent land  
Ah! who shall lead us thither?'

SALIE HYPERION.

'INTO the silent land,  
Thither, oh thither,  
Didst thou go forth with none to comfort thee?  
Didst thou no light in death's dark country see?  
No friend to lead thee by thy little hand,  
Gently, gently,  
To the land  
Of the dear departed,  
Into the silent land!

Yes! yes! 't was HE who died!  
Even CHRIST the Crucified!  
'T was HE who led thee gently to that shore;  
Who stood beside thy pillow,  
And led thee through the billow,  
And the agony, and darkness,  
Evermore,  
As a father leads his child, by the hand,  
To the land  
Of the dear departed,  
Into the silent land!

Thou'rt happy now at last,  
This painful life o'erpast;  
Thou'rt happy now at last in Heaven's unmeasured regions,  
Amid the shining bands  
Of God's fair and starry legions:  
Like an angel thou dost stand,  
And lift thy little hands  
In the land  
Of the 'dear departed,'  
Beyond the silent land!

H. W. R.

\* FREDERICK HENRY, eldest son of H. W. and MARGARET N. ROCKWELL, who died at Utica, November 13 of scarlet-fever, aged seven years and three months.

## M Y F I R S T B A T T L E

FROM THE LIFE OF RALPH BOARDMAN.

A LARGE spring, gushing forth in sportive bubbles from the base of a gentle hillock studded with walnut-trees, furnished an abundant supply of clear, soft water to the first settlers of the unpretending village of Belleville. Upon its grassy and beautifully-shaded banks the merry laugh of children was often heard, and many were the times when the love of fun and frolic wooed me to that bright spot, to join in the sports of my play-mates, or to listen to the gossip of the day, of which a never-ending supply was faithfully kept up by the loungers who congregated in that beautiful grove.

It was the custom of the washer-women to assemble on washing-days around this spring, and while they plied their clothes-paddles right merrily, they interchanged the 'on dits' of the past week, and many a stale joke or bit of scandal served to while away the time, and to soften the asperities of their hard life. I always had a great respect for washer-women. There was such an energy of character displayed in their fierce encounters with the dirty old shirts, (which were always my abomination;) and then they were so very chatty and good-natured.

Among them was an old colored woman, who spent her days in washing and her evenings in baking cakes and ginger-bread. I had a marvellous liking for this old lady, and our attachment was doubtless mutual, as nearly every picayune I got possession of was sure to find its way into her pockets. She was not only an original character, but a philosopher, and great deference was paid to her opinions, which, instead of running into the speculative, were always, according to her own account, founded on experience. But beside these, she had other claims upon society, for she had been born and raised among the F. F. V.'s, and shared the same propensity with the rest of that ilk to claim precedence over common people.

It was about my ninth year when 'a change came over the spirit of my dreams,' produced by an attack of the ague and fever. This scientific disease burst upon me with a grand flourish, and for a time was as regular in its *shakes* as a well-drilled orchestra, interspersing the entertainment with an every second day's solo, either upon the ague or fever, and winding up its engagement for the season with powerful and feeling variations on *both* every third day. If my readers have ever enjoyed the left-handed luxury of an ague, I shall expect them to fall into instantaneous communication with me, and follow me to the sunny side of the spring, where we may bask in the sun-shine and drink the cooling waters while our chill *comes* and *goes*, and listen to the words of wisdom and consolation as they fell from old Aunt's inspired lips.

'Roany, dear, what's de matter, child?'

'Why, Aunt Rachel, the cold chills are running all over me, and I feel

like leaning up against the sun awhile, to see if it won't thaw me out. I guess I'm about to have a chill.'

'Nonsense, child! you ain't goin' to hab no sich t'ing dis heabenly day, when de gravy 's runnin' out ob dis old nigger by de pint 'fore I 'se made any 'xertions most.'

'Yes; but, Aunt, just look at my finger-nails, how blue they are. Did you ever know this sign to fail? Answer me that, if you please.'

'Well, child, I 'se 'clined to think you 'se right dis time, for once, caze you see I ain't goin' to say nuffin' agin 'xperience. 'Xperience is my ph'losophy; I gits all my learnin' from 'xperience.'

'Now, Aunt, as you are a philosopher and a good Christian, and get all your knowledge from experience, can you tell me what use there is in a poor fellow's shaking every day for months with the ague? Did you ever know it to do any body any good?'

'Dar, now, it's jis as I done told you long nuff 'go. De debbil done t'row dust in your two eyes, so you can't overcome de 'scrutable ways of Provumdeness. Now I 'se goin' to show you dat ebery t'ing dat ain't finisht hab to grow till him done. Do n't you see how 'tis, child? De Lord sends de rain an' de sun-shine upon de corn an' de 'taters, an' upon de clover-fields an' de honey-suckles, to make 'em grow, and why should n't He hab de same wise purpos' in 'flictin' de children ob men wid de ager and feber? It's my private 'pinion on dis 'portant subjec', which I done cum to arter many, many times scratchin' dis ole head, dat one ob de berry best t'ings dat could happen to a chubby feller de likes ob you, as broad as you 'se short, is to hab a good shakin' wid de ager for mose a year.'

'Well, Mrs. Philosopher, I should like to hear how you are going to prove any such nonsense as that. I say, Aunt, you're getting so smart I am afraid we'll have to sit up with you, for fear it should strike in.'

'Yah! yah! yah! you do n't b'lieve it, do n't you? I did n't s'pose you would; as old Massa used to say, "'Tain't ebery fool dat can see into a mill-stone as deep as dis child.' Why, look here, young one, do n't you see dat dis am de only ph'losophy dat can 'count satumfactly for de great many tall folks in de west? Do n't de trees grow tall, an' de corn grow tall, an' ain't de longest man got de tallest chance, jis as de longest pole knocks down de most 'simmons'? Consumquently, how you goin' to keep up de glorious 'cratic 'ligion of 'me's as good as you,' 'less when you find de boy 'clinin' to de broad an' squat you 'spose him to de ager an' feber, an' hab him *drawed out*? Dar, now, go 'long, child; dis nigger's got somethin' else to do 'sides talkin' herself to deaf, 'splainen t'ings to ignorant white folks.'

Like a cunning politician, Aunt Rachel knew it was time to retire from the rostrum, look wise, and say no more, whenever she had reached her climax; and on such occasions, she generally imitated the snapping-turtle, and retired into her own august self; and if she came forth again on that day, it was only to snap at any thing that disturbed the mental laurels on which she was luxuriantly reposing.

Reader, did it ever occur to you how much we all resemble Aunt Rachel?

At the point at which we left her, she was certainly in a most enviable frame of mind. Uncontradicted and unrivalled, she was the picture of

amiability; and so are we all, after having perpetrated some act for which we feel inclined to pat ourselves on the head, and imagine all the world is ready to follow suit; but crossed or contradicted, we are thrown down from our high estate, and are rarely ever so weak and ready to lose our self-command as at the very moment when our vanity makes us feel the most secure. By some strange fatality, it does seem as if our evil genius (if we have one; and, alas! who is exempt!) is sure to turn up.

Now, Aunt Rachel's 'John Jones' was embodied in the person and family of a rival cake-baker by the name of Cotton. Cotton was a Yankee, and took a notion to emigrate to the West. He was a peaceable, quiet citizen, and perhaps had as few faults as fall to the lot of most men. At least, such was the verdict of common rumor, and my limited observation and acquaintance with him does not admit of my protest. It is true, that in one sense Cotton was an interloper. Comparing dates with Aunt Rachel, he was a resident of but yesterday, and his advent in the cake-market greatly increased her difficulty in making both ends meet at the end of the year, and at the same time keeping up her wardrobe. It was, moreover, a subject of complaint on the part of Aunt Rachel, that Cotton did not carry on a fair and honorable competition on the merits of the article, but condescended to take mean and low advantages, by peddling about his cakes at all the country-gatherings and camp-meetings, and satisfying the public maw at home; so that when gala days and court-days and Saturdays came, the good old woman found the market glutted, and a large share of her bakings left unsold, to harden and grow stale on her hands.

As bad luck would have it, while I was lingering about the spring, and rendered irritable by the burning fever which had succeeded the chill of which Aunt Rachel had philosophized so originally, the hopeful heir of Cotton, in the person of his bony and lanky son Jim, made his appearance. It was the custom of those residing at some distance from the spring to keep barrels fastened on wooden sleds, for the greater convenience of hauling water whenever their supply was exhausted. The approach of any one of the Cotton family always put Aunt Rachel out of temper, by reminding her of her losses from competition in the cake business, and it needed but one word to arouse her indignation. Jim Cotton was an ill-natured, quarrelsome boy, and knowing the dislike of Aunt Rachel, returned her ill-will with interest, and never lost an opportunity of provoking her into a quarrel. He held undisputed sway and stood without a rival in the accomplishment of abusive slang, and consequently was always ready for a battle, in which he was sure to come out victor. On this occasion, he met her at the spring just as she had dipped up a pail of water, and accosted her, as usual, in no very complimentary terms:

'You d——d old black cat, how dare you muddy the spring just as your master comes for water!'

To which she replied, (always stuttering when very much excited:)

'Loo-loo-look here, boy, gu-gu-go 'way, an' le-le-lef me la-la-'lone. I a-a-ain't gu-gu-goin' to say na-na-nothin' to you, na-na-no how!' at the same time appealing to me with her eyes, as if she hoped there was pluck enough in me to defend the poor old injured cake-woman.

The feverish condition of my nerves rendered me more than usually susceptible of good and bad impulses. I felt that I could not remain a quiet spectator. Without waiting to reason the matter or calculate consequences, I commenced to lecture the fellow with :

‘Ain’t you ashamed of yourself, to be abusing dear old Aunt Rachel!’

I may safely say, that although his name was not Gun Cotton, yet he was very combustible, and fired up in a moment at the impudence of my interference, and manifested a strong desire to reward my temerity with a sound flogging. There was no great disparity in our sizes: Cotton was rather older and taller, but I was animated by a high fever and a good cause, and under the two excitements, made a very decided demonstration that I was ready to meet the gentleman, thus presenting to the washer-woman just the material out of which to make a fracas. In those days the news of a fight or a foot-race spread like wild-fire, and in a few moments we were surrounded, and a ring formed, with self-appointed champions to see fair play. This was done so naturally and so speedily, that before I was aware of it, and certainly without the slightest intention of a fight, I found myself in for one. I was not left long in suspense, for Cotton, anticipating an easy victory over a novice, came at me in a bullying manner, with fists closed, teeth gnashing, and foam collecting about his mouth like a wild boar. I was indebted to moral courage for nerve to stand my ground, and coolness to plant my feet firmly, to withstand the shock; for, from his attitude, I was in a trio of dangers, and had the apparent choice between being annihilated with fierce looks, trampled under foot, or swallowed alive. Although I had never had a fight, I had some knowledge of the art of self-defence, and as he came at me, I planted my left paw under his ear, which rolled him over in the dust; while the washer-women made the welkin ring with shouts of applause, and Aunt Rachel’s voice was heard far above the rest:

‘Guv it to him, Roany; guv it to him! dat’ll do him good de longest day him lives!’

Up jumped Cotton, and shaking off the dust with indignation, he roared out like a mad bull: ‘Let me at him! let me at him!’ On he came again in the same foolish manner, with his face all exposed, when I gave him another ‘h’ist’ just under the nose, which made the ‘claret fly,’ and floored him the second time, to the great amusement and delight of all the by-standers. Bully Cotton was evidently very much surprised by the nature of his reception, but evidently jumped up fully intent on resuming the contest, until he discovered the blood streaming down his face, when he was seized with a sudden panic, and yelled out: ‘I’m killed! I’m killed! run for the doctor!’ and ignominiously fled, leaving me ‘cock of the walk,’ and his old horse to drag home his barrel of water by his own instinct. Many were the evidences I received of Aunt Rachel’s gratitude. For months afterward, whenever she saw me, she filled my pockets with cakes and ginger-bread, and never omitted an opportunity of showing me off as her champion whenever she could find any body to listen to her story.

Aunt Rachel was a rank federalist, and like a friend of mine, for whom I feel the affection of a brother, inherited her politics, married her re-

system, and emulating all new-fangled systems, made up her mind to die like a lady by the United States Pharmacopoeia.

Yankee Cotton, with his pedlar's cart, was a type of that progress which runs into, throws off the track, and upsets all good old-fashion-  
 edness. In my boyish days I was indignant, and espoused the cause of old Aunty Ann more; and even now, while transcribing my youthful emotions, I am again touched with sorrow at the reminiscence of her wrongs. Yet, every day I am made to pity some old man or woman overgrown at the last stage of life, and obliged to yield their scanty subsistence to some modern Yankee invention. Alas! how inexorable is Progress! Twin brother to the tyrant Time, he sweeps the old and the infirm from the field of their labors, to perish and be forgotten.

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T O M A R Y :

\*WHO WAS NUMBERED AMONG THE ANGELS AT THE EARLY AGE OF NINETEEN

With the bursting of buds we looked for thy coming,  
 At the flowers' unfolding we watched for thy feet;  
 With the birds of the summer, and soft-sighing breezes,  
 And fountains up-leaping the sun-beams to greet.

But the buds have appeared and the flowers unfolded,  
 The song of the bird has died out in the vale;  
 The up-leaping fountain falls downward in weeping,  
 And the soft-sighing breezes have turned to a wail.

They bore thee afar to an isle of the ocean:  
 Ah! wherefore, fond hearts, delude yourselves so!  
 Could a father's deep love or a mother's devotion,  
 Or sister's, suffice to keep angels below!

One harp stood alone in the bright court of heaven.  
 No seraph in ecstasy swept its mute chords;  
 Thy sweet voice was wanting to swell the loud psalm,  
 And warble ecstatic the praise of the Lord!

Though years have gone by since that knell from the ocean,  
 Yet the mantle of sadness envelopes us still;  
 Thy name is e'er spoken with deepest emotion,  
 And memories like echoes are haunting us still.

With spirits the throne of thy SAVIOUR surrounding,  
 Oh! plead for His grace upon us who deplore;  
 And pray that we soon with the 'angels be numbered,'  
 And joined to the LAMB and to thee evermore.



## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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**THE RECTOR OF ST. BARDOLPH'S.** By F. W. SHELTON, A. M. In one volume : pp. 344. New-York : CHARLES SCRIBNER.

A BOOK from FREDERICK WILLIAM SHELTON (well known to our readers) is a book worthy of perusal, and a book sure to produce new love and new admiration for its amiable and clever author. Quaint 'SALANDER and the Dragon' caused an outcry of merited praise. The Rector of St. Bardolph's will not be less warmly welcomed, if our acumen be worth any thing. The simple, warm geniality which characterizes the man in his every-day life, exhibits itself pleasantly in his work, and gives it peculiar value to those who know him : and

'None know him but to love him.'

Whether he speak with drollery, or with sweet tear-compelling pathos, describe Mr. ADMULLER's petty troubles, or the grave of broken-hearted Miss CLEMANTHE, he has the sympathy of the reader always and warmly with him. What most strikes one in this book is the quiet, penetrative, microscopic analysis of character. Mr. SHELTON *daguerrotypes*. We see, visibly, the twitching of Miss VALEARY's elbows ; we hear the rustle of her muslins as she wriggles on her seat at the organ. Sir JOHN's pomp, Mr. VAN SITART's reflected pomp, Mrs. VOSSELINGEN's rampant evangelicism, the quiet sweetness of the minister's wife, the Boanergic bray of Rev. Mr. COOLMAN, the probulgent chest of musical Mr. TUBINGEN, all these are mirrored with the fidelity, yet with the guilelessness of a brook-lake in its calm basin in the wood.

The Rector of St. Bardolph's undergoes all the usual trials of a young, good-looking, bachelor minister ; bursts out into unaccustomed and not fore-warned matrimony, and afterward suffers for it in the person of his wife. There are all sorts of people in this book : American Mrs. JELLABYA, who 'keep their eyes fixed on Africa ;' 'DORCAS Society' people ; volunteer female choristers ; she-advisers, theologians, polemicals, and outside-charitarians : and all are well painted by that exquisite pen which warned us in 'Salander,' and delights us in 'Letters from up the River.'

Mr. SCRIBNER has 'gotten up' the work in his usual tasteful style, and Mr. BENDIOR has printed it nicely : only, we would observe, that he has been a little hard upon ministers in page forty, where he strips them of their cassocks and robes them in cossacks !

How a hymn is sung 'in fugue' at St. Bardolph's, may be learned from this extract, which may serve as a lesson to sundry choirs :

'WHEN you heard the brass rings rattle over the iron rod to which the red curtain was attached, shutting up the choristers in the seclusion of their perched-up loft, then you might know

that some grand exploits of vocalism were to come off. The sexton, who had been dispatched in good season to the 'sacristy,' to obtain from the Rector the number of the psalm and hymn, having returned with a small slip of paper on which they were indicated in pencil, a great whispering and consultation having taken place which resulted in the selection of tunes, Mr Tinsorn placed the music-book on the rack, and the bellows of the little-big organ were put in play. Never was a more brilliant sparkle and scintillation elicited from the windy bellows of a blacksmith's forge. The head and shoulders of the organist swayed up and down like those of a Chinese eater of the narcotic drug, in the accompaniment of an improvisation upon the keys, which made the whole congregation involuntarily twist their necks and look aloft, and at last with a full choral blast from tenor, bass, and treble, the magical effect was complete. There were, no doubt, many present who came expressly to 'hear the music,' and the knowledge of this fact inspired the artists with a desire to do themselves justice. It is true some of the old people did not like the consecration of sounds. These, however, were considered behind the age, and the opinion of such as worthy of small respect in the onward 'march of improvement.' They were swept away in their slender opposition by the force of public opinion, if not by a whirlwind of sound. At any rate, Death was fast removing them, one by one, while their deaf ears were becoming sealed to such annoyance. It was to the great surprise of the Rector that the choir one day struck upon the *Te Deum*, which he had been hitherto accustomed to read, and through various turns, and windings, and repetitions, they discoursed upon it for a full half hour. It was, however, the last time that they so distinguished themselves before the musical world. There was no piece of cathedral composition which the choir at St. Bardolph did not consider themselves competent to perform, and had they been allowed their own way, would have sung the sermon, and made more out of the *Amen* than any other part. Mr Hivox had indeed composed something original out of the theme of an *Amen*, full fifteen minutes long, and we are sure that when it was finished no hearer of sound judgment but would have instinctively ejaculated with his whole heart, *Amen!* But the triumph of all the voices was in some of the *fugue* tunes in which they emulated to interrupt and outstrip each other, as in the one hundred and thirty-third psalm.

'Thus love is like that precious oil  
Which, poured on AARON'S head  
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes  
Its costly moisture shed.'

'In the prodigious effort of this performance the ear-splitting combination of the several voices hardly bore a resemblance to that ropy current poured on AARON'S head, and which

'Ran down his beard and o'er his head —  
Ran down his beard — his robes  
And o'er his robes — ran down his  
Ran down his beard — o'er his robes —  
His robes, his robes, ran down his beard  
Ran down his —  
— o'er his robes  
Ran down his beard  
— b-l-e b-s-and  
Its costly moist —  
Ran down his beard —  
— ure — beard — his — beard — his — shed  
ran down his beard — his — down  
his robes — its costly moist — his beard  
ure shed — his — cost — his robes — his robes — ure shed  
l-t-s o-s-s-t-l-l-e mois-ture — shed!'

'It was of this very composition, similarly performed, that the late Bishop SHAWBY on one of his visitations was asked his opinion, and his reply was that he had paid no attention to the music; but that his sympathies were so much excited for poor AARON that he was afraid that he would not have a hair left!'

As a specimen of another kind, take the passages which describe the final illness and death of Mr. ADMULLAN, after the decease of his faithful and loving wife:

'It was a summer morning, and the weather was hot and stifling. Several of the windows of the church could not be raised, because the sashes stuck fast, while of others, the cords which passed over the pulleys had become broken. The fanning was industrious and incessant, and the number of wands in constant motion, of palm-leaf, feathers, or paper, some of them highly ornamented and ancestral, might alone have diverted attention. One fainting-fit occurred at an early stage of the service, and the subject was carried out with much commotion. Scarcely had this subsided when the Rector himself was observed to look unwell. As he read that solemn and fervent invocation of the Litany, 'By THINE agony and bloody sweat; by THY Cross and Passion,' his voice faltered, his knees trembled beneath him, and turning as pale as ashes, he sank down softly in his white vestments, within the chancel rails. Alarm spread itself through the assembly, and rising from their seats, all pressed with one consent around the fallen man. With difficulty the physician forced his way through the anxious crowd, and then, amid cries of 'fall back,' 'give him air,' 'is he dead? is he dead?' — and the weeping and lamentation of aged women, he knelt down at his side and felt his pulse. There was a solemn pause, uninterrupted for a few seconds, during which you could almost hear the tears dropping. There were old and young, manly brows wrinkled by anxiety, up-lifted hands, all concentrated in one group. The Rector's wife, who looked already widowed, assiduously bathed his brow. The physician, with his head and eyes turned aslant, as if in abstraction, still held his finger at the pulse, and while this was done it was a matter of uncertainty whether the patient were alive or dead.'

'It would not be the first or second time that faithful men have thus breathed out their lives

in the very courts of the Lord's house, passing immediately from its vestibule to the golden streets, to the fuller and more transporting worship of the angels in heaven.

'At last, the pulse which had fluttered feebly and stood still, gave one sudden, regurgitating throb, and life returned. A visible sensation, a long-drawn sigh, escaped from the audience, when the suspense was ended, as the pastor slowly opened his dim eyes, and smiled on those present, like one awakened from a dream. In a moment after, when he became enough collected to know what was going on, it was observed that out of his eyes there gushed tears. He was then lifted up in the arms of the sexton and the physician, and deposited in his own bed in the Rectory. 'I do not think that we will have him long,' remarked one of the by-standers.

'On the next Sunday the doors of St. Bardolph's church were closed.'

'It was a Sunday morning, and the day was ushered in with that unclouded rising of the sun, with that beauty and serenity so often shed upon the days of rest, which makes the earth resemble heaven. How welcome to the weary and the heavy-laden this short respite from drudging toil! this change from dust, and turmoil, and discord, and corroding care, to cleanliness, and quietude, and peace. The bells rang forth their merry peal, the crowds of well-dressed people thronged the streets, and the doors of St. Bardolph's were, as usual, thrown open for the worship of God. But he whose voice had been so often heard within its walls would never more press forward to those hallowed courts, which he had loved so well. Tranquil, and suffering little, he lay upon his bed, and as the day was balmy, and the windows of his room were open to admit the air, he could hear the sound of the organ, and when the playing of the voluntary had ceased, the low murmur of the congregation in the confession of sins. He took the book which lay beside him, and mingled his voice with theirs. Step by step he followed through the lessons and solemn Litany, until just when the 'prayer for a sick person' was about to be pronounced, he turned his face unto the wall and died!'

'Thus, from the anthems of the Church on earth, he rose to the overwhelming music of the seraphim, and from the serenity of a Sabbath here, to that eternal rest which remains for the people of God.'

Buy the work — read it; and, our word for it, you will be as much amused and instructed in the perusal as we have been.

**THE SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT: Sketches of the Life of Mr. SAMUEL BUDGETT, late of Kingswood Hill. By WILLIAM ARTHUR, A. M., author of 'A Mission to the Mysore,' etc. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.**

WITHOUT the hope of enlarging 'the knowledge of the scholar, to mature the graces of the holy, but to be a friendly, familiar book for the busy,' the author of this volume pleasantly details the every-day life of a business man. We rarely see the struggles of aspiring youth, and the more mature exertions of age, delineated in print; for the matter-of-fact world is too often forgotten: but here is a volume which speaks plain facts; which tells of a boy from a 'homely home' leaving poor, pious parents, to commence life amid poverty, self-denial, and hard labor, but with a trust in Him who 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;' of his gradual rise, of his unbounded charity with his increase of riches; until he is at the head of one of the most powerful mercantile houses in England. The author rides an easy nag, opening his story with a very natural description of the residence of an English merchant, which, 'to eyes familiar,' will bring lawn and trees, gate-way and spangled beds of flowers, with the enlivening dottings of poultry, sheep, and deer, again to view. Written in a concise, epigrammatic style; interlarded with truthful moral deductions, and a desire to impress the reader with the benefit of an upright course in life, it is a work calculated to do great good: just such a work as is needed in our forgetful, busy age; and yet not for the perusal of merchants merely, but for all who read to appreciate: a work, in short, for the desk, pulpit, shop, office, school, fire-side; for the traveller, gentleman, and house-wife. We subjoin an extract — a perfect picture of a 'busy' business man:

'You might often have seen driving into Bristol a man under the middle size, verging toward sixty, wrapped up in a coat of deep olive, with gray hair, an open countenance, a quick brown eye, and an air less expressive of polish than of push. He drives a phaeton, with a first-rate

horse, at full speed. He looks as if he had work to do, and had the art of doing it. The warehouse is reached. 'Here, boy, take my horse—take my horse.' It is the voice of the head of the firm. The boy flies. The master passes through the office as if he had three days' work to do. Yet his eye notes every thing. He reaches his private office. He takes from his pocket a memorandum-book, in which he has set down in order, the duties of the day. A boy waits at the door. He glances at his book, and orders his boy to call a clerk. The clerk is there promptly, and receives his instructions in a moment. 'Now what is the next thing?' asks the master, glancing at his memorandum. Again the boy is on the wing, and another clerk appears. He is soon dismissed. 'Now what is the next thing?' again looking at the memorandum. At the call of the messenger, a young man now approaches the office-door. He is a traveller, but notwithstanding the habitual push and self-possession of his class, he evidently is approaching his employer with reluctance and embarrassment. And now that he is face to face with the strict man of business, he feels much confused. 'Well, what's the matter?' 'I understand you cannot make your cash quite right.' 'No, Sir.' 'How much are you short?' 'Eight pounds, Sir.' 'Never mind. I am quite sure you have done what is right and honorable. It is some mistake, and you won't let it happen again. Take this, and make your account straight.' The young man takes the proffered paper. He sees an order for ten pounds, and retires as full of admiration as he had approached full of anxiety. 'Now what is the next thing?' This time a porter is summoned. He comes forward as if he expected rebuke. 'Oh! I have got such a complaint reported against you. You know that will never do. You must not let that occur again.'

The beautiful spirit of charity is here generously evidenced; speaking the lesson to all employers, that a 'soft answer turneth away wrath.' Had Mr. BUDWERT severely reprimanded his clerk and porter, they would have left his presence muttering curses: their day's business would have dragged heavily, and a lowering brow would have been presented to the wife and children; a settled, unhappy gloom; suspicions that it augured a dismissal, at least an indifference toward their future welfare. But on the contrary, they 'go their way rejoicing, blessing the forgiver, and burning with a desire to do all they can to retrieve, amend, and do better for the future. Merchant! employer! look upon this generous picture, and 'go you and do likewise.' Old hearts will bless you; young hearts will beat quicker for your interest; and a bright beam of cheerfulness will sparkle on you from eyes that regard you as their patron and friend. In this extract is embodied a principle which is too prevalent in counting-houses and at the hearth-stone; a night-mare, lying heavily upon the heaving chant of the business and social world: a godly truth well appreciated:

'In the shop stood a cask labelled P. D., containing something very like pepper-dust, wherewith it was usual to mix the pepper before sending it forth to serve the public. The trade-tradition had obtained for the apocryphal P. D. a place among the standard articles of the shop, and on the strength of that tradition it was vended for pepper by men who thought they were honest. But as SAMUEL went forward in life, his ideas of trade-morality grew clearer. This P. D. began to give him much discomfort. He thought upon it till he was satisfied that, when all that could be said was weighed, the thing was wrong. Arrived at this conclusion, he felt that no blessing could be upon the place while it was there. He instantly decreed that P. D. should perish. It was night, but hark he went to the shop, took the hypocritical cask, carried it forth to the quarry, then staved it, and scattered P. D. among the clouds, and along, had stoned. He returned with a light heart. Now, ye busy shopmen, and ye more lordly merchants, nay, before the only witness who beheld that act under the night-heavens, have you no P. D. which ought to be scattered before you go to sleep?'

Let us see! Have we any 'P. D.'s' in our office? We will examine; and while the argument convinces us, 'Thou art the man!' let us hope that the same feeling may exist with all those who may read this good little book. We have had enough of books 'full of sound and fury, signifying nothing,' and now let us have this WILKIN-like, natural, truthful exposition of our own secret natures; telling us that there are those whose lives we can copy, and beget for ourselves a hope of salvation. Of course we cannot hope that all beginners have the same appreciation of results from right and wrong actions, or that all who read will be benefited; but this we may assume, that the history of SAMUEL BUDWERT is an excellent one, and that all those who imitate him, actuated by the same spirit, will be rewarded hereafter by the mandate: 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!' His industry, honesty, charity, generosity, and philanthropy, are qualities we all should possess. To

know these, read the work, and circulate it for the wider good it may produce. We should have been glad to present farther extracts, and to disseminate through these pages the healthful morals that permeate this volume, but lack of space forbids. Buy the book and read it.

POEMS. By WILLIAM BELCHER GLAZIER. In one volume: pp. 168. Hallowell, Maine: MASTERS, SMITH, AND COMPANY.

THERE are a very select few of our younger American poets to whom good taste seems as natural as their genius, and their melody of versification as distinctive and undeniable. Of Mr. WILLIAM BELCHER GLAZIER's poetry, so many examples of which have appeared in these pages, these characteristics may well be predicated. He writes not only with apparent, but evidently with real ease; nor in his case is 'easy writing hard reading;' for his thoughts are well-defined and clear, and his expression of them always transparent to the reader. A sweeter gem, in the way of simple although picturesque description, and true, tender feeling, than his lines with the cold title, '*Snow*,' you 'shall not find elsewhere.' They were originally published in this Magazine, and are quoted in the '*Knick-Knacks*,' so that any farther reference to them in this place is unnecessary. There is great variety in the little volume under notice, somewhat slender though it be in its 'outer man;' and each theme chosen for poetical illustration is depicted as an artist transfers his sketches to canvas; omitting no 'middle object,' or forceful accessory, to make the picture complete. An old man recalls the pleasant days of Christmas, and revels (and the reader with him) in the festivities of that joyous time, though long departed: we sympathize with him in his love-lyrics; we go with him to 'Cape Cottage at Sunset,' and gaze thoughtfully with him upon 'Pemmaquid Light;' we wander with him in 'Fairy Land,' and *feel* with him when he records his deep emotions in the beautiful lines, '*She Sleeps*.' The tyranny of space prevents the insertion of several extracts which we had selected for insertion: we are reluctantly compelled to limit ourselves to one; nor is *that* by any means to be taken as a more than common specimen of the merits of our author's versification. The four stanzas which ensue are from a piece entitled '*The Launching*:'

'WELL may they deck the ship to-day  
With colors flaunting free,  
Well may she wear her best array,  
So soon a bride to be;  
Long hath the dainty beauty kept  
Her lover from her charms,  
But now her last lone sleep is slept,  
We give her to his arms'

'Ah, guard our darling from the storm:  
Thy bosom never bore  
A prouder or more faultless form,  
A fairer love before.  
Tame down thy billows' thundering shocks,  
Thy foaming wrath, O Sea!  
And keep her from the angry rocks  
That lie along her lee.

'Her home has been where green hills kiss  
The river's rippling tide,  
But, ah! our eyes must learn to miss  
The Ocean's new-made bride.  
Where white-capped waves for ever rise,  
Where sea-birds skim the foam,  
Far off, beneath the sea-kissed skies,  
Our Beauty seeks her home.

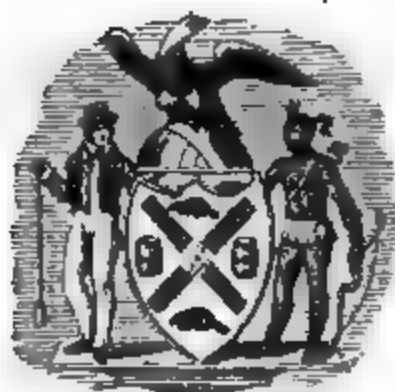
'Ah, proud may be the mariners  
That stand upon her deck;  
They little fear, in strength like hers,  
The tempest or the wreck:  
And proudly may her ensign fly  
That bears the stripes and stars;  
The peace that builds a ship like this,  
Is worth a thousand wars!'

Our regret at being obliged to dismiss this little volume with a notice so brief and inadequate, is lessened by the fact that that very circumstance will increase the reader's interest in the work. If we have not satisfied, we have stimulated the reader's curiosity. The volume is neatly executed, and dedicated, in brief and well-chosen words, to an old and genial friend, CHARLES COPELAND NUTTER, Esq., of Boston.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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### 'Prins Van Oranje:' Festival of Saint Nicholas.



We have before us, now first 'imprinted' in a very handsome pamphlet, *'An Account of the Banquet given by the Saint Nicholas Society of New-York, on the Occasion of the Visit of the Netherlands Frigate 'Prins Van Oranje,' at New-York,'* in May last. From the circumstance that the proceedings of the Saint Nicholas Society are never permitted to be reported by the daily press, only a brief notice of the fact was made at the time. It will yet be remembered by our metropolitan readers that a

Dutch national vessel, the frigate 'PRINS VAN ORANJE,' one of the noblest of her class, returning to Holland from a cruise in the West Indies, touched at the port of Norfolk, and while lying there it was announced through the papers that she would also visit New-York. A number of the members of the Saint Nicholas Society, deeming it an event of no small interest, both to themselves and the citizens at large, (it being the first occasion that a vessel of such magnitude, belonging to the Dutch Navy, had ever visited our waters,) and which called for some particular notice on the part of the Society, made a requisition upon the President for a special meeting, to take the subject into consideration. The call was promptly made, and the Society convened on Wednesday evening, May 12, 1852. With entire unanimity a banquet worthy the occasion was proposed; the commandant of the frigate was addressed officially, and invited to accept the honor intended him and his officers, which in a simple and brief note he did; and the banquet took place at the Astor-House on the twenty-sixth of May, and was in all respects worthy of the Society, and of the reputation of the Astor-House. The great dining-hall was arranged and decorated with all that good taste and abundant resources could suggest and furnish. Three immense tables, spread the length of the hall, received the Society; while a dais across the upper end was more especially the place of honor assigned to the distinguished guests. Over this dais, on the entablature of the room, was inscribed, in large characters of German text, the motto of the Dutch Republic, 'EENDRACHT MAAKT MACHT,' while

underneath, the flags of Holland and the United States gracefully supported in the centre a shield bearing the arms and motto of the Kingdom of the Netherlands. The walls and windows were beautifully draped and curtained with the tri-color of Holland, red, white, and blue, the whole producing an effect as elegant as it was appropriate to the occasion. The Society's picture of New-Amsterdam as it appeared in the year 1656, was the principal ornament of the east end of the hall, occupying almost its entire width. Immediately in front of the PRESIDENT was a miniature frigate, bearing the American flag at the peak and the Dutch flag at the fore, while by her side was a representation of the frigate 'PRINS VAN ORANJE' riding at anchor. Among the beautiful and appropriate ornaments to the table, many of which were national in their character, and peculiarly adapted to revive the recollection of old customs and the olden time, the Castle of Nassau and a temple to the Patron Saint were conspicuous, and much admired. Nor must the ancient and sable attendants upon the upper table be forgotten, who, as usual on all the festive occasions of the Society, dressed in their antique livery, formed so peculiar a '*decoration*' and interesting memento of the past. In fine, the general appearance of the hall, when the tables were occupied by the Society and their guests, whose brilliant uniforms added greatly to the general effect, was indeed most imposing, and such as is rarely seen on any public occasion.

After the company had been seated, the abundant and various potables and edibles discussed, and the first two toasts, to the 'American PRESIDENT and the KING of the Netherlands,' had been proposed, drank with enthusiasm, and appropriately responded to, the report of a cannon, heard from the ports of the frigate in front of the PRESIDENT, drew all eyes toward her, and it was found that she also was bearing her part in the festivities, by firing a full salute in honor of the toast and its representatives. So totally unexpected was the salute, and with such regularity and precision was it given, that it was some time before the enthusiasm it excited permitted the presiding officer to go on with the toasts. The Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER, who had arrived in town during the day, had been specially invited to be present, but had felt compelled from fatigue to decline the invitation. He was induced, after the removal of the cloth, to join the festive party for a short time, and now entered the hall, attended by the Hon. JOHN A. KING, ex-President of the Society, the whole company, officers and guests, rising, and cheering him to his seat, at the left of the PRESIDENT, with gratifying and honoring enthusiasm. Mr. OGDEN HOFFMAN, the PRESIDENT, in a few brief but eloquent remarks, welcomed the great 'Defender of the Constitution,' and paid a just tribute to the Society's distinguished guests, Commandant D. BYL DE VROE, and his officers, the former of whom responded briefly but feelingly, thanking the Society, on behalf of himself and his officers, for the hearty welcome they had received from those on these shores who hailed from one father-land; and in conclusion gave as a toast, '*The Society of Saint Nicholas.*' The PRESIDENT, in felicitous terms, next called up Mr. WEBSTER, who responded as follows, amidst continued plaudits and cheering:

'MR. PRESIDENT and Gentlemen of the Saint NICHOLAS Society: I deem it a piece of great good fortune, this opportunity to pass a few moments with you. On coming into town, I had the honor to receive an invitation to be present at your dinner. I was obliged to decline because of my personal condition. I am a little disabled: I have not two arms: I cannot say, like the glorious Dutch who defended Leyden, that I have one arm to eat, and another with which to fight; but fortunately, gentlemen, as there is but little fighting to be done, I get on pretty well with one arm.'

'Gentlemen, I am happy to be here. I am happy in recalling to my recollection all the early



contributions connected with the government of the Netherlands, and our own early history, when we were weak and depressed, and without means and credit and friend both in Holland.

'Your ancestors and your nation I shall never forget, so long as I remember with gratitude any thing on earth. I shall never forget that the Dutch yielded us sympathy — yielded us, as we say in our days, *material aid* — and when our prospects were threatened with night, gave us the timely assistance of the arrows of war. I have always felt kindly sentiments toward that nation. My heart warms toward the governments who helped us in our hour of extreme necessity. I have ever felt a deep interest in their fortunes. I have raised my voice and swung my hat for fifty years for *Orange Boon*!'

Mr. Wazner continued for some time in a review of the example which Holland, in her early struggles for liberty, had given to the nations of the earth, and in eulogy of her sound and steadfast character. He concluded by offering as his sentiment:

'CAPTAIN DE VRIES, OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE: His Government and his Nation; and may Providence prosper them.'

Mr. Wazner shortly after left the room, the whole company again rising and cheering enthusiastically until the door closed upon him.

In response to the fourth toast, '*The Land of our Ancestors and the Founders of our City*,' HON. GULIAN CHROMBIE VERPLANCK, a former President of the Society, responded in the following comprehensive and admirable historical speech, which we have great pleasure in quoting entire:

'I have to thank you, Mr. President, and the Society, for the honor you confer upon me in selecting me from your number to respond, on behalf of my fellow-members, to that toast in grateful memory of the founders of our city in which we have just joined. I could wish that your choice had fallen upon some other member who could with better voice than I have at present, and a more eloquent tongue — though I trust not with truer heart — have responded to this grateful sentiment. It is indeed no light debt of gratitude that we of this Society and this city have to acknowledge to our venerable and excellent ancestors for they left us a rich legacy indeed, in their honorable example of far seeing sagacity, their hardy enterprises, their patient perseverance, their wise and careful, yet beneficent economy, their quiet domestic virtues, and, above all, in their pure and strict and stainless integrity. The rich results, the abundant fruits of these unostentatious but precious qualities we are now enjoying for although thousands of other native and strong hands, Anglo-Saxon from old England and from New England, French and German, Teutonic, Scandinavian and Celtic, men of all tongues and nations — have rallied together to build up the golden throne of commerce upon our rocky island, the deep and broad foundations of that imperial structure were laid long before on the sands and rocks of our Manhattan, by the hands of these men of patient labor and of wise enterprise, to whose virtues and memory we have just rendered our grateful tribute. In the industrious and frugal inhabitants of the busy little village of Nieuwe Amsterdam, such as it was sketched by Vanderdonck in 1640, and in their grand-children, the thriving and not less industrious citizens of the prosperous little town of New-York, in 1730, we hail the early founders of the commercial and maritime and social greatness of the empire of 1858.

'But in acknowledging, as citizens of this goodly city, our deep obligations to its Batavian founders, I cannot but feel — we must all feel — that these obligations swell, and are destined to continue to swell, far beyond our municipal limits, or even those of our State — so that we, the sons of Saint Nicholas, the natives of what was once New Amsterdam and sprung from its older stock, are here the representatives of a much larger community in our good State of New-York, and of the sons of New-York, scattered over our whole continent, who have to acknowledge other obligations to Holland — in which, too, we participate — weightier grander, of a more large and national character, than any which are suggested by mere city or local feeling. We must all of us have remarked that of late years the rapid increase of the population and power of our Union has rendered it an object of national pride to the writers and orators of England, and other lands, to claim the production of whatever on this side of the Atlantic seems worth claiming as belonging to their own influence or teaching, or their own blood. Thus we often hear bold, and not a little variant statements of the origin of the races which now people the wide extent of our Union. Old England has more than once from her hallowed places of power or learning or her church, claimed as her own kindred our whole race and pronounced the liberties and laws and varied blessings we now enjoy to be part and parcel of the glories of the Anglo-Saxon stock, in which no other blood or race has a right to share. I yield to no one in respect and gratitude to the land of the Pilgrim Fathers — to the nation who gave us the language and the literature of SHAKESPEARE and MILTON — who taught us the principles of republicanism and constitutional liberty through the examples and writings of HAMPDEN and SIDNEY.

'But there is another side to this question, and as extreme as that just stated. The magnitude of the vast recent emigration to this country has so staggered the imagination of some, that we appear to them but one vast camp of emigrants, with the children in the first generation, and in speeches and essays and grave disquisitions the people of the United States have been made out to be one half German and more than one half Celtic. Again I must claim to yield to no one in estimation of the value of our vast recent emigration, whether Celtic, Teutonic, Scandinavian, or of other European races, which I see sweeping its broad current across the Atlantic to our shores, monthly, weekly, daily.

'Yet a very little study of the huge warboreal volumes of our ancestral songs will show

great exaggeration on all sides — an exaggeration quite natural as long as one side only of the subject is looked at — and will dissipate many plausible and popular assertions. Such an examination will show that in spite of the immense accession to our population within the last few years, that number, even adding their children of the first generation, are but a fragmentary part of our whole population, the very far greater part of whom draw their descent from the older colonial stocks: from the earlier Teutonic emigrants to this State and Pennsylvania, from the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman at the East and the South, and (not to be forgotten among them) the French emigration of the beginning of the last century, and that of our Batavian race during the century preceding.

‘These several races of earlier settlers, as we know by unquestionable historical or documentary evidence, went on in the rapid progression of doubling and redoubling their number every twenty, or at most every twenty-five years. It is that simple arithmetical rule of *progression* which excites every school-boy's wonder in the problem of the cent for the first nail in the horse-shoe, doubling onward for each additional one as the price of the horse, until the sum swells to astounding millions; this simple rule of numbers explains the fact, which the evidence of population-returns, more or less regular at different periods of our history, clearly establishes, that the very great majority of our present population draw their descent from these earlier stocks, which have doubled and redoubled their numbers six, eight, or ten times.

‘Among these several races, now twined and bound together by mingled blood, affinities, interests, affections, recollections common to all, the old Batavian race is entitled to claim no insignificant share of our national origin.

‘Statistical and historical writers seem hardly to be aware of the importance of this element in our national composition.

‘Yet we can trace the seven or eight thousand Hollanders who passed from the sovereignty of their native land in 1668 to that of England, increased by some subsequent Dutch colonists, when WILLIAM of Orange became WILLIAM III. of Great Britain; becoming, in 1776, a majority probably, certainly the most numerous single race in two of the new United States, New-Jersey and New-York.

‘In the seventy-six years which have since elapsed, those numbers have continued to enlarge themselves. Their streams, mingling with those from other sources, have overflowed the bounds of their original States, far over to the West, and still rush onward, wave after wave, to the Pacific. Thus it is hardly to be doubted — though the statement, I suspect, would excite some surprise at Amsterdam, Leyden, or the Hague — that we, old native citizens of these United States, and of Batavian descent, already exceed in number the inhabitants of Holland proper, and are rapidly approaching, if we have not already equalled, the whole population of the kingdom, which in twenty years more we shall far out-number.

‘Thus it is that hundreds of thousands, I might almost say that millions, of the native citizens of this Union can claim you and your countrymen, our honored guests, as their kindred, hail your Fatherland as that of their fathers, and rejoice in the honors and blessings of our ancient blood. I say unhesitatingly, the honors and blessings of *our ancient blood*; for however frequently the influence of old and time-honored descent is seen to fail shamefully in the individual who boasts of his high birth, yet that influence of blood in the masses, in its wide and general effect upon the race, is sure, and clear, and strong. That influence and effect, as well as that of the example, the character and mind of Holland, are, I think, to be found conspicuous in the history and character and present civil and political condition of our State and our nation; and in acknowledging them we are not merely the representatives of our absent brethren of the Americo-Batavian blood, but of our whole confederated people of every lineage and race.

‘Look back to the great struggle of our Independence and to the glorious old Congress of 1775, which formed that federative system that gave us a real national existence, and still forms the basis of our Federal Government; that old Congress which, through war, and poverty, and discord, ‘darkness before and danger's voice behind,’ conducted this people to peace and liberty. Where did that glorious old Congress find its examples of action and its models of government? I should be the last to deny our obligations to the great lights of English liberty, to the men of her two revolutions, whose spirit the patriots of our revolution had imbibed, and whose doctrines and even words have been embodied in the state papers and declarations of 1775 and 1776. Yet in other respects our revolution had little analogy with that of Great Britain. Where, in English, or in any other history, was to be found the example of a number of subject provinces uniting in a struggle for their rights, not against a monarch merely, but against a powerful metropolitan sovereign nation, and, in that struggle, becoming themselves a powerful nation? What parallel, what model is to be found for that glorious old Congress of 1775, its difficulties, its labors, and its triumphs? There is one, and but one. That one parallel is to be found in the history of the difficulties, the labors, the achievements, and the final triumph of another as glorious old Congress of united revolted provinces springing up into confederated States, just two centuries before our Declaration of Independence — the glorious old States-General of the United Netherlands.

‘Historians do scant justice in tracing out the influence and extent of their example upon our history and institutions. The whole frame of our revolutionary government was obviously modelled upon that of the States-General. Similarity of circumstances, doubtless, contributed of necessity to the similarity of action in some of its larger features. But I have been struck, in reading the journals of Congress, the diplomatic correspondence and other state papers of that period, with the frequent evident resort to the model of the Dutch Republic. Some of these are slight in themselves, yet they are of that more delicate sort of evidence which the experienced lawyer, or the critic in art or letters, often finds more irresistible than the most direct testimony. There was not merely the resemblance of the general frame of government between the two confederations, but it is to be traced in the language and form of our constitution, our treaties, and our laws and resolutions; in the style and character of our diplomatic correspondence, and even in the simple ceremonial of our then government; as in its fashion of receiving foreign ministers and addressing crowned heads. Like the burgher rulers of Holland, the chiefs of our revolution, plain and untitled at home, claimed to be addressed from abroad as ‘High and

Nighty,' *Hoogh meegende heren*, and to address us equals, as they still do, any friendly manner in the style of old Dutch diplomacy, as 'Great and Good Friend.'

'The principles of that original confederation of our States, drawn from that of the Seven Provinces of the United Netherlands, are still perpetuated in a form better adapted to the wants of a powerful commonwealth; and we must thus owe our Batavian fathers as our instructors in the grand political lesson of combining the advantages of local and state administration with the strength and majesty of a national existence.

'Again let us return to the banks of our own Hudson, and look over our State, whose commerce has outstripped that of any of her sisters, in whose territory internal improvement was first successfully attempted on any extended scale, and where its results have been so splendid. Can we not here, too, mark the influence of that same blood, and the effects of that same example?

'I have already adverted to the influence of that Dutch blood, character, morals, sagacity in rendering this New-Amsterdam what old Amsterdam was in her high and palmy state of commercial glory—the mart of nations, the exchange of the world. Without entering on the tedious task of disputing with other races their just share in contributing to this brilliant result, it is enough to say, what our whole city history proves, that much of this result is owing to our Batavian race. But enough of what is about and around us—let us turn our eyes inland. Look along the great lines of canals which specially distinguish our State. See them connecting the ocean with the inland seas, leading in or connected with harbors almost formed by the skill of the hydraulic engineer, around which are rising cities ready to vie with those of the Atlantic coast.

'What do we see in all this—especially when we compare these results with the less happy undertakings of the same sort in other States, nowise inferior to our own in natural wealth, or in the resources of science, art, and practical skill—what do we see in all this but the working out of the instincts of our original race?

'That we owe something of the boldness, extent, and success of our hydraulic labors to the instincts of national blood, seems marked by the striking fact, (among many others,) that in these labors, too early for success, but yet the prophetic harbinger of the greater future, we first find prominent the name of General KENYON, while the name of DE WITT (LINTON), so gloriously connected with the successful completion of our grandest works, equally marks his descent on the maternal side from the land of hydraulic science and enterprise.

'Surely this peculiar characteristic of our New York State policy stamps us with the indelible lines of that same national character shown by the men who, in the midst of the perils and doubtful war of their independence, could execute those works which excited the admiration of old DIOPHANTUS, the father of English hydraulic science, nearly two centuries ago. I speak of the draining of the Beemster, the Schermer, the Famer, and the Warner, and the same mind has perpetuated itself in the *Leeghwater*, the *Vogues*, and the *Van Lynden* of our own day. We dug our 'big canal' in the same spirit and under the same instinct (perhaps what naturalists would call an acquired instinct, not natural at first, but, when acquired, descending as a natural one, as our ancestors and those of the present men of Holland executed their great works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and as their grand-children, our worthy cousins, have just drained the Leyden Lake, and are now laboring on the magnificent enterprise of adding the sea bottom of the Zuyder Zee to the fertile soil of Holland.

'Where, then, the authors and orators of England proudly claim (and not without their share of right, the institutions, and intellect, and the very people of the United States, as among the noblest honors of the Anglo-Naxon race, let not the patriots and scholars of Holland shrink from demanding for their own ancestry their due portion of the same honors. If as I fear may still be the case—as I well know it was some few years ago—the mind of Holland is not awakened to the facts I have briefly stated, as being in fact parts of her own history, yet this indifference or neglect cannot long continue. This very festive occasion, and the sentiments it calls forth—you yourselves, our honored guests, will remind your countrymen of these things. These and other similar facts will be presented to them far more impressively than I can do it, by their own writers and speakers, until the cordial feeling of more kindred and brotherhood becomes mixed with an honest pride in all of worth or value in the character or works or deeds of all on this side of the Atlantic, who, drawing their descent from the men of old Holland, have tried in the footsteps of these ancestors,

'Led by their light, and by their wisdom wise.'

'Thus, while we the American offspring of old Batavia are proud to acknowledge the blessings and honors which we and our country have derived from that ancient and honored Fatherland, her own native sons will hail these blessings and honors as so many freshly-added glories to the just renown of our common ancestry.

'Yes, the day is approaching, it is even now at hand, when, on the great national festivals of Holland, in her solemn religious services on public occasions, or on the rostrum of her ancient universities on their seasons of academic Gaudia, these fresher transatlantic trophies of Batavian honor will be proudly blended with the glorious memories of the past. When the patriotic orator, in that lofty and sonorous eloquence to which their language is so well adapted, recounts the great deeds of the men of other days—when he relates the long struggles under MAURICE and the WILLIAMS of Orange against the giant powers of Spain or France—when he numbers up the scholars and jurists and statesmen of Holland, such as GROTIVS the legislator of nations, and DE WITT the master of republican diplomatists and rulers, when he points to the lights of art which have shed their lustre over his country, and recites that long list of artists worthy to follow the great name of REMBRANDT, when he has, in words of fire, described THOUER and DE RUYER triumphing successfully over every navy of Europe, and at last pouring out their life-blood under their own beloved flag, when he has expatiated on the lives of honorable integrity and the deeds of heroic perseverance of whole generations of private citizens who have left no name in history, but whose works are as wide and as enduring as their own native land, which they almost created—the orator will pause a moment in his glowing theme, and will

add, 'Yet these are but a portion of the treasures of our country's glory. Turn we from the heroic past to the glowing present, and its sure and still grander future.' He will then direct the thoughts of his audience across the wide Atlantic. He will show to them, in that clear vision which eloquence can raise before 'the mind's eye,' the swarming streets, the loaded wharves, the stately ware-houses of New-Amsterdam, with its circling port, now white with myriads of sails, or gay with the flags of every nation, whose unknown wave was first broken by the solitary keel which bore hither HENDRICK HUDSON under the old tri-colored flag of Holland. He will guide their eyes along the great lines of artificial communication, the slow canals hard by the rapid rail-road, uniting the ocean to the great inland seas. He will bid them mark thousands and hundreds of thousands (in some few years later he will speak of millions) there rejoicing in the name and blood of old Holland. He will recount the names among that Americo-Batavian race honorably connected with their country's history, arms, arts, laws, or letters. He will call upon his hearers to speed their thoughts into farther distance and after-time, and view the children of these thousands spreading themselves over forest, and field, and flood, from ocean to ocean, in a congeries of independent, self-governing, but united States. He will show how in that national Union, throughout all its stages, might be found the results of the genius and experience of the ancient Fathers of Dutch Independence.

'Then, summing up the whole, with patriotic pride, he will add, 'These, too, O beloved Fatherland, these, too, are among the treasures and the trophies of thy well-earned glory.'

'Mr. PRESIDENT and honored guests, I will detain you no longer, for I have trespassed already upon your kind attention. I will only ask you to join me in a toast, summing up in brief the thoughts that I have so vaguely and imperfectly presented. It has at least one merit — that of containing more feeling, more facts and thoughts than I could find words to express.

**'OUR BELOVED AND VENERATED BATAVIAN FATHERLAND.'**

'When she takes an account of the rich treasures of her ancient glory; when her authors and orators recount the long list of her great scholars, divines, artists, statesmen, and heroes, and describe their noble works and deeds on land and at sea, in arms and arts, in letters and science; when they narrate the still greater deeds and works of her whole heroic and persevering people, in rescuing their liberties from oppressors, and their very soil from the ocean; may she never have cause to forget that many of the most magnificent results of her national character, influence, and genius, are to be seen in these United States, where, from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific, generation after generation of her children, in still increasing thousands and millions, arise, and will arise, 'to call her blessed.'

The fifth toast strikes us as being especially happy, both in the sentiment and in the rendering. It was as follows:

'THE 'HALF-MOON' AND THE 'PRINCE OF ORANGE':' Two centuries and a half ago the former displayed the pioneer-flag of Holland on our Hudson. This day our Society rejoices to meet the latter, bearing on the same waters the honored colors of the Netherlands.'

Lieutenant VAN OMNEN, of the frigate, responded briefly but effectively, contrasting the Society's picture of New-Amsterdam, with its few scattered houses and Indian stockade, with the mighty city which had sprung up from so small a beginning. He concluded by toasting 'The City of New-York,' with appropriate compliment. Consul-General ZIMMERMAN also responded in eloquent terms to the same sentiment which had brought up Lieutenant VAN OMNEN. He concluded by a toast in honor of 'The Army and Navy of the United States,' to which Major FRAZER, of the former, and Lieutenant HENRY WALKER, of the latter service, responded at some length, and to universal acceptance. Mayor KINGSLAND responded briefly but very pertinently to a sentiment in honor of the city. The tenth toast, 'Civil and Religious Liberty,' was answered by Rev. Dr. VERMILYR, one of the Chaplains of the Society. His speech was as admirable in itself as it was admirably delivered. He demonstrated the influence of Holland in establishing civil and religious freedom, and dwelt with force and fervor upon the priceless legacy she had left to her descendants in other lands. The eleventh toast, 'The Fair Daughters of America,' brought upon his feet Mr. JOHN D. VAN BEUREN, who responded in a speech replete with characteristic humor, from which we quote a single passage:

'He said: 'It was not a light task that was given to him — to do the talking for all the women of New-York. But no honor was without its proportionate duty; and he knew no more honorable position than that he occupied, representing the better half of all New-York. He was made to-night the ladies' mouth-piece. He knew how sweet it was to be a lady's mouth-piece, but would prefer being employed by them in that capacity one by one, and in a less company than that. It is right (said he) that woman's voice should be heard on this occasion; for we have been, all the evening, going through that great event, the birth of New-York; and I never knew a birth to amount to much without a woman.'

'Our sex joins yours, Mr. PRESIDENT, most heartily in giving a warm greeting to your guests

this evening. Your guests are the blood-relations of New-York's early love. And we women like early love—the earlier the better after girlhood—to say nothing of widowhood. We do not forget it was around a Dutch ship that the virgin waters of New-York ebbed in their first embrace. It was a lawful embrace and fruitful. Many here are of its fruit. Others are the issue of the second connection which New-York formed with colonial youth. That was a second match—nevertheless it produced good and abundant fruit. Others, again, are of the stray children of France, whom their mother turned out of doors because they would not go to church with her and whom New-York adopted into her little family. All the branches of that early family are here to-night to do honour to some of the many bloods as was New-York's first love. Those who have long occupied this splendid structure, our city, are here to acknowledge their obligations to those who laid its foundation—who fixed the foundation in a good soil and laid a strong, solid, broad, as a Dutchman's foundations ought to be. It was a great day, that on which the corner stone of New-York was laid. A few legions prepared have been made of lead, to remove by gunpowder that ancient corner stone from where it now lies quietly and harmlessly under the water of the history. The enormous estimation for the requisite powder gave how well our forefathers did their work. Modern improvement has become very daring. Already, in the past year it has laid its bold hands upon Hell-gate itself, and has succeeded in destroying one of the chief columns of that ancient gateway through which we many have passed. The removal of obstructions from that passage seems to me like many modern reforms, little conducive to human happiness. It is common to many modern reformers to be ignorant of that great teacher—the Past. So they call their operations at Hell-gate removing natural obstructions. Natural obstructions! Why we women know history better than that. Fort Rock never grew where it was found. It was planted there, planted out, when of full size, by our broad backed forefathers. There was no such place as Hell-gate in this region till the Dutchmen came. It was a part of their system of fortification against the Indians. They meant that no Indian should get into New-York without first undergoing a purification by fire warmer than those of purgatory. The Indians were not sure to be scared in that way—well for us they were not. Without the Indians, you could not to-night lay before your guests this well-spread table. But for the Indians you could not exhibit to them, with pride, the splendid, active, populous, up-bred city that now surrounds you.

It has been said by one of the ablest of modern historians, that 'the spirit of the age was present when the foundations of New-York were laid.' It was eloquently said. And, what is better, it is true. Our own beloved ancient historian, DRUIDICH KRICHMANSOON, in whom we women take as much delight as we do in his greater brother, records the same fact—of a spiritual presence on that great occasion. And when it is considered that, of these two historians, one was born down East, (and any place might be proud of his birth,) and the other was a New-Yorker, (and all New-York is proud of his birth,) say fact upon which they can agree must be true. The Eastern historian conceals the name of the presiding spirit of the day—I treat not from jealousy. But our own faithful chronicler gives the name in full. The Spirit that guided and blessed the heavy work of the heavy Dutchmen who undertook to lay the first course of the magnificent edifice, New-York, was none of your flimsy modern spirits, such as are, now-a-days, carried about the country in airy manes by Piousness in petticoats—he was no other than our own real, live, merry, baby-loving spirit, SANTA-CLAUDE.

New-York, Mr. PRESIDENT, will not forget her founders. She cannot, if she would. The Dutch blood has left its marks upon her—marks not to be obliterated so long as one stone of New-York is left upon another. There is a Dutch blood-stain upon every one of her countless steps. In all her work-shops, the base displays the mark. And there is a broad, deep mark of Dutch blood on Sandy Hook, to remind every stranger entering the gates of New-York, who it was that first opened these glorious gates. New-York may well remember her founders. In her present day of pride and prosperity, in the midst of her own gigantic enterprises, it will not lessen her pride, it will not check her enterprise, to remember that, however afterward nurtured, she was born of the people who long led the way for Northern Europe to commercial greatness. When the exile and the persecuted seek her hospitality, New-York may worthily remember that she sprang from a people who, when toleration was elsewhere unknown as a virtue, and when all other doors were shut, opened wide their doors to call in from all climes, to the persecuted for all opinions, political and religious, of whatever shade or degree, and sheltered, in their limited home, the victims of all Europe's intolerance.

Mr. FREDERICK DE PEYTER, in an extended and extremely interesting and able speech, based upon a toast to Admiral VAN TRUIT, followed Mr. VAN BUREN. We regret that our crowded pages prevent a farther reference to this excellent performance, as well as to the kindred remarks of T. ROBERTS BRONKHORST, Esq., which were warmly received by the assembled company. The banquet closed in the 'small hours' of the morning, under the temporary presidency of Hon. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK: the whole proceeding furnishing an earnest that Dutch hospitality, after a lapse of nearly two hundred years, had not waned, or grown less genial, in the keeping of those whose pride it is to be descended from the FATHERLAND.

A storm—'cold in the head,' born of the fog, darkness and drizzle, that immediately preceded the last Festival of our beloved SAINT NICHOLAS, prevented

our attendance on that interesting occasion; but an esteemed friend, and heretofore a long-time associate of ours in the Committee of Stewards, has kindly enabled us (although at too late a period for insertion in our January number) to supply the matériel for the report, which, as the only authorized chronicler of the proceedings of the 'Sons of Saint Nicholas,' we annually present to the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER*: The anniversary of the Society was celebrated as usual on the natal day of the patron Saint, the sixth of December last. The Society was called to order for the transaction of business at five o'clock; after which Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN, of the Committee of Installation, proceeded, in an eloquent and impressive manner, to install the officers elect for the ensuing year:

**O G D E N H O F F M A N , P R E S I D E N T**

<b>HAMILTON FISH,</b>	<b>First Vice-President.</b>
<b>JAMES H. KIP,</b>	<b>Second Vice-President.</b>
<b>JOHN W. FRANCIS, M. D.,</b>	<b>Third Vice-President.</b>
<b>FREDERICK DE PEYSTER,</b>	<b>Fourth Vice-President.</b>
<b>WILLIAM H. JOHNSON,</b>	<b>Treasurer.</b>
<b>CHARLES R. SWORDS,</b>	<b>Secretary.</b>
<b>RICHARD E. MOUNT, JR.,</b>	<b>Assistant Secretary.</b>

**M A N A G E R S .**

<b>SAMUEL JONES,</b>	<b>S. L. H. WARD,</b>
<b>WILLIAM J. VAN WAGENEN,</b>	<b>JOHN G. ADAMS, M. D.,</b>
<b>JACOB ANTHONY,</b>	<b>D. HENRY HAIGHT,</b>
<b>CORNELIUS OAKLEY,</b>	<b>ALEXANDER J. COTHEAL,</b>
<b>JAMES J. ROOSEVELT,</b>	<b>JOHN D. VAN BEUREN,</b>
<b>JAMES W. BEEKMAN,</b>	<b>JOHN RIDLEY.</b>
<b>REV. THOMAS E. VERMILYE, D. D.,</b>	<b>{ CHAPLAINS.</b>
<b>REV. WILLIAM L. JOHNSON, D. D.,</b>	
<b>BENJAMIN DRAKE, M. D.,</b>	<b>{ PHYSICIANS.</b>
<b>WILLIAM H. JACKSON, M. D.,</b>	
<b>JOHN C. CHEESMAN, M. D.,</b>	<b>{ CONSULTING PHYSICIANS.</b>
<b>RICHARD S. KISSAM, M. D.,</b>	

**S T E W A R D S .**

<b>NICHOLAS LOW,</b>	<b>AUGUSTUS SCHELL,</b>
<b>J. ROMEYN BRODHEAD,</b>	<b>A. B. HAYS,</b>
<b>JOHN J. CISCO,</b>	<b>G. G. VAN WAGENEN,</b>
<b>BENJAMIN H. FIELD.</b>	

About one hundred and fifty gentlemen subsequently sat down to a superb dinner, prepared in that style of decoration and profusion which has rendered the names of the liberal-minded hosts of the incomparable Astor 'familiar as household words.' It is but a short time since, as we have seen, that the same hall was the scene of an unusual festivity, on occasion of the banquet given by the Society to the Commandant and officers of the Dutch Frigate, the 'PRINS VAN ORANJE.' That scene could not but be revived in the minds of most of those present, and it would not have been surprising had the festivities incident to the anniversary dinner appeared in comparison somewhat dull. The Stewards, however, had taken care that nothing should be wanting on their part to provoke a comparison; and backed by the ability of such hosts as COLEMAN AND STERSON, they succeeded most admirably in rendering the festivity all that could be desired. The Hon. OGDEN HOFFMAN, President of the Society, presided with all that genial warmth of manner and character which so eminently distinguish him, and conducted his part of the festivities in the most able manner. On the days at the



Great Table were seated his Honor the Mayor, the CHAPLAIN of the Society, the PRESIDENTS of the several Benevolent Societies, the Dutch Consul-General, Mr. ZIMMERMAN, Mr. ARMSTRONG, Secretary of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, CHARLES KING, President of Columbia College, and several of the former Presidents of the Society.

When full justice had been done to the good things set before them, the PRESIDENT arose, and assuming the emblem of his office and power, the venerable cocked-hat, gave notice that the time had arrived for the intellectual part of the feast. He thanked the Society for their preference in again selecting him as their presiding officer, and for the honor he felt had been conferred on him. He went into a humorous review of the causes which had operated in defeating his election to another station for which he had recently been nominated; arriving at the conclusion that it was the Saint Nicholas Society which had defeated him, from a sense of injured dignity, in that they never could consent that their PRESIDENT, filling the high and sublime position he then occupied, should descend to humbler avocations. He went on to show that several gentlemen, including the Mayor elect, Judges, etc., members of this Society, had been successful candidates, and that the reason he had assigned could be the only possible mode of accounting for his defeat. The genuine humor which distinguished the PRESIDENT's opening address, and his peculiarly appropriate and eloquent introductory remarks to several of the toasts, claimed the close attention of every one present, and imparted hearty zest to all the proceedings. The toasts of the evening were as follows:

1. OUR PATRON SAINT, SAINT NICHOLAS: We loved him in our childhood: in our manhood we honor him. Music: '*Mynheer Van Denck*.'
2. THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. Music: '*The President's March and Yankee Doodle*.'
3. THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK. Music: '*The Governor's March*.'
4. THE ARMY AND NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES. Music: '*The Star-Spangled Banner*.'
5. OUR CITY: Like her mother, hospitable Old Amsterdam, she welcomes the Pilgrim from every land. Music: '*Home, Sweet Home*.'
6. THE FATHERLAND: She gave us a noble example of National Independence, admirable lessons in Constitutional Government, and efficient aid in reducing those lessons to practice. Music: '*De Wilhelmus*.'
7. EENDRACHT MAAKT MACHT: Union makes might — the great lesson which the old Seven United Provinces taught by precept and example. Music: '*Wien Neerlandach Bleet*.'
8. THE WOMEN OF MANHATTAN: Give us your hearts, and your rights are safe. Music: '*Here's a Health to all good Ladies*.'
9. OUR SISTER SOCIETIES: Saint NICHOLAS welcomes them to his festive board. Music: '*We are a band of Brothers*.'

The first four toasts were received with all the honors. When the fifth toast was announced, after the band had finished that most appropriate and touching of simple melodies, Home, Sweet Home, his Honor the Mayor, AMBROS C. KNICKERLAND, rose to respond, as the representative of the city. 'He felt,' he said, 'a double pride in being there, and responding to the sentiment, as being not only the Mayor of a KNICKERBOCKER city, but a KNICKERBOCKER himself. He respected and loved the Society as the medium of preserving to us the '*KNICKERBOCKER Line*,' as the bond in which these times of commingling of nations and races would keep together the true Dutch succession, whatever might become of the apostolia. Drawing a humorous parallel between the physical appearance of those around them, and their sturdy ancestry, he concluded that they but partook of the spirit of the age, and were built in the clipper fashion of the day; but he had no fears that there was any falling off in the stock. Thanking the Society in behalf of the city, he gave as a toast:



'THE SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK: May its numbers rapidly increase, without any weakening of that bond of affection that holds together its individual members.'

When the sixth toast was given, the PRESIDENT called upon the Hon. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK to respond. 'Upon whom,' he asked, 'can we so appropriately call, as upon him who, on a recent occasion, responded to the same sentiment so eloquently, so nobly; upon him whom the Society loved and delighted to honor, as the citizen, the scholar, and the statesman?' Mr. VERPLANCK arose, amidst hearty cheering, thanked the Society for the compliment, and responded eloquently and at length to the toast. He concluded by giving as a sentiment:

'OLD AMSTERDAM: Foremost among the cities and States of the United Netherlands in throwing off the oppressor's yoke; foremost in deeds of naval enterprise, of patriotism and of courage; foremost in the jealous guardianship of constitutional rights; foremost in welcoming American Independence, and urging its recognition upon her whole country; foremost in giving us 'efficient aid' in the 'sinews of war.' May no act of her American daughter ever teach her the bitter lesson of Lear:

'How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child!'

The seventh toast was responded to by the Rev. Dr. VERMILYE, Chaplain of the Society, who, always eloquent, on this occasion, if possible, almost 'surpassed himself;' all present giving the closest attention until he had finished.

The ninth toast, '*The Sister Societies*,' was prefaced with a few eloquent remarks from the PRESIDENT. Alluding to the kind and most hospitable manner in which he had been received and honored at their festive boards, he bade them, in the name of the Society, a hearty welcome, and called upon the members to join him with bumpers in honor of the toast, which was received with loud and long cheering. The compliment was duly acknowledged by the several representatives of the sister Benevolent Societies, who concluded their remarks, some of which were eloquent and humorous, with volunteer toasts. Mr. YOUNG, Vice-President of St. GEORGE'S Society, alluding to the cock which formerly ornamented the ancient Stadt-Huys, presented to the Society by Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, and which, mounted on its pedestal in front of the PRESIDENT, still perseveringly keeps his head turned north-eastwardly, and the Yankee-Doodle, which, having an eastern and American origin, he had heard respond to the toast in honor of the President of the United States, gave:

'THE Cockadoodle that we see before us, and the Yankee-Doodle that we have heard to-night: May they grow lustily and crow cheerily together until the end of time!'

By Mr. NORRIS, President of St. ANDREW'S:

'THE virtues of the old Hollanders: still conspicuous in their descendants, and cherished by all the citizens of New-York.'

By Mr. BELL, President of the Friendly Sons of St. PATRICK:

'THE THREE GREAT NURSERIES OF THE UNITED STATES: Holland, Germany, and Ireland.'

By Mr. ZIMMERMAN, President of the German Society:

'THE PROSPERITY OF NEW-YORK CITY: May its past be a sure indication of what will be its future.'

Mr. DRAPER, Vice-President of the New-England Society, alluding to the eloquent remarks that had fallen from Mr. VERPLANCK, and the Reverend Chaplain of the Society, Dr. VERMILYE, responded with feeling and great spirit, and gave as his sentiment:

'MAY we who are assembled around this board do all we can to perpetuate the doctrines of Republican Liberty.'

Speeches were also made by Mr. AMERSON, Secretary of the Pennsylvania

Historical Society, CHARLES KING, President of Columbia College, the Dutch Consul-General, Mr. ZIMMERMAN, and J. DE PEYTER OGDEN, Esq., in response to compliments in their honor. Mr. OGDEN gave as a toast:

'THE THREE GREAT PILLARS OF OUR STRENGTH: OUR Union — OUR City — OUR Society.'

The second Vice-President, Dr. FRANK, being called upon, spoke at some length; alluding, in the course of his remarks, to the great loss the country had sustained in the death of DANIEL WEBSTER, who, he reminded them, had been their guest when last they were assembled in that hall, and had spoken for the last time in public from that very table, from his seat beside the PRESIDENT. He continued in a strain of eulogy upon the Great Statesman's character, his virtues, and his public services. Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN, Mr. J. ROMEYN BROODHEAD, Dr. R. S. KISSAM, Mr. NICHOLAS LOW, Chairman of the Stewards, and several other gentlemen, responded when called upon. Wit, eloquence, and true Saint NICOLAS good-feeling pervaded the whole proceedings, and the members separated at a late hour, more than usually gratified with the proceedings of the day and the occasion.

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A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT FROM 'UP THE RIVER.' — From the 'pleasant places' where his useful and happy lot is cast, our correspondent sends forth to our readers as acceptable a New-Year's present as they could wish to receive; a casket of golden-hearted thoughts, deftly arranged, and daintily garnished with ornaments as simple as they are pure and tasteful.

— *'Up the River, December, 1832.*

'THE year is passing away — passing away; but how lamb-like! The voice of 'Blustering Railer' has scarce been heard; the breeze comes soft and melting, as if hot-wafted from the aromatic South; the jolly sleigh-bells have not been tuned, and the river freely rolls within its banks. Soon, alas! it will be seen no more as a feature in the landscape. But still we prize an absent friend like gold, as one remembers beauty when departed, so I have learned to estimate the river; not when, released, it flashes in the sun, but when, like ALPHEA, it has retreated to the shades; and when a winding-sheet of snow is on its breast, and when a glass is on its face, and, undistinguished from the common earth, its sound goes forth no more, and the granite hills stand up like monuments of its departed glory. Now its great heart throbs; its pulse ebbs and flows; its face sparkles with animation, and mirrors many a pleasing image. The winter tarries: Death has yet failed to assert his silent reign.

'Rejoice, O homeless and poverty-stricken! Truly says the sentimental one, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' But when He gives to it a cutting edge, and bars the living streams, He opens human hearts, and keeps the tear of Pity from being frozen. Thus while the bosom of the bounteous Earth is cold, the golden harvest is transferred to gentler zones, and RUTH goes gleanings.

'Now among the Highlands the mist ascends in the moist, unseasonable weather. It rolls in and out of the deep clefts and gorges, creeps over the table-land, and every peak smokes like a volcano. When the sun went down last night, obscured behind the hills, the eaves dripped, and presently there came a drenching rain. 'This weather cannot last, albeit it is kindly to the poor.' Presently the wind blew shrill around the house-corners, whistled down

the chimney, and then was heard shrieking and dying away afar off. 'It is chopping about; we shall have it cold toward morning.' I went to the outer door, and 'flung it freely open to the storm.' The drizzling rain had become changed to flying sleet and peppering hail, borne upon sudden gusts; the moon over the mountains waded painfully; the apple-boughs began to crackle. 'It grows colder; the year will go out like a lion.' And as it was too late to replenish the fire, I took the candle and went to bed.

'How pleasant, when you are snug and warm, to hear the crusted branches rub the panes, or the hail pelt against them like fine shot, now and then to be varied by a swash — the roaring of the winds, which makes the house jar! So wore the night; but when the morrow's sun arose, it shone upon a scene more radiant than the one which 'charmed the lad:' each rounded hill a crystal dome; the mountain-corridors all chandeliered betwixt their glassy walls; the forest-trees festooned from limb to limb with whitest wreaths; the steep declivities bristling with icy spikes sun-tipped, surmounted by a single star, and all the earth bestrewn with untold wealth, as if the ESTERHAZYS of the realm had swept along, and every bush bore jewels. Good my CLARK, I thought of Koh-i-noor! I never saw such cold, yet radiant emulation; gem rivalling gem, as prism flashed to prism. The stalks stood up cased in transparent mail; the sun-flower's head could boast a gaudier crown; the eaves were hung with bright stalactites; while every breeze shook down the vitreous tubes, and all the avenue sparkled. Crystallization! what a wondrous work! At last the sun, whose earliest beams imbued with rosy light the powdered heights and columns of the wafted snows, rose paramount, to absorb all lesser glories in his own. 'Fret-work and nonsense!' he appeared to say, 'what's all this tinsel!' O the sun! the sun! centre of centres! light of lights! illumining the rounded shafts and columns which uphold the universe! Whether he hangs above the spinning sphere and goes not down upon an arctic summer, gives up the temperate zones to ice and snow, or in his zodiac course, dividing day and night, stands vertical above the blazing belt which girds the earth, he is too great to tamper with illusion! Visions of the night, the unreal, the untrue, the spectral, and the unsubstantial, are dissolved like charms; while he alone, emblem of Truth, stands fixed and firm, feeding his urn from the Eternal source.

'Ye denizens of the city, who think no luxury like that of your well-walled abodes, and only rusticate awhile in June, to see the breakers beat, or to hear the streams murmur, have you no winter-palace on the rivers, and no home-stead among the hills! Come out! come out! There's warmth between the ample jambs. There's beauty in the landscape, even now; and when you go to face the nipping air, you shall behold a spectacle well worth the winter-jaukt. Crows' Nest, it is true, looks hoar and bleak; gigantic icicles are pendent from the rocks; and as you walk through hemlock groves, you may chance to come upon a cascade frozen, a water-fall arrested on the foaming brink, a mill-flume clogged, great rocks and boulders crusted in the stream. There is an animated play upon the pond: GODENSKI, or the Skaters of Wilna. I for one would not be absent from the fields to greet the early spring, to hear the blue-bird carol, or the buds crack in June; and still I love among the snow-clad hills and wintry vales to see the cloudy banks and the drifts circling about the peaks; just as in sweltering heats to watch the impending gusts, to hear the thunders roll among the mountains, to see the lightnings play, to watch the effect of light and shadow. Here are no little theatres with tawdry show, paste-board pictures, but vast

magnificent, the sceneries stretch far and wide in a new phase. Here are no strings tight-strained to concert-pitch: but oh! the opera of the winter winds, soon as great BORRAS has seized the baton, and taken his seat in the high North, commanding them to blow high, to blow low, now here, now there; now screaming through scrannel-pipes, now hooting as if the fiends kept concord, now rolling through the wide gaps, big mountain-gullies, with full, commanding swell, then retreating to some Sistine cell like a dying *Miserère*.

'My friend, it is my way to walk upon the porch when first I rise, to see the tintings of the rosy dawn and hail the day. This morning, on the sill of my own door, I looked upon a sad sight. Two flying-squirrels lay side by side, with wings expanded, frozen stark and stiff. The storm had wrenched the branch that overlapped their cozy nest, scattered the contents of the full granary and nutty treasures of the hollow tree, and they fell upon the threshold of the inhospitable house, to be pinched by a wind much sharper than their little teeth. How often had I seen them in the apple-orchard glide from the summit of the blossoming bough, taking the benefit of some chance zephyr, down to the distant trunk nicked into round holes by the iterating strokes of red-headed wood-pecker! How often had I watched them slant their downy sails in air, admired their sloping descent, and swift, yet gradual alightment, enough to breed a rumpling jealousy among the feathers! But when they picked a nut with delicate skill, and chiselled out the oily shavings, making a carriage for Queen MAE, 'Give the prize,' I said, 'to the fairies' coach-makers.' Creatures of grace! how different from the church-haunting bats! In school-boy days, with a slight silver chain about their necks, I have seen them nestle in the bosom of amorous boys. Petted into assurance, I have known them build their nest in a lady's work-box. The change from life to death, methinks, presents no stronger contrast than among the gracefuller and more agile animals. The fawn just glancing in your path, and the aerial picture of the deer just vanished like a shadow, the gliding of the glossy swallow, the spiritual beauty of the little squirrel, how different from the dull and lumpy forms when the electricity of life has fled!

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January 1st, 1853

'It is the opinion of some author, whose name and whose exact words I am unable to recall, that fixed holidays and festivals are not salutary. 'Let the young,' says he, 'be taught to draw their happiness from the present. Let them make the most of that which now is. To be looking forward or backward to some day christened 'happy' or 'merry,' is enough to breed disaffection to vulgar time, and bring a portion of the calendar into disrespect.' A worse argument, or a colder, icier tit-bit of philosophy, was never set forth. On what pinnacle of Reason does this PLATO dwell, feeding on ether, and overlooking the wants of common men? Is he wiser than SOLOMON? Imagine all the little boys in roundabouts throughout the world trained up by arbitrary injunction to be happy the whole time! Christmas is coming. What of that, my dear little fellows! Every day is alike. There is no such being as SANTA CLAUS, and never has been since chimneys were built. As to his clattering on the tiles with prancers, it is untrue. He is no where seen but in pictures, nor extolled except in the world-renowned poem of CLEMENT C. MOORE, who has thus turned his imagination to bad account. Attend to your books! Stop drawing the devil on your slates! Imagine, I say, all the solemn little urchins in a row, hemmed in by the dead walls of the school-room, and with nothing before them but an *omnino*

black-board. Would they not become saffron and cadaverous as the money-getting men whose year is not even bright-speckled by Sundays, and is like a monotonous dream of dollars broken in two by the explosion of Fourth-of-July cannon and snapping-crackers? What if anticipation were abolished, and the memory of past joys were no longer sweet? I hate such heresies as much as I can hate any thing when the year is span new. Blessed be the illuminated peaks of time, sun-gilt and temple-crowned, precious Neboes! Plodding through the dull hours, over the dead flats of a weary life, over the sharp rocks of arduous duty and responsibility, from the deep gulfs of dejection, I see the bright hill-top ahead. Then does the drooping wing become like the golden feathers of a dove. Sweet be the vales which lie beyond, from which we look back upon the rosy hours of the eve, the sumptuous light of the setting sun!

'Instead of having no festivals, we have need of more in a poverty-stricken calendar. The days will not be jealous of each other. Who ever heard of a fight between Monday and Tuesday? For current time will divide itself into eras—days marked by a white stone, anniversaries of joy or sorrow—which we will at least secretly cherish as they pass by. Human nature knows its own wants, and the recognition of birth-days is founded in its holiest and best laws; and if a wicked Utilitarianism should erase the Golden Letters, abrogate feasts, and untwine the festive garlands from the happiest of them all, the very act would constitute a bad anniversary. These remembrances are the very sentiment of life, and encroach upon the inroads of an essential worldliness. I think that joy is not less sacred than sorrow; the one with its coronals, the other with its sable weeds, its cypress and its rosemary; and each has its times and seasons and outward tokens. There is nothing good in the world without its tokens. No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. Who likes to be glad in a corner, letting his stomach dimple with a stinging, chuckling, gurgling giggle? It is perfectly amazing to me, that so-called good people have taken up such a horrid antipathy to all kinds of festive customs and recreations which have sprung up in the ordinary progress of society; and they will snap the knitted hands of rosy children in an innocent dance to the sound of a viol, while they cannot shake a material lash over the subtle, sordid, immaterial spirit of greed and lust of gain. They will say, 'Can you go from these things to your bended knees?' I say boldly, and without hesitation, 'Yea.' For even the wildest hilarity, which I would condemn, excludes for the time being the gnawing worm of envy, malignities, and carking cares, unchristian discontent, and cursed feuds. And I once told a wrangling religious neighborhood, that it would give me pleasure to see them get up a furious horse-race, which I had never yet had the curiosity to witness, and bet as heavily as they liked; for I thought that the improvement of the breed of horses was a false argument for that wicked kind of sport, but it might be an improvement to the breed of men. Do not imagine that I am retained as counsel for the Union Course, or that I am a candidate for a jockey-club. I live quietly in a little house in the country, one story and a half high, from which I do not even sally upon a fox-chase; but I look out of the window, and 'scrutinize' what is going on in the world, sometimes gaily, and sometimes with a more prevailing sadness, but always with good will to men. A notion like the above I cannot help associating with the sleekness of hypocrisy, and think that the abettors of it are essentially worldly-minded. But out of whatever system it may spring, it is wrong and false and bad, throwing a doubt and a suspicion over things which ought to be as free from these as the

rose just wetted with the dews. It gives false views of life, spreads a color of jaundice over a blonde innocence, skims off the rich cream from our daily cup, leaving a blue, sickly pool beneath. And to be fed from the rocking-cradle with this kind of mother's milk is enough to sour the hopefulest infant, the sweetest suckling—*animosus infans non sine Dis*—to an adult devil in time to come. From innate feeling, and from association, and from observation, and from reason, and from reflection, and from cultivation, I have learned to hate such notions, and I do now most heartily, as much as I can hate any thing when the year is span new. I do not believe that those who hold them are capable of enjoying existence as God intended it to be enjoyed. 'Because they are pious, do they think there shall be no more cakes and ale?'

'I wish you could have been with me on Christmas eve. It was a misty, dank, ungenial time without: there were no layers of snow upon the hemlocks; there were no piping winds and snapping cold, such as we consider not unpleasant or unseasonable for the time. There is an ancient homestead on the river's brink, large, hereditary, full of comfort, rich in reminiscence. There was the order of the CINCINNATI formed. Over against those jambs, now blazing with cheerful light, they sat and mused, those venerable men in days which tried men's souls. Largely enclosed with fertile acres, the house stands yet with uncorrupted timbers, and with snug, warm roof to overlook the classical dominion. Here for an hundred years the Christmas day has not gone by without a merry meeting and urchinal laughter enough to make the walls crack.

'Now as I sat at the festal board, and in due course of time saw the Boar's Head brought in, a host of pleasant fancies came over me. Merry Old England! I thought of thee, thou green isle of the ocean, but my mind reverted not to feudal halls, but holy homes. Pictures of pictures! could we peep within, what groupings of youth and beauty on this day in that favored land! The rich red blood of chivalric times still courses as if it had just gushed from the original fount. Olden usage is not yet dead. Keep up the time-honored customs. Reflect, like true philosophers, how much of our happiness we owe to little things. Chase not away those bright smiles from the faces of the young, because the cheeks now radiant with animation have in days gone by, *as, alas!* they will be yet again, trickled over by tears.

'Of all festivals in the year, Christmas is most looked for with eager joy. Short as the days of December are, the approach of the season brings with it a contagious joy. All classes feel it, and it appears to me when the day comes, that there are no such men as Turks, Jews, Heretics, and Infidels. Again in the air we hear the sweet echoes of the angels' chorus, 'Peace on earth, good-will to all mankind.'

'A merry Christmas! Who will be so sour as to think the epithet is ill-applied! For now we take back the wandering prodigals once more to our hearts; the erring or the ungrateful who have strayed far from our genuine love. It is meet that we should make merry and be glad. But how much more when we are commanded by the voice of God, since now His only Son, who was no prodigal, recovered from the 'far country' of the grave, returns again to the bereaved earth! 'It is meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this my Son was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found.' Now is the season of gifts. And what more precious, what more fairy-like in the tenure of its boon, than a heart-given gift! Dig out a lump of gold from the rich earth; get it by hard toil betwixt the day-light and the dark; and it is dull, lack-lustre lead, in comparison. You can lock it; you can grasp it;

gloat over it: but can you *smile-weep* over it, as if it came from an angel in the skies? What if it be a booklet, stamped upon its pure leaves with the delicate creations of art and with the lovely fancies of a poet? What if it be a holy book of prayer? Lay it up among the archives, among the arcana, in the treasure-house of pleasant things, where the thief shall never steal it from your possession, and the dust of forgetfulness shall never cover it!

'But behold, the Christmas-tree has up-sprung with a magic growth. It is no twig, no bushlet, no crooked, gnarled, ugly branch, wrenched off in haste or tossed aside by the Boreal winds, but a veritable, ample, bright-leaved tree, culled with the choicest care from the heart of the woods; and no sooner is it implanted in the ample drawing-room, laden with its treasures and blazing with innumerable waxen tapers, than a juvenile band burst through the hitherto enclosed barriers, and dance around it with uproarious merriment:

'Come, knit hands and beat the ground  
In a light fantastic round.'

Never with more earnest zest could the golden fruit be picked in the gardens of the Hesperides. The rosy-footed JENNY abounds in presents, and baskets filled with sugar-plums are pendent from her plump arms; CROM and BOB and MARY are so endowed and decorated that CROESUS was not more rich. The fruitage-bearing boughs shake down their treasures for the old and young.

'There is a bright stretch of days betwixt merry Christmas and New-Year's, like a gulf between two hills filled with sun. On New-Year's eve it was a pleasant spectacle to see once more assembled the same happy troop, the rosy-footed JENNY beaming with smiles as in a halo of light. At midnight, when the watches were compared and they were seeing the old year out, the young people got hold of all the bells in the house, down to one composed of the metal of ancient Trinity. Well, it is only once a year. *Bonum est desipere in loco*. But when the sounds had ceased, and sleep came down on juvenile lids, and midnight shed her essential stillness on the scene, we stood before the blazing hearth, W. and I, and spoke of CHARLES. Could any one like he embalm such memories? Oh! when I think of him as one writing with a dove's quill dipped into the very humors of his dear heart, picturing those tender fancies, those matchless portraits, those indefinable graces which only yielded to the transfer of *his* power, I am ready to snap the ink-drops from this pen of mine, and go and drop a tear upon his tomb. Never did the rills of thought wear themselves through so sweetly a romantic channel. I cannot get by when I go in company with him. Here there is a bower to rest in; there I see the blue sky, or bank-side flowers, mirrored in the pool; then again the agitation of the sweet water. But oh! that Essay on the New Year! 'We will read it,' said W. Then commenced a long search upon the well-filled shelves. In vain the candle was held now low among the ponderous tomes of rich divinity and classic lore; in vain high up to the aerial realms of metaphysics and the Aldine barda. I saw a record to the fame of stately JOHNSON; I glanced upon the polished wit of ADDISON; I read the names of WYCHERLY and CONGREVE, golden-lettered; but LAMB, with all his subtle charms, lay hid. Nay, do not flare the candle to the right. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER! My word for it, now, that CHARLES cannot be far. And sure enough. In meek seclusion, deferring in his modest merits to more sounding names, he stood apart. With a sort of triumph we bore him to the cheerful hearth, and with his charming page beguiled ourselves until the peep of dawn, to hear him moralize in his own way, and to listen to his own words flowing like a silver stream.



GOSSE WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We rather incline to the opinion, that the following essay on '*Freedom of Speech*,' as applied to novel-writing and poetry, will not be lost upon our readers. It has made us laugh hugely, from its composite satire, and the mellifluous nonsense of the 'specimens:' 'I was taught when young that in order to write well I must be careful to use words in their established and familiar meanings, and that in order to do this, I must know precisely what I meant, as well as how to say it. Upon these fundamental rules I practised many years, and am purposely adhering to them in these prefatory observations, for the purpose of showing their necessary tendency to produce a dry and rigid style. Another rule of the same kind is the one requiring some coherence in the thoughts, if not a close logical connection. By adhering to this antiquated method for some years I was at last convinced that I could never accomplish any thing by means of it, and under this conviction was about to abandon the whole effort in despair, when it was happily suggested to my mind, that these rules of composition were tyrannical restrictions imposed by arbitrary power on the human mind, and therefore gross violations of that precious and inalienable birth-right, FREEDOM OF SPEECH. This idea I soon carried out to its remotest consequences, and thus reached the conclusion, that the customary requisition of precision in the use of words, distinctness in the thoughts, and coherent unity in the discourse, is ruinous to all ease and fertility in writing, and that a general emancipation of men's minds from this degrading bondage would inevitably flood the world with an abundance and variety of writings, both in prose and verse, sufficient to supply the whole race with 'light reading' to the end of time. Were this discovery introduced into colleges and schools, and there allowed to supersede the old and worthless rules of rhetoric, who knows but that every man, nay, every child, might soon become an author! That a consummation so devoutly to be wished is not by any means chimerical, I undertake to prove by my own experience. I have said already that I never could write any thing at all satisfactory to myself or others, on the ancient method. But no sooner did I make this great discovery, than a multitude of rich veins were opened in my mind, and I was able, with a very slight expenditure of time and labor, to supply the columns of a dozen periodicals with essays, tales, and sonnets, not only pleasing to myself but perfectly congenial to the taste of the contemporary public, which has long since given me a place among its choicest favorites. Let me illustrate the foregoing statement by a few examples. Had I been required, under the old régime, to write a chapter of historical romance, full of local and personal allusions and well stuffed with dates and proper names, I might have spent whole years in searching libraries, without being able to assure myself that I was right on any one point of geography or history. But in writing on the new plan, I am freed from the necessity of pausing for a moment to consult authorities, or even to recall my long-lost knowledge. I have only to give free loose to my thoughts, and write as fast as I can move the pen, in order to produce any given quantity of matter like the following, which I hereby certify to be the genuine product of my method, furnished instantaneously, and for this occasion.' We beg the reader to remark the musical flow, the entire 'novel-style,' of the 'specimen' that ensues. It purports to come from '*The Pandango of Osiris*,' a work 'without which no library can be considered complete.' Just listen to your own voice

of the extract fall trippingly from the tongue, and say if you have not encountered similar 'easy reading' before:

'On the green banks of the Ipecacuanha, near the base of the majestic Pampas, lived in early times a saponaceous Barbican, descended from the royal Serf of ancient OPEDELDOC. In his small but comfortable saraband, composed of green viaticum and aromatic certiorari, this neglected surrogate enjoyed a varicose retirement with his only child, the fair SASSAPARILLA. Oft in the stilly night, the traveller, as he crossed the Gutta Percha, or gazed from the summit of Papyrus on the valleys of Neuralgio, has heard the voice of this insensate anodyne, as she swept the chords of her bandanna, and poured forth one of the sciatic capsules of her native Gypsum. Sometimes her plastic form was seen, hypothetically muffled in an olla podrida of dark senna, or more abstrusely veiled in a habeas corpus of thin centipede. One morning in the spring of the year 1539, soon after the defeat of the Pragmatic Sanction on the field of Bonafide by the gallant Discourt, as the aged Barbican was sitting with his daughter at a table of highly polished emory, partaking of stewed parasangs and neuter verba, the shrill sound of a chrysolite aroused them, and the form of a Fandango, clad in chloroform and armed with a calvinistic diaphragm, appeared before them. SASSAPARILLA trembled as she gazed upon the obese stranger; then applying her lips to a catapult of silver, which she wore suspended by a bill of lading, she uttered a cameo so subdued and piercing, that the fierce Fandango grasped his tocsin and withdrew into the ottoman.'

'So much for romantic fiction; but this method is equally effective in declamatory eloquence. When a boy at school and college, I could never write a speech to save my life or credit. Why! Because I foolishly waited till I should know what I meant to say, and could find words exactly to express it. But now, you have only to suggest a theme, and I am ready to declaim upon it ad infinitum. Let us take, for example, the subject of a Fourth-of-July speech; touching, among other matters, upon the down-fall of Hungary:

'AMIDST the wild swell of tumultuous misanthropy, careering upon the asteroids of public grief, methinks I see an oleaginous paralogism slowly ascending from the miasmatic vestibules of hapless Hungary. From a thousand viaducts of blooming iodine, the poor mephitic paynims of Bulgaria and Tyrol mingle their beatific sighs with those of aboriginal siroccos. Oh, what a diatribe of curses must distil upon the petrified antennæ of the tyrant, as he sits devout upon his callous throne, and wields his nascent and sporadic sceptre! From the unctuous pinions of the palsied eagle, as he flaps them over the inchoat altar, there exudes a palinode of arid tears, enough to cauterize the iris of a Goth or Vandal, while from each tear an apoplectic whisper fills the lurid ear of benedictine Europe with the galvanizing distich, *Vox populi!—Kossuth go brag!*'

'With equal ease I can apply my method to the most abstruse metaphysical inquiries, which of old only served to give me a head-ache or a fit of nausea. At that time I would just as soon have undertaken to square the circle as to venture an opinion upon any question of philosophy; but now I am ready at a moment's warning, to grapple with the hardest; for example, with the '*Diagnosis of the I and the Not I*:'

'Assuming, as we safely may, that all the reflex actings of the rational idea toward the pole of semi-entity are naturally complicated with a tissue of non-negative impressions, which can only be disintegrated by a process of spontaneous and intuitive abstraction, it inevitably follows, as a self-sustaining corollary, that the isolated, the connatural conceptions, formed in this ante-speculative stage of intellectual activity, must be reflected on the faculty itself, or, to speak with philosophical precision, on the I, when viewed concretely as the Not-I; and in this reciprocal self-reproduction, carried on by the direct and transverse action of the Reason, and the Understanding, modified of course by those extraneous and illusory perceptions, which can never be entirely excluded from the mutual relations of the pure intelligence on the one hand, and the mixed operations of the will and the imagination on the other, may be detected even by an infant eye the true solution of this great philosophical enigma, the one sole self-developing criterion of the elemental difference between the Not-I and the I.'

'I might multiply these specimens for ever, with the utmost ease and pleasure to myself; for it is really delightful to write on, *currente calamo*, without the

trouble or anxiety of finding either thoughts or words; but my decreasing paper warns me to conclude, and I shall therefore only add one other sample, which indeed I could not possibly omit, without gross injustice to myself and my discovery. However useful this might be in helping the whole population, old and young, male and female, to write prose with a fertility and ease almost appalling, it would not after all claim a stand-point in the first rank of historical discoveries, if it did not afford equal aid in the production of good poetry. I know that it is like showing the brick as a sample of the house to give a single specimen of my poetical manufacture; but as I cannot now do more, and certainly shall not do less, I proceed at once to plan and execute a beautiful *'Impromptu to the Spirit of Dreams:'*

## I.

'How evanescent and marine  
Are thy chaotic uplands seen,  
O ever sublaparian moon,  
A thousand caravans of light  
Were not so spherically bright  
Or ventillated half so soon!

## II.

'Methought I stood upon a cone  
Of solid allopathic stone,  
And gazed athwart the breezy skies;  
When lo, from yonder planisphere,  
A rapid atrabilious tear  
Was shed by pantomimic eyes.

## III.

'Adieu, MIASMA!' cries a voice,  
In which Atterpe might rejoice,  
So perifocal were its tones;  
'Adieu, MIASMA! think of me  
Beyond the antinomian sea,  
Which covers my pellicoid bones!'

## IV.

'Again, again, my bark is tossed  
Upon the raging holocaust  
Of that acidulated sea;  
And diapauses pouring down  
With lunar-canastic join to drown  
My transcendental epopes!'

'With equal ease and equal elegance, I hereby pledge myself to write instant any quantity of prose or verse, on any subject known or unknown, at the lowest market prices. Should additional examples be required, I hold myself in readiness to furnish them in any measure, style, or quantity, at a moment's warning, with a view not only to my personal emolument, but also to the demonstration of my darling dogma, that the grand prerequisite to universal authorship is neither genius, sense, nor taste, but unrestricted and irrevocable *Freedom of Speech!*' - - - We derive the following from a welcome correspondent at New-Haven, (Conn.) The sketch will remind the reader, in some of its features, of DICKENS' 'Parlor Orator:'

'In our place (no matter where) we have a quiet English ale-house, kept by an honest, obstinate, and clever (American clever) old 'JOHNNY BULL,' whom we will call JIMMY POND. JIMMY is just such another fellow as old JOHN WILLET, of the 'Maypole' inn; comes down on a man in the same way that JOHN (before he went 'to the Salwanners') used to come down on little SOLOMON DAISY, when SOLOMON ventured to say that the moon rose at a certain hour: 'Never you mind about the moon. Don't you trouble yourself about her. You let the moon alone, and I'll let you alone.' Now JIMMY POND will interfere when a party of gentlemen are talking together—when, too, JIMMY has n't the slightest idea of the topic—with: 'Gents, allow me to correct you, 'ear what I've got to say first.' And then he tangles himself up in a sentence without the slightest meaning; a sentence that would make JACK BURNBY (if JACK could be present) nod his head with emphatic approval. But JIMMY has a cheerful reading-room, capital old 'XX' beer, 'Punch,' and all the London papers, and above all, when the night is cold and stormy, a glowing fire in the grate, so 'peoples' have taken no offence 'as yet.'

'It is funny to see sometimes how JIMMY flatters himself he is doing a large business, when in fact, there is no one in but himself; quietly sitting in a corner, stealing a glance at JIMMY, now and then, over the edge of a newspaper or a pewter 'pint-pot.' In the middle of JIMMY's reading-room there is a large round table: at this table he usually sits, with 'suthink warm' before him. Well, JIMMY takes a few sips of the fluid, and then fancies he 'bars a order' from a customer, and goes to the bar for another glass. He continues to hear orders until he gets five or six drinks located at different points on the centre-table, and then (I have often thought that he must plan it) he revolves round the great shiny board until all the 'brandy-and-waters are imbibed.' Seen it repeatedly.

'JIMMY generally has plenty of patrons. Students, wrapped in shawls, and wearing slouched felt-hats, talking of 'Profs,' 'prayers,' and poetry, romance and 'recitations;' Englishmen, drinking 'arf-and-arf,' and discussing the merits of 'BOBBY' PEEL and 'JOHNNY' RUSSELL, or perhaps laughing at D'ISRAELI for stealing 'a eulogy' from a Frenchman. All kinds of characters round to JIMMY POND's.

'I was into JIMMY's house some time ago, looking over a number of the 'Illustrated News'—the number containing a representation of the great 'Craig Telescope.' JIMMY was 'on' the search for Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, and when I directed his attention to the big telescope, it put a somewhat brilliant idea into his head. JIMMY POND gave it as his opinion, that a decided majority of mankind were perfect fools. "'Ere," said he, "expeditions after expeditions has been fitted out to 'unt for Sir JOHN: they go way up among polarized bears and hicc-bergs, and suffer amazingly from cold and 'unger. Wot do they take to look for him with?—I ask you. They takes a d—n little spy-glass—that's wot they takes!" (A stupid Englishman, who had been asleep by the fire, here opened his eyes, and said "'Ear! 'ear!" and then went to sleep again.) 'W'ereas,' continued JIMMY, 'if they took a instrument similar to that,' (pointing to the picture,) 'they would be able to see a oncommon distance, and consequently could detect Sir JOHN's vessel, providing he still survives.' JIMMY seemed really frightened when he had finished his speech: he had the look of a man who had gone a little too deep into science, and had made himself liable to some scientific inquisition. I hazarded the remark, that a telescope eighty-three feet long would not only be inconvenient on board of a craft, but would possess no superiority over one of ordinary size, on account of the convexity of the water. But I was promptly and deservedly 'put down' by a cutler, a file-cutter, and the man who had been slumbering by the fire. JIMMY POND rubbed his forehead with a red handkerchief, and seemed to feel that he had made a splendid discovery, and if his friends felt disposed to back it up, they could do so.'

THERE is a satirical hit in the following which 'bites shrewdly:

L A Y O F T H E D I S C O N T E N T E D .

'OH, tell me not of happiness,  
'Contentment,' and such stuff!  
I want a lot of things to bless  
My life, just now so rough.

'I want a younger wife, or two,  
Well educated, fair;  
Mine's *passé*, and (though fondly true)  
Begins to lose her hair.

'I sigh for station, power, and fame:  
Of wealth I want 'a heap';  
I would not mind much how it came,  
Nor who it caused to weep.

'I want, when strutting on my way  
With clothing rich and rare,  
To have folks lift their hats, and say,  
'That's the great millionaire!'

'I'd like a splendid house to buy—  
Fifth Avenue—or so;

And have my menials: then I'd cry,  
'You fellows! Come!' or 'Go!'

'Then in some church I'd have a pew,  
The creed—no matter which;  
The cushions should be soft and new,  
The congregation—rich!

'I'd have rare food, and plate, and wine,  
Horses and carriage grand;  
Pictures and gems and statues fine—  
Great rings upon my hand.

'New Era! haste thy coming day;  
Equality! begin;  
'T is time—the rich have had their day—  
For principles to win.

'Ye laws that make us poor men cower,  
Your time's near up, I think.  
Let's see: our club meets in an hour,  
I'll go and take a drink!'

ONE of the counties of the State of Connecticut, ('as we are informed and believe,') boasts of a Judge who, though poorly furnished with those little refinements usually met with in polished society, is an energetic, shrewd man, and a promising lawyer. A neighbor of his, some weeks ago, was about to give away his daughter in marriage, and having a deep-rooted dislike to the clerical profession, and being determined, as he said, 'to have no infernal parson in his house,' he sent for his friend, the Judge, to perform the ceremony. The Judge came, and the candidates for the connubial yoke taking their places before him, he thus addressed the bride: 'You swear you will marry this man?' 'Yea, Sir,' was the reply. 'And you' (to the bride-groom) 'swear you will marry this woman?' 'Well, I do,' said the groom. 'Then,' says the Judge, 'I swear you're married!' 'A very excellent citizen of this place,' writes the friend who sends us the above

'whose benevolence is proverbial in all the region round about, and who likes to refer to his self-made fortune, was the other day giving counsel to a young friend, in whose welfare he took much interest. 'Rely on it, young man,' he said, 'there is a tide in the affairs of men which, as SHAKESPEARE says, if taken at *low tide*, leads them on to fortune.' That quotation is more than equal to another I came across recently in a newspaper, by which a well-known passage from the Bible was made to read: 'First take the beam out of thine own eye, and then thou shalt see clearly *the stick* in thy brother's!' By the way, I was pleased with a touching description in your 'Editor's Table' for January, of a blind girl's restoration of sight; but it struck me rather queerly, that she should express her astonishment that the doctor was so white. Being born blind, how had she learned to distinguish colors! Hadn't that doctor an axe to grind!' 'Not knowing, can't say.' - - - Mr. W. SCHAU has just returned from Europe with a beautiful collection of engravings and artists' materials, to which we call the attention of all lovers of the Fine Arts. Among the many choice engravings to be seen at his establishment, Number 303, Broadway, (up-stairs,) we will mention a few which seem to us worthy specimens of Modern Art: ALEXANDER and DIOGENES; Crossing the Bridge; The Drive; Highland Drovers; Laying down the Law; The Monarch of the Glen; The Otter Hunt; Peace; War; Random Shot; Sentinel, by Sir EDWIN LANDSEER; CHRIST Weeping over Jerusalem; Italian Pilgrims, by EASTLAKE; Ancient Italy; Modern Italy; Ancient Carthage, by the late TURNER; HARVEY demonstrating his Theory of the Circulation of the Blood, by HANNAH; Feeding the Horse; The Halt, after HERRING; various works by CONSTABLE, HARDING, COOPER, LAMOR, WENSTER, etc.; forming a magnificent collection of works of the modern English school. Mr. SCHAU's port-folio of rare line-engravings, after RAPHAEL, MURILLO, and RUBENS, is exceedingly rich, and hours may be pleasantly spent in overlooking the same. Of the modern French school, we notice: CHRISTUS Consolator; CHRISTUS Remunerator; MIGNON Regretting her Native Land; MIGNON Sighing for Heaven; St. CECILIA; FRANCESCA DI RIMINI; FAUST and MARGARET; Childhood is Charitable, by ARY SCHAEFFER; NAPOLEON Crossing the Alps; NAPOLEON at Fontainebleau; Portrait of NAPOLEON; Pilgrims at Rome; A Head of CHRIST; Angel GABRIEL; Lord STRAFFORD; St. CECILIA, by PAUL DELAROCHE; THAMAR and JUDAH; JUDITH; HAGAR; REBECCA; LA VALALA; RAPHAEL and MICHAEL ANGELO, by HORACE VERNET. Our limited space will not permit us to enter into more detail of Mr. SCHAU's collection of engravings. We will only say, that his assortment comprises over six thousand prints, divided in series of historical, Scriptural and moral, miscellaneous, portraits, sporting, graceful, serious, and comical engravings; beside the finest assortment of studies, by JULIEN, CALAME, FERAGIO, HURRY, etc., suitable for artists and schools, ever brought to this country. Our artist-friends will equally be pleased with the various materials for painting and drawing, selected by Mr. SCHAU from the best houses in London and Paris. - - - A FRIEND who lately took a business-trip to Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, expresses himself highly pleased with the 'Queen City of the West,' already so great, and yet so rapidly increasing. He says that 'it comes as natural for the young bucks of Cincinnati to talk of swine, as it does for the little children in France to speak French.' The increasing price of pigs is discussed, even in the parlors of the famous BURNETT-House. But he says the greatest place on the Ohio river is POMEROY, or 'Coal-Port,' which has a continuous front of five miles on the river, and extends back as far as you can see! Just below Parkersburg, Virginia, as

he was rapidly moving down the Ohio in the beautiful packet-steamer PITTSBURGH, commanded by Captain HUGH CAMPBELL, he passed the island rendered so famous years ago by the connection of AARON BURE with the then owner of it, who had made it almost a paradise. He was informed by a fellow-passenger that that was BLANEY HAZARD's Island; and he was farther entertained by a description of the sumptuous style in which old BLANEY HAZARD lived on that beautiful island in the Ohio! - - - A LIVELY Philadelphia contemporary, who, it is just possible, may have some musical friend who has been less successful before the public, wonders why Mr. DEMPSTER, the distinguished Scottish vocalist, with songs and ballads oft-repeated, and 'simple' at that, and with only the aid of a piano, 'should be able, night after night, to entertain crowds of Philadelphians, in long succession.' The 'marvel' is easily solved: *the people like his performances*. In Albany, recently, Mr. DEMPSTER returned over two hundred dollars at the door, to persons for whom there was not room in the large hall where he gave his concerts—'simple' as they were. - - - We are glad again to hear from Professor SPHINX. Although he speaks, as usual, in allegory, yet observe how pungent he is; how he 'keeps due on' and 'never lets up,' until his moral is educed from the toughest and knottiest theme:

### NEBZ FABULZ.

BY G. SPHINX, MASTER OF ARTS, AND LATE DIRECTOR OF A PLANE-ROAD COMPANY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED ONE ANECDOTE, TRANSLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE FROM THE WRITINGS OF DIODORUS SICULUS

#### I. THE LION WITH A TENDER CONSCIENCE.

'A GOUTY old gormandizer of a lion lay in his cave on a litter of dead men's bones, glutting himself with the blood of women and children, which his servants brought to him from all quarters of the earth. An attendant announced that His Majesty's eldest son, who had left the paternal cave many years before to seek his fortune, had returned, and wished to pay his respects to the governor.

'So that ungrateful 'ound has come back, has he?' cried the King of Beasts, mumbling a baby's skull between his old failing molars. 'What does he look like, and be — to him?'

'Big and dang'rous, your Majesty,' the attendant said. 'He growls like distant thunder, and cracks his tail like a cart-whip. He is thought to look like your Majesty.'

'Hum!' grunted the old lion. 'Show him in. But stop. Wot kind of a character does he bear? It seems to me that we have heard some complaints against him; which is werry odd, for I took partic'lar pains to teach him the catechism myself, when he was a cub, and gave him lessons in humility every Saturday night.'

'Oh, Sire,' the attendant said, 'he generally behaves himself pretty well, considering; but he has somehow got a liking for human flesh, and now and then eats a man up.'

'Wot a 'orrible and hextro'd'nary circumstance!' roared this old lion. 'Go tell the 'orrid young cannibal that I can't set me eyes on him without 'orror. Its tchoo 'orrid for belief! And after all his lessons in humility and the catechism, too! I can't be'old him. Bid him begone; but say to him, that me prayers are daily offered in his be'alf.'

#### II. HOW SCIENCE AND POLITICAL ECONOMY, LINKED ARM IN ARM, ROASTED APPLES ON AN IMPROVED PLAN.

'A CERTAIN Political Economist, who was also an adept in scientific agriculture, being grieved at the abuses existing in the present mode of roasting apples, called his neighbors together one spring morning, and addressed them thus: 'I have long suspected, my friends, that the mode of producing roasted apples which has prevailed from the earliest ages down to the present time is attended with the most frightful waste of labor, and consequently of national wealth. I am happy to state, that I have at last been able to base my views on this subject on the most satisfactory data. I am now in the possession of statistics which prove incontrovertibly that

the amount of labor annually applied in the United States to the processes of placing the apples in pans, putting the pans into ovens, and afterward removing the same, is sufficient, if employed in producing hats, boots, suspenders, broom-sticks, darning-needles, shoe-pegs, or pitch-forks, or other subjects of national wealth, to augment the aggregate wealth of the country by a sum total of two hundred and twenty-seven thousand one hundred and sixty-six dollars and thirty-four cents' I have called you together, my friends, not merely for the purpose of holding up to your view this appalling fact, but also for the purpose of showing you how, by the application of scientific processes to pomoculture, society may be adequately supplied with roasted apples, while at the same time nine-tenths of the labor now necessary to their production may be diverted to other channels of industry, namely, to the production of hats, shoe-pegs, suspenders, saddles, putty, red flannel, and so forth, greatly to the increase of national wealth and the promotion of brotherhood, unity, and hope, in all the phases of our common humanity. Follow me, friends, to my orchard.'

'The Political Economist then conducted his neighbors to the orchard, and showed them a large heap of combustibles at the foot of each tree. Then without deigning farther explanation, he applied a torch to the fagots, and in a short time the trees were burned as white as sycamores.

'Behold, O my friends' he cried in triumph to the astonished by-standers, 'the sublime spectacle of Science, linked arm in arm with Public Economy, descending from the clouds to roast apples' Go home, my friends, and follow my example, and then commence the production of hats, boots, shoe-pegs, putty, pig-iron, sheetings, pitch-forks, or suspenders, or other subjects of national wealth; for is it not manifest, that if you roast your apple-trees in the May, your apples will grow already roasted in October!'

#### ANECDOTE OF ARISTOTULUS THE PHILOSOPHER RELATED BY DIODORUS SICULUS

'ARISTOTULUS, the Athenian philosopher, being asked by the tyrant DIONYSIUS what was the difference between an Indian and an Irishman, replied: 'The one carries a bow and arrow, while the other carries a 'oo and barrow.'

WE believe (and some of our readers will agree with us) that there is much truth in the '*Science of Social Geology*,' as set forth by a Canadian correspondent. He says: 'The most superficial student of geology must be aware that the globe is formed of a series of layers of earth, arranged something after the manner of the skins composing an onion; which—the layers, not the skins—are called '*strata*,' although the appellation at first sight certainly appears an erroneous one, for nothing could possibly be crookeder. Well, each of these '*strata*' exhibits traces of different species of animals, from the oyster and the cockle to the lion and man. It is supposed that the earth was at one time inhabited by nothing but confusion, afterward by vegetables, subsequently by fish; and so it went on improving, until mankind generally adorned its surface. Now I have lately discovered that there is an extraordinary similarity between the construction of the earth and the arrangement of a drawing-room card-basket. In the latter you find the Lord FITZBRIGHTS and Sir SIMON SOMERSETTES occupying the first layer; the second is composed of officers of the line; the third of doctors, a Christino Major or two, and a few company's officers; and so on to the end of the chapter, that is, of the cards; until at last humble Mr. SMITH stops the scientific research. A great deal of tin and brass is to be found toward the surface; and there are also veins of mourning to be discovered, which correspond to those of coal in the earth, although the former proceed from decayed animal rather than vegetable matter. You may also occasionally meet with the fossil remains of an invitation to some mammoth ball, whose grimy appearance betokens its primeval date.' - - - THE BROTHERS HARPER have in press a work by Mrs. MARY ANNE DENNISON, assistant-editor of the Boston '*Olive Branch*' weekly journal. It is entitled '*Home Pictures*,' and we predict for it, from a



hasty perusal of some of the proof-sheets, no common success. Mrs. DENNISON writes poetry as well as prose, that is often remarkable for its originality and beauty. Take the following lines, for example, from '*The Song of the Coffin-Maker*,' recently published :

'Rat, tap, tap :  
With a short and a gasping breath,  
While I am making this lining of lead,  
Many are dying, many are dead —  
'T is nothing, I live on death.

'Rat, tap, tap :  
The mother is weeping wild ;  
For this rustling satin so fine and white,  
All crimped and plaited, will fold to-night  
The brow of her sinless child.

'Rat, tap, tap :  
How the rose-wood shines in the sun  
'T is a costly coffin, with silver screws,  
But not too dainty for Death to use,  
Or the worm to revel on.

'Rat, tap, tap :  
Lime it with taste and care ;  
For the bride shall sleep on a bosom to-morrow  
That never knew love and that never felt sorrow,  
Yet burdens of both must bear.'

We beg to express, as our decided opinion, that the whitest, purest, and most beautiful specimens of porcelain ware we ever beheld, are two superb pitchers, presented by the manufacturers, MESSRS. CARTLIDGE AND COMPANY, of Green Point, Long-Island, to Dr. N. DODGE, the eminent dentist, of Ninth-street, near Broadway. With such manufacturers, we can defy all foreign competition. Nothing, in fact, could be more truly tasteful. . . . Our readers would find themselves much interested and amused in the perusal of a large and very profusely-illustrated volume, entitled '*Comparative Physiognomy, or Resemblances between Men and Animals*,' by JAMES W. REDFIELD, M. D. Some three hundred and thirty engravings are given to illustrate the writer's theory, many of which really seem strikingly to support it, while others appear caricatured, in order to convey the resemblance. We give a single example, with the accompanying 'illustration :'

'THE faculty of acquisitiveness operates as a leading motive in the character of the goat and of those who resemble him, and it dovetails with the faculties before mentioned most admirably. Who has not observed the thievish propensities of this animal, and how boldly he exercises them in connection with combativeness, and how impudently in connection with combativeness and subterfuge ! We could not bring a stronger example of the action of this faculty in the particular way which constitutes a resemblance to the goat, than in the Israelite. Boldness and impudence are cheap in those places where the 'old-clo' men congregate ; and what we have already said of the love of antiquity, and of old smells, and of bodily excretions, explains the partiality manifested by these people for trading in cast-off garments, old furniture, and the like. The goat which this person resembles is similar to a sheep, but the similarity serves to heighten the distinction :'



A friend of ours, who is a staunch believer in this theory of Mr. REDFIELD's, has furnished us with an original illustration of the correctness of the doctrine.

in the 'persons' of *The Chinese* and the *Broadway Shanghai*; and here they are before you:



ORIGINAL CHINESE.



BROADWAY SHANGHAI.

The resemblance will strike the reader as being sufficiently near to establish the theory in question beyond all peradventure! - - - *The New-York Illustrated News* is the title of a new pictorial, not unlike its London namesake in appearance, recently established, with abundant means, by Messrs. BARNUM AND BEACH. It will prove, in all its departments, pictorial and literary, a formidable rival to the English work. The engravings are excellent, the paper and printing good, and it is edited with evident industry and undeniable tact and skill. It has our warm wishes for its success. We are not at all surprised to learn that its success, already, is 'enormous;' and yet its career has but just begun. - - - Our correspondents all over the country know well that we love the 'little folk,' and they are very kind in sending us characteristic anecdotes of them. The following came in a single mail: 'While reading the *'Knicker'* this evening, for the benefit of our little family circle, 'our *Jule*' (four and a half years old) says: 'Father, if mother should sit in a chair and you should want it, you would say, 'Get up, dear,' wouldn't you?' 'Yes,' said L. 'But,' said she, 'if I should sit in a chair you wanted, you would say, 'Get down, dear!' 'Yea.' 'Well, what is the difference!' said she; and as if perfectly satisfied that she had given utterance to a poser, she replaced her thumb in her mouth again, and looked side-wise with a roguish smile on her countenance.' — 'GERTRUDE, a womanly little girl of the mature age of six years, undertook to instruct her little brother as to the origin of Christmas. 'To-day is Jesus' birth-day, FREDDY,' said she. 'Will Jesus have a party, den!' inquired little FRED. I have been in the habit of giving my children a party of their little friends on the anniversary of their birth, which constitutes FRED's whole idea of a birth day. I was passing a blacksmith's shop with him one day, and as he 'looked in

at the open door,' he witnessed the operation of shoeing a horse. 'See, mamma, see!' he exclaimed, 'dey makin' a horse now; dey got him most done—see! see!'—A LITTLE fellow just in trowsers was observed to be an attentive listener, while a chapter from the New Testament was read. A few minutes after his little sister cried, and the mother perceived that the boy had spit in the sister's face. The mother reproved the child for his rudeness, when the little fellow stammered out, 'Ma, didn't they spit in JESUS' face?'—A LITTLE boy had his first pocket-knife, and for several days used it himself, and extended the privilege of the occasional use of his treasure to his little play-mates. One evening he was kneeling at his mother's knee, saying his customary prayer, which he closed up in these words: 'And please God, give little JIMMY BAILEY a knife of his own, so he won't want to borrow mine all the time!'—A LITTLE girl had seen her brother playing with his burning-glass, and had heard him talk about the 'focus'. Not knowing what the word 'focus' meant, she consulted the dictionary, and found that the focus was 'the place where the rays meet.' At dinner, when the family were assembled, she announced, 'as grand as could be,' that she knew the meaning of *one* hard word. Her father asked her what it was: she said it was the word 'focus.' 'Well,' said he, 'MARY, what does it mean?' 'Why,' she replied, 'it means a place where they raise calves!' This of course raised a great laugh; but she stuck to her point, and produced her dictionary to prove that she was right. 'There,' said she, triumphantly: 'Focus, a place where the rays meet.' Calves are meat, and if they raise meat, they raise calves, and so I am right, ain't I, father?'—A LITTLE boy stood watching from a window a sunset, a few evenings ago. As he gazed, he saw a golden-edged cloud rest upon a hill-top in the far-off distance. The cloud seemed to repose there for a time, as if hushing the winds to sleep in its bosom. Suddenly turning to his mother, the little fellow exclaimed: 'Mother! is God in that cloud?' 'Yes, my dear.' 'Couldn't I climb up there?' 'Oh no!' 'Oh yes, I could! I would put a ladder on the hill and rest it on the cloud, and then I would climb up, up, till I came where God was, and then I would put my arms around His neck, and kiss Him, and give Him an apple!' - - - We had the very great pleasure to be one of the large party who were on board the caloric steamer ERICSSON, when she made her recent trial-trip. Nothing could be more completely triumphant than the success of the new *motor*, discovered and perfected by one of the most eminent scientific geniuses of this age. Mr. ERICSSON's description of his engine, by means of a simple working-model, was clear to the minutest demonstration, and every doubt of objectors was removed by the inventor's answers to their questions. The boat is a 'perfect beauty,' and her fittings-up rich and tasteful in the highest degree. We are promised a full description of this noble vessel and of her new engine hereafter. - - - We have often heard the picture-gallery spoken of, which is described by a favorite correspondent in the following communication. DAUBSON's studio at Little Pedlington was nothing in comparison to this 'store-house of genius:'

'HAVE you ever been in Greenfield, Massachusetts? If so, did you visit MARKS' Gallery of Paintings? What a collection! If not by a great 'master,' they are at least by an enthusiastic devotee. MARKS has a gallery and a printed catalogue; and fortunate is it for the visitors that he *has* a catalogue, for I fear that many of them without such assistance would fail to follow the prolific imagination of the painter. An industrious man he is, who has produced some truly *hard painting*, very hard, and he should have due credit for it. His drawing has its peculiarities, as have also his descriptions of his pictures; but both these are eclipsed by his sincerity and personal appearance. If you differ from his opinions, you dare not smile, for he is sincere,

and it would be unkind to wound his feelings: but if you can imagine an isometrical drawing, knocked out of shape by a streak of lightning which has just destroyed HOGARTH's '*Perspective run Mad*,' and one of JOHN QUIDOR's florid pictures, then and not till then can you conjure up the like of MARKS' designs. He claims to have made some new discoveries in art, and indeed they are so; but you shall judge for yourself. I will give the description of a few pictures from his catalogue, and then, to the best of my memory, his running comments, as heard at the gallery:

'12. Fort No. 4, (now Charlestown,) N. H.

'HERE you have a fine view of Border life. This was the most northern settlement on the valley of the Connecticut River in 1756. On the left you see one of those strongholds which was necessary to protect the frontier settlers from surprise by day and tomahawk at night.

'Here Captain STEPHENS, with thirty men, successfully resisted the combined forces of the French and Indians, and finally compelled them to raise the siege and be off.

'It was from this fort that Him, of MOLLY STARK memory, constructed a military road to Lake George, over mountain and through forest.

'In 1754 or '5, Mr. PUTNAM, being out reaping, was watched by an Indian Chief, and discovering him in time, he made for the fort, about half a mile off. Then such life and death cutting dust one can scarcely conceive—two giants at a race. But the vigilant sentinel advancing to the relief of PUTNAM, the Indian hove his tomahawk, but by some fortunate twist, lodged itself carefully in the waist-band of PUTNAM's trousers, and thus equipped, was victoriously ushered into old Fort No. 4.

[Look north. Mt. Ascutney in the distance.] (54 by 38.)'

'Here is a stockade fort on the left of the picture, with a sentinel in a red coat at the door, which uniform was selected by Mr. MARKS out of compliment to distinguished Englishmen who might hereafter visit his gallery. In the fore-ground is an immense tree, the family or genus not very clearly defined. Suspended some where in the atmosphere, with arms and legs diverged like those of a frog under the influence of the voltaic pile, is Mr. PUTNAM, intended to be represented as running, with a sickle in his hand. Similarly influenced, in his rear, is an Indian bearing a tomahawk; and on the ground are two lines of foot-prints in advance of the line of travel of the itinerants, to indicate the direction in which they intend to run!—that is, one toward the door of the fort, and the other round the tree. This is one of the 'original features' claimed by Mr. MARKS, as giving some idea to the beholder of what the actors in the picture intend to perform. The time chosen is just before the moment when the Indian is to throw the tomahawk, which lodged in the waist-band of Mr. PUTNAM's trousers, and with which extraordinary equipment he ran into the fort, while the Indian ran round the tree. The gentleman standing at the door of the fort was the individual who furnished Mr. MARKS with all the particulars. While looking at this picture, the artist remarked that 'the mist in the distance was the most artistic thing he had ever done,' and that 'that picture contained a good deal of real *hard painting*!'

'14. Portrait of General WASHINGTON. Life size.

'How, gentlemen,' exclaimed BONAPARTE to two young Americans with whom he met, just as he was about to embark for Egypt, 'how, gentlemen, does your countryman do!—the great WASHINGTON I mean.' 'He was well, General, he was well, when we left America.' 'Ah, gentlemen, WASHINGTON can never be any otherwise than well; for his name will stand bright on the pages of history when mine shall be lost in the vortex of revolutions.'

'The great curiosity of this picture is the truthfulness of its description in the catalogue, and the peculiar condensation of time and space. NAPOLEON must have been rather retrospective in his solicitude, to have asked after the health of General WASHINGTON at the time of his embarkation for Egypt. This picture has no peculiar *vraisemblance*, unless it be as a likeness of a subject given over for a week or more by the 'Society for the Recovery of Drowned Persons.'

'16. Incident at Bunker-Hill.

'At the commencement of Bunker-Hill battle, the Americans attempted to take a cannon up the hill, but unfortunately got stuck in the mud at the foot of it, which being perceived by a man by the name of WHEELOCK, he offered to take the little thing and carry it up, if they would draw up the wheels with their horses; which he did, but not without splitting the shoes off his feet.'

'This is truly an original picture, and not deficient in 'hard painting.' The drawing also has peculiarities claimed by Mr. MARKS as original. I remarked, that the man carrying the cannon up hill on his back was rather larger than the pair of horses and the gun-carriage in the fore-ground. 'Yes,' said our artist; 'I always make my principal figure of extra-large size, in order for to give importance to it.' I asked him if he had ever seen an engraving by HOGARTH of a man fishing over a bridge, and another lighting a pipe by a candle held out from a second-story

window. He said he had, but added: 'I didn't e'xactly like the drawing on it!' The figure of this HERCULES of the Revolution shows a peculiar adaptation to his occupation of carrying heavy cannon. The cannon itself was rather under size, as illustrative of the views of the HERCULES when he called it 'the little thing.' In color this picture reminds one of GAINESBOROUGH's experiment; the trowsers being of a sky-blue color, and undergoing such tortuous configurations as might be anticipated under the circumstances.

'19. GENERAL MARION feasting the British Officer on Sweet Potatoes at his Stronghold on SNOW's Island, at the confluence of LYNCH's Creek and Pedee River, South Carolina, 1781. (43 by 35.)  
[Look west.]'

'Should you see this picture, and MARKS should be present, let me advise you not to '[look west,]' as directed by the catalogue; but as the picture is in the corner, 'look east,' or MARKS will see you laugh. 'The potatoes,' says he, 'are uncommon small. I made 'em so a-purpose!'

'28. A Peep behind the Curtain. (40 by 29.)'

'This effort represents a picture of a picture in a frame, with a curtain drawn across it, and a full-length female figure peeping behind it. The length of this figure is equal to the height of the frame; and as compared with the accessories, is about the size of an ordinary doll. The artist informed me that the beauty of this picture consisted in the meanness of the transaction being represented by the size of the perpetrator!

'30. The Misers. (From Life.) (37 by 32.)'

'One of the misers is just leaving the apartment, while the other is seated at the table, with his elbow raised above his head, so as to admit of the elongation of his finger to about eighteen inches; and we were told by the artist that this elongation was intended to give intensity to the action of pointing at the money!

'34. Sketch from BAYNE's Panorama, or Voyage to Europe. (40 by 29.)'

'This is an extraordinary work of art, and is a synopsis of MARKS' entire system, as well as of BAYNE's panorama. In the fore-ground is to be seen the dome of the State-House at Boston, from which we may trace a river; on its banks alternately occurring St. PAUL's Cathedral, St. PETER's, CLEOPATRA's Needle, the Pyramids of Egypt, and still farther in the distance, a variety of heterogeneous antiquities, hurled together by the combined efforts of time and space. 'Why, Mr. MARKS,' said I, 'you have really, in this picture, given a synopsis of all the compliments our fore-fathers could by possibility have handed down to posterity. You have evidently represented distance with a peculiar facility, for I see you have half the globe concentrated here into forty by twenty-nine inches, as stated in your catalogue; but it strikes me that your coloring does not clearly represent time as well as space.' 'There,' said Mr. MARKS, 'you are mistaken; for in that particular my picture is mathematically correct, for I gave its different parts alternate glazings with asphaltum, just in proportion to the amount of time that has transpired since the creation of each object represented; so that, in fact, you must be looking through the proper relative quantities of atmosphere as indicative of the time! Don't you take the *idear*?'

'35. The Beaver-Dam, or the Last of the Race. A Scene in Langdon, N. H.'

'The pars told the sexton, and the sexton tolled the bell.' The beaver built the dam, and MARKS damn he beaver.

'36. Italian Moonlight. (24 by 30.)'

'The size of this picture, as compared with the area of Italy, as described on common maps, is in proportion to the magnificence of the moonlight.

'70. CAPTAIN FOGO's Squaw-Ride, as described by GRACE GREENWOOD in GRAHAM's Magazine.'

beggars description. It is the very kaleidoscope of art, and seems to be the smashological representative of all that is gay in nature, broken into half-inch pieces, and evenly spread over the canvas.

'The collection and the catalogue terminate with six small paintings of Italian scenery, said to have been loaned by the Rev. JOHN PARKMAN; and we have met with no circumstance so well calculated to excuse an 'outrageous act' committed by one of the Cambridge professors, as the fact that these pictures belonged to a namesake of his unfortunate victim.'

Our correspondent was well pleased with another 'institution' in Greenfield, of a different character, of which he thus speaks: '*Greenfield Museum*' far surpasses any other in the country. The collection of '*Ornithomites*,' and an extended list of specimens connected with fossil geology, discovered in this neighborhood, are superior to any other to be met with elsewhere. The industrious collector, by exchange and purchase, has rendered his museum a perfect *bijou*, divested of wax-figures and of the ordinary clap-trap of a country museum; and what speaks well for the good people of Greenfield, its proprietor leaves the specimens, coins, etc., exposed, without the least protection.' - - - Our friend '*Putnam's Monthly*' Magazine for January last, starts upon its race with evident spirit and determination. In appearance it is not unlike *Blackwood*, with its uncut leaves and double-columns. We have not found leisure to read all its articles; but '*The Warden of the Cinque Ports*,' by *LOWELL*, would impart distinction to the first number of any magazine. We cordially welcome our promising young contemporary into the open field of periodical 'letters.' - - - We find the following bit of '*Gossip*' recorded under the head of '*Useful Hints to Missionaries*:' 'A former pastor of the parish of Logie, Scotland, distinguished for his simplicity of manners, happened, when assistant to the celebrated Dr. HENRY, to meet the Doctor on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh during the French war, when the following dialogue took place: 'What ha'e ye been doing in the Castle, Mr. JONX?' 'I've been about my MASTER's wark, Doctor; converting the poor deluded bodies, the French prisoners.' 'A most orthodox employment: of course you understand the language?' 'Na, ne'er a word o' French can I speak.' 'Astonishing! how did you get on?' 'To tell the truth, Doctor, it was no easy matter; for the first time, when I tried to be serious with them, they jeered and made a fule o' me; but I fell on a better plan the next day: I ordered in a great bowl o' punch, and we sat a' round it, and drank to ane anither; they leugh and I leugh: and ye ken, Doctor, the LORD warks his ain wark!'' - - - The following passage from an address on the death of DANIEL WEBSTER, delivered in the Supreme Court at San Francisco, by Mr. EUGENE CASSELY, formerly of this city, strikes us as alike eloquent and forcible:

'Among the loftiest minds of the nation, he filled fitly the highest place. During his career in the Senate of the United States, his associates were such men as CLAY and CALHOUN, SUMNER and WADE, and many more of inferior, but still of great power and reputation. It was a galaxy of worth and intellect, where stars of less than the first magnitude 'paled their intellectual fires' and were lost. But WEBSTER still shone the brightest there — he 'led the starry host.' His intellect, capacious and powerful, grasped the greatest questions, and wielded them at will. His logic was like the touch of *IRVING*'s spear, and the march of his rhetoric was like the swell of the sea. His eloquence, disdaining the ornaments and the meretricious aids with which weaker natures seek to hide their poverty, rose like his native mountains, in simple, severe, self-sustaining strength and majesty, lifting all subjects which it embraced out of the fog and mists of a lower sphere into the clear sunshine and free air of a higher heaven.'

THE good old '*Society Library*,' which may with propriety be termed the '*Knickerbocker Library*,' having yielded to the upward pressure of the times, has sold its massive and expensive edifice on Broadway to Mr. D. D. HOWARD, late of the '*Living House*,' and is about to migrate to the distant regions of Union or Madison Square. What New-York boy who used to skate on Sunfish Pond, or go out a-gunning away up Love Lane, could have realized the possibility of those localities being, in his short time, long before he reached middle age, looked upon as central 'up-town' situations! — where immense piles of brick and brown stone, (the latter not mere veneering, either, in all cases,) with gorgeous Gothic chapels and proud public edifices, loom up to dizzy heights, and

over-awe the adventurous old-fashioned down-towner who goes up on the railroad to look at the improvements. So it is: from the very first hour on the twelfth day of September, 1609, when HENDRICK HUDSON sailed the 'Half-Moon' into our harbor, up to this present year of grace 1853, 'Manahatta' has never ceased its rapid and restless progress; *never*, from the day, only five years after HUDSON'S discovery, when the first ship was launched on our shores, till this present new year; a year marked as the dawn of a new era in the conquest of nature, when the atmosphere itself is subdued and bridled like a charger for man's use. The course of Manahatta has been always 'onward!' And so, moving in its restless tide, even the staid and impassive votaries of books, reluctant to be disturbed in their abstractions, are elbowed forward by the eager, jostling, money-making crowd. Hotels, churches, and even libraries, go 'up-town.' We understand the 'Society Library' will be comfortably established in temporary quarters until a suitable edifice can be erected for it: meanwhile it is constantly adding to its already rare and, in many respects, unique collection, now numbering between thirty-five and forty thousand volumes. - - - Nobody understands the '*Science of Advertising*' better than our friend LUCIUS HART, Burling-Slip. We have given one or two specimens before, and here is another equally good:

SAID MRS. JOHN SMITH to her 'dear,'  
 'If you 'll buy me a BURLING-SLIP URN,  
 I'll pour out your coffee so clear!  
 And your steak shall be done to a turn.'

Said Mr. JOHN SMITH to his Spouse,  
 'This current bank bill you may take:  
 Buy the beautiful URN for our house,  
 And then let me go — to the steak.'

'And so it happened, that Mrs. S. got a BILL from her husband, and an URN from

'LUCIUS HART, 6 Burling-Slip.

'*The Life of Mrs. Eliza A. Seton, Foundress and first Superior of the Sisters of Charity in the United States*,' (for a copy of which we are indebted to a friend,) is one of those beautifully-bound and printed books for which Mr. DUNIGAN is remarkable. The paper, the type, the exquisite portrait, are all signs of successful enterprise. As for the subject-matter, it must needs be of great interest, not only to Catholic readers, but to Protestants; to all who admire and love that class of devoted women whom we know by those beautiful names, 'Sisters of Mercy' and 'Sisters of Charity.' The work is valuable for the amount of information contained in it, and as furnishing statistics of the usefulness of the Sisters. As a biography, it is well and pleasantly written by the Rev. CHARLES P. WURTZ, D. D. Mrs. SETON'S life was a checquered and sorrowful one while in the world; holy and devoted when she dedicated herself entirely to God. None can read it without profit, nor without pleasure. We recommend it heartily unto all, as a forcible illustration of the superabounding enjoyment of the 'luxury of doing good.' - - - MR. JAMES R. SPALDING has become permanently associated with Colonel JAMES WATSON WEBB in the '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal, of which he has long been a coëditor. Mr. SPALDING is a gentleman of fine acquirements, and his articles have been characterized by great vigor of thought and felicity of style. He has been cordially welcomed into the editorial ranks, where he cannot fail to sustain a position honorable alike to himself and his profession. - - - THE publishers' advertisement of the *Seventh Thousand of the 'Knick-Knacks from an Editor's Table*,' with notices from the public press, will be found on the second page of the cover. It is



announced, we perceive, in the London journals, as 'nearly ready,' ('crown-post, 8vo., with illustrations,') by an eminent London publishing-house. - - - THAT ancient, copious, tasteful, well-conducted and well-known weekly journal, the New-York '*Albion*,' appears in a holiday-suit of entirely new types, in which the clever articles of its accomplished editor appear to even more than their wonted advantage. A welcome New-Year's gift to its subscribers is furnished in a superb large engraving of 'MARY Queen of Scots,' from an original picture by WANDESFORDE, in the possession of the editor, WILLIAM YOUNG, Esq., which is engraved by RITCHIE in the first style of the celaturic art. - - - MR. WILLIAM HENRY FRY's lectures on music have been attended by large, intelligent, and appreciative audiences. Mr. FRY possesses the most valuable qualities of a public lecturer, being perfectly master of his subject, and able so to explain and illustrate it, as to make his hearers understand him. The musical illustrations he introduces, and the concert with which each lecture closes, give a pleasing variety, which does away with the tedium of listening to a long discourse. The effect of these lectures, in exciting our citizens to acquire and cultivate a high standard of musical excellence, will be most happy: and we heartily wish Mr. FRY the success which he so richly deserves. - - - MRS. KIRKLAND's '*Book for the Home Circle*' has been recently published by Mr. CHARLES SCRIBNER. The essays contained in this work (which appears in choice holiday garb) have all the grace and charm of the author's previous writings: a clear, free style, an unusual descriptive power, a high aim and application. There are sentiments in several of these papers so true, and bold, and nervously expressed, that they cannot fail, properly considered, to do immense good, and promote the social happiness of those for whom the book is designed. And altogether, it would be hard to find a more unexceptionable recreation for the winter fire-side, or a more delightful companion for every 'home-circle,' than this. The illustrations are well conceived and very cleverly executed. - - - THE following works have been received at the office of this Magazine within the month. Notices of several of them, (together with four pages of deferred 'Gossip,') although in type, have been crowded out by the press of matter upon our pages: BURCHARD's '*Daughters of Zion*;' 'Gems from Fable-Land;' M'FARLANE's '*Japan*;' '*Songs of the Seasons, and other Poems*;' BARRY CORNWALL's '*Essays and Tales in Prose*;' HENRY ALFORD's '*Poems*;' MACKAY's '*Poems*;' '*A Bunch of Pansies*;' '*Life of BERNARD PALISSY*;' '*Garden-Walks with the Poets*;' '*Village Life in Egypt*,' etc., etc.

\*.\* WHEN you read the following 'first-rate notice' of the '*Home-Journal*' weekly paper, which we copy from the '*Boston Transcript*,' please bear in mind that you can have a copy of the '*JOURNAL*' with the KNICKERBOCKER, for four dollars a year, sent to this office. Think of that! As the editors of the *JOURNAL* say: 'the cheapest and most convenient mode of procuring the best FAMILY NEWSPAPER and the best MAGAZINE of the day:'

'We were much amused on getting into an omnibus, a day or two since, by hearing the parting injunction of an anxious mother, who was evidently starting on a journey into the country. '*Take care of the baby, and don't forget to send the Home-Journal!*' she cried out lustily from the window as we drove away from her door. We have faith in that lady's domestic character, and feel sure that her fire-side is a happy one. The '*Home-Journal*' and the 'baby' occupied her last thoughts, (the latter first, of course,) but the connection of the twain in her mind gave rise to a few pleasant reflections on MORRIS and WILLIS's excellent *Journal* in our own. If the good, kind soul could not have her baby with her, why she chose the next best reminder of her happy home. The paper might be sent by the post, but the baby could n't. To give up both she would find quite impossible. Her husband, by the way, was not mentioned in her farewell inventory, but he, no doubt, was awaiting her arrival in the country, and would enjoy his favorite paper through the music of her voice. Long life to the '*Home-Journal*' and the 'baby,' so opportunely mentioned as above! Every husband will take care to have a copy on his wife's table every Saturday morning. We say Saturday, because the week closes brighter and better after the reading of so cheerful a family paper.'

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feeling that comes over you as you pass a quondam acquaintance who, wrapped in poverty-stricken shabby-gentility, glances furtively at you and hurries by. That then is a sad weight you carry with you for hours afterward. You cannot put it off. You have perhaps forgotten the occasion or cause of it. You wonder what can be the matter with you; every thing goes wrong that day. You don't recall the shadowy figure you met, but you have come within *his sphere*. The malign shadow of his social genius has fallen upon you, and the incubus, like the old man of the mountain, is not easily shaken off. But my cousin Tom Usher's company is the antipodes of this. It always fills my blood-vessels with new life. I always think better, see clearer, feel happier, and work harder for having met him.

'I tell you that boy will be a man yet,' said Tom's uncle Job, with a mocking equivoque, to us boys, his cousins, one day when Tom was quite a lad. 'He is not to be fooled or caught with chaff, or ridden over rough-shod by other boys.' Tom was younger than the rest of us, and I guess we used, as boys will, to play some mad pranks at his expense. Still Tom was a manly little fellow, and never complained, but met all our gibes and practical jokes in good part, and when he got the opportunity adroitly turned the tables upon us, sometimes to our sad discomfiture. In truth, Tom did come up very fast. Still he was a thorough boy, and although manly in his heart, was not at all *mannish* in airs or character. Tom was a favorite of his uncle Job, who was a very kind-hearted man and very fond of children, and used to take Tom's part when he thought we were running him too hard. 'He'll fight his own battles with any of you yet,' Uncle Job would say, looking with mischievous eyes at the group of boys teasing little Tom. At this we were always a little disconcerted, and Tom a little reassured, and so the scales were often turned.

I look back upon those early days with a curious eye. From out of the little alphabets of those brief years of merry childhood I spell in my fancy the whole story of the lives and fortunes of many of us that have been syllabled to this later time. We used to assemble in the country some 'cousins by the dozens,' of nearly the same age, wildly let loose from school for the summer holidays of a month, and 'high times' we had, you may rest assured. The rendezvous was the farm-house of my grand-father, on the shore of LAKE RYE, a romantic and lovely little boot-shaped sheet of water nestling among the hills in the southern part of Westchester county; a spot thirty miles from this great metropolis, as yet neglected by art, but fitted by nature and destined yet to be, as I believe, the seat of every thing splendid in rural architecture and ornamental cultivation of which America is capable.

But I am digressing shockingly. I meant to say, Tom was my uncle's favorite. His was always the first top-knot that was killed in the day's gunning, if my uncle was the shot. If a pickerel was taken, it was Tom's, if my uncle held the hook. I am afraid we got very jealous of Tom, and so used to tease him the more. But he bore it very well. The rogue felt he could afford to do so as long as Uncle Job favored him. Indeed, I think Tom owes some of his practical 'go-ahead' character to his uncle. Uncle Job had almost a superstitious regard for successful

men. They had all his sympathy, and he could charitably overlook many of their faults. Beside, Uncle Job could *talk* to his own liking, and, in his own opinion, most profoundly. His *conduct*, to be sure, was feebler. He had started in life in this city with a large and increasing family, and only a few shillings in his pocket, having but a limited acquaintance with spelling and an intimacy with Daboll's Arithmetic as his stock of learning. Yet he had found means out of his savings as a tradesman to train up a large family of children, and educated them tolerably well. But though he had once aimed at amassing a fortune, his love of his family, and the necessity of a certain fixed means of subsistence, had so long accustomed him to calculate minutely the details of life, that by the very drudgery of it, though naturally a charitably large-hearted man, he had become in some way unfitted for those bolder experiments by which successful men coin their thoughts into gold.

The table was Uncle Job's favorite theatre for the display of his intellectual stores. It was real table-talk. I seem now to see him before me. How he would seize knife or spoon as his sceptre, when thus 'teaching his little senate laws!' His themes were usually copiously illustrated both metaphorically and pictorially. He would ransack the neighborhood, the farm-yard, or the wood-pile, nay, scour the entrails of the earth, for a simile; and he would carve the table-cloth into innumerable trapeziums in a pictorial or topical illustration. Little Tom used to look on during the performance very wisely, while the rest of us, graceless rascals that we were, slipped away whenever we could catch the opportunity to do so unobserved. It mattered not what subject was started at table, whether by a stranger if present, or by us older boys or the ladies; might it be science, religion, history, or what not, Uncle Job would seize it as if it were his prerogative to arrest the discourse, and open the campaign at once. His first charge upon the enemy was to deny the proposition, unless perchance it were too glaringly true. In that case he resorted to a sort of masked battery or ambuscade, and contented himself by ingeniously putting a Socratic inquiry, freighted with grave doubt, as to the equivocal meaning of the proposition asserted to be true. From this he plunged into a vortex of metaphor; thence he launched forth into an unknown sea of apocryphal statistics; and then gliding imperceptibly into a region of fabulous history and conjectural science, illustrated with copious personal reminiscences, derived from an annalist who had no annotator, by the aid of his own imagination and the indifference of his hearers, he at length slipped insensibly into a harangue upon the sagacity of men of forty-five, the frivolousness of women, and the giddiness of youth.

This was the general plan of the siege, although it varied sometimes to meet the exigencies of the occasion. When he approached the metaphorical illustrations, it was the signal for something unusual to be discovered by us boys out of doors, at which such as could manage under this stratagem to cover our retreat, fled: when the knife or spoon of Uncle Job began to map out the table-cloth into little triangles and circles, the cat and dog were sure to get into a spree under the table, and a few more boys rushing to the rescue dragged out the offending combatants, but forgot to return to the table. So it generally happened that by the

time of the peroration of Uncle Job's discourse, there was no one left to hear him but the ladies, and they came in for a share by way of illustrating the theme, and received a broadside upon the topic of their weaknesses in general, and incapacity for the management of children in particular. Tom, however, used to sit through all this very gravely, with his mouth sometimes wide open, in a sort of mute wonder. The rogue was a wag, I believe, even in his babyhood. He winnowed the wheat and blew away the chaff of these ponderous harangues. And I verily believe he must have profited largely by these wise discourses; for there was a great deal of very acute observation of men's motives and conduct and nature in them, despite their fantastic similes and metaphors, and assumed familiarity with things unknown, and doubt of things settled as fate. But the other boys were too frivolous to see their weighty wisdom, and so it was lost upon them.

Still I am digressing. I sat down to write a short chapter about my cousin Tom Usher. Well, the bud of Tom's childhood was chilled by untimely frost. Tom was soon overtaken by misfortune. His parents died and left poor Tom an orphan early in life. He was a mere stripling when his elder brothers went pioneering to the West and took Tom with them. I recollect little Tom when I bade him good-bye. His large eyes looked wondrous pitiful as he snapped asunder all the little tendrils that linked his young heart to us. We never thought to see him again. He was migrating to a wilderness that seemed to us so far beyond our mental horizon, it was like his going to another world. But we let him go, and soon forgot him. Oh the young heart, what an elastic thing it is!

Some years after, when I had grown to manhood, I met his elder brother, and then I thought of Tom. How is Tom? Has he grown a big boy? What sort of a chap is he? Does he recollect us? Will he ever come and see us? Yes, Tom was a remarkable boy. He had so *improved* the advantages of his village-school, he was fitted to be a teacher, and had assumed the birchen sceptre himself. In his odd hours he was reading medicine, and every penny he got by his earnings beyond his bare support went for books. This was the first news of Tom. He soon, however, came to New-York, read hard, attended lectures, got his degree, and went back to his western village, and took an office, and set out in life resolutely and in earnest—perhaps to starve. He remained about a year, and studied and practised, and practised and studied; and at the end of the year he was in debt for just his year's expenses.

Now here was a situation! Do you think Tom was discouraged? You or I would have been, no doubt, and well might we have been, and given up in despair, but Tom did not. He did what was worse: he got married. 'Now he'll surely starve,' said every body. But they were wise above what is written. Tom did not mean to starve yet, although he tells me now he is free to confess, it then looked very like it. He took a calm survey of the town and county where he lived, the number of people, the number of physicians, and the probabilities of disease and calls for medical attendance; and the result was a statistical certainty that, if he got his share of the patronage of the place, and was fairly paid, the year's business would just about ~~keep~~ keep him—in tooth-picks.

So he then cast about for something better, for he felt he could not easily be worse. Chance directed him to a small village on the Hudson, and on the bare computation of the number of inhabitants and ratio of physicians, without farther ado, and without asking the leave of the people among whom he proposed to make his new home, he came and hired him an office, and hung out a shingle: '*Doctor Thomas Usher!!*'

Still the face of things looked dark. People looked at the sign, and winced and shuddered at the temerity of the young man. The physicians of the place had many a jolly laugh at his expense. They had him dying of exhaustion and famine, and cunningly conned the prescription that should be his epitaph. Tom grinned and grated his teeth sometimes, but his courage never deserted him. He kept on studying, and reading, and thinking, and experimenting, and growing thin from privation and shabby from the leanness of his purse. At length he be-thought him of a bold stroke. There was a poor boy in the village who had been a cripple for some years. A leg was diseased, and the practitioners of the village had forbidden amputation as certain death. Tom thought differently. He studied the case, and turned it over and over again in his mind. Always it looked to him practical and proper to amputate. He laid the matter before the most eminent men whose acquaintance he had made in his profession, and they all said, 'Go ahead.' This was enough for Tom. Indeed, if it had not involved the life of one poor fellow, (and perhaps two,) I believe Tom would have gone ahead without foreign advice.

But I think I had better let Tom tell his own story now; so I'll give you his words as nearly as I can recall them:

'I thought,' said he, 'that it was high time I made a demonstration. I knew the stripling of a young physician who was supposed to be the 'coming man' of the place, and who was looked upon as the insuperable obstacle to my success, was a handsome, indolent blockhead, and I felt sure he would only act as a foil to me, if I could keep soul and body together long enough to give myself a fair trial. But I found that even in this little village people would n't go much out of their way to pick up a young stranger and give him credit for that of which they saw no evidence. I found, to use one of their own provincialisms, that I must somehow make a *sensation*. This boy-cripple seemed sent to me for the purpose. Having made all my arrangements, I sent a polite invitation to all the physicians of the neighborhood to be present; but whether they apprehended being accessories to a murder with 'premeditated design,' or whether they thought to show their indignant rebuke of a young up-start, not a soul arrived. The hour came, and I seemed likely to be alone in my glory. I waited until patience was exhausted. I must in candor say, I had contemplated a little mischief in having all my rivals present to witness my triumph, and was not a little chagrined at the failure of my full-blown scheme. Still this was only the moral part of the operation, and I could cut out this scene without damaging the plot or the play. As a *pis-aller*, I called in the barber's apprentice and a negro who did odd chores about the house for me, as my assist-



ants, and set to work. The deed was soon done. The patient survived, got better, got well, and soon walked about the village sound and well, minus a leg — a walking-advertisement of the wonderful surgical skill of Doctor Thomas Usher.

‘I looked now with sanguine expectations to have some notice taken of me. The village newspapers had both a minute and a poetical account of the brilliant skill of ‘the young stranger in our midst.’ I received a highly complimentary letter from the school-teacher of the village, whose family I had attended gratuitously; and altogether my star was in the ascendant. Still I had no calls, except some few who were as impotent of pocket as of body. Presently it began to be whispered among those medical men of the place who had heard of me at all, that this was a reckless piece of carving on my part; that it was a hundred to one the boy had died; it was all chance; and even if it had been skill and judgment, why, there were no more people there who wanted their legs cut off; and if that was what I had come to this village for, why, I might as well be the ‘other side of Jordan’ as there. It would n’t do. The current of Lethe was likely to be too strong for me. I was a graceless young up-start, who thought to take the town by storm, and it was fit and proper I should be permitted to starve in obscurity as a proper punishment. Things looked dark. I began almost to despond. Still I worked hard, and studied hard. I thought I would make good use of the leisure, in the event the time should come when I would be made busy.

‘This was my condition after I had been in this village for about six months. I had only a dogged sort of obstinacy and determination not to give up, to keep me going. I had resolved not to be put down, but to wait until my time should come. It so happened, that among a few others I had made a passing acquaintance with the sheriff of the county. Rather an ominous acquaintance, you’ll think; but I had n’t yet had the pleasure of an official visit from him, although I was fast approaching the hour when I might expect it. He was a very pleasant fellow, and quite a popular man in the village. Moreover, he kept an extensive shoe-store, which on market-days was the resort of half the town and all the country round about.

‘Well, one morning, as I was sauntering out, I met my friend, and had some talk with him. He seemed interested in me, and so pressed me with questions, and with such sympathizing conversation, that I was thrown off my guard, and before I well knew it, I had made him a confidant of my struggles and the up-hill work I had before me. I suspect I must have made an impression upon him; for when I was just ending some pretty long sentence full of the diagnosis of the disease of heart-sickness under which I was then laboring, he struck in, and slapping me upon the shoulder, and shaking me heartily by the hand, said he: ‘Young man, I understand your case exactly. Come along with me. I’ll set you up in business in twenty-four hours. I want you to walk into my shop and spend the day with me; you’ll go home at noon and dine with my family; this afternoon we’ll take a ride together; and to-night there’s to be a half-political supper at Squire Washburn’s tavern, and you must go there with me too. Walk in! walk in! There are the newspapers,



both of the village and of New-York. Now take a comfortable seat, and amuse yourself: only make yourself agreeable to every body who speaks to you, or whom I introduce to you.'

'The thought was electrical. The whole plan, like a scintillation of pure wit, flashed through my mind in an instant. The idea was capital. 'You're a shrewd fellow, Mr. Executioner-of-soles,' thought I; and so it proved. I passed the day as proposed. At midnight I returned home, and found my wife watching for me, half frantic with the agony of suspense, supposing I had either deserted her, or committed suicide, in utter despair. She was now quite as much confounded and surprised at the spirits I was in. My story was a long one to tell. During the day, I had made the acquaintance, personal and almost intimate, of nearly every man, woman and child in the place or neighboring country.

'Well, I had not been abed an hour, before I was waked by a terrible thumping at the door. It was my first *bona-fide* paying call. A rich old lady, whom I had chatted with for half an hour during the day, being taken sudden'y ill, had sent for me. I was at her side in a few moments. Some trifling ailment disturbed her, and I soon left her comfortable; but had scarcely taken off my clothing, preparatory to a second attempt at sleep, when again I was summoned to attend a sick child of a fashionable lady from New-York, who was stopping for a week in the village. I found an easy case, and soon got it under control.

'I was called once more that night, but day-light was peeping over the hills when I got home again. From that day, bless the sheriff! I have had my hands full and mouth full and pocket full. My little rival has sunk into the keeper of an apothecary-shop, and the older physicians come now to read my books, and see my specimens and preparations, and ask my opinion, without waiting for an invitation. I have a half-a-dozen pupils, and am almost tempted to believe I have reformed the practice of medicine not a little in the place; but of that I shall not undertake to judge, but refer the curious reader to the bills of mortality when they shall be published.'

Such is the story of my cousin Tom Usher. He has eaten the bread of sorrow and poverty, and now prosperity smiles upon him; but he is still the same. Now as ever he marches up to an obstacle with the boldness that is half the battle; and he always bears his success without flippancy or flurry, just as if it was a natural and anticipated result of steady, calculating effort; and so, to tell the truth, I believe my heart it is.

New-York, December 20th, 1852.

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· M E L I O R A   L A T E N T . ·

'DWELLERS in a cheerless present,  
Mourning o'er a buried past,  
All that's fully good or pleasant  
In the future's hope is cast.

'Present joys are chilled by sorrow,  
Present griefs have all their weight;  
From the future we must borrow  
Sunshine for the gloom of fate.'

Scarborough, (Mr.,) January, 1853.

Wrong, my Soul: not in the distance  
Centres all the bliss of life;  
In to-day's beset existence  
More than hope sustains the strife'

Good enough the present showeth,  
All depending to forbid;  
While this thought fresh strength bestoweth,  
'Better's in the future hid.'

## B R U N E T T A .

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

HUSH! let me record the eternal *vendetta*,  
The crime that has poisoned the springs of my life;  
The love and the hate of the dark-souled BRUNETTA,  
Our sworn, unappeasable war to the knife.

To-day I can speak, if to-morrow may see me  
Laid low with the hopes which my phrensy destroyed.  
What seek I! — the arrow of Death can but free me  
From life's darkest dream — the heart's measureless void.

My name has been blasted, my honor attainted;  
Men shrink from my touch, women turn from my gaze;  
In scorn's blackest colors my image is painted,  
Erst gilded by friendship and brightened by praise.

Each pigmy in wit, who has learned how to pander  
To lies a harsh world has once stamped with its seal,  
Can glibly catch up and reëcho each slander,  
And stab me in safety; whilst I — can but feel.

I plead not my innocence, prate not of virtue;  
Yet, monster of vice though I be, I would tell  
You who trample my fame that the world will desert you —  
You too — if you dare in your turn to rebel.

It was but a moment of passion capricious,  
A passing indulgence of fancy; a whim,  
The act of a spirit more reckless than vicious;  
A languid desire: and my star had grown dim.

Her dark eyes I gazed in; a few words were spoken —  
Words carelessly spoken, half uttered in jest;  
A friend was betrayed and a confidence broken,  
A woman let loose on the world and my rest.

I loved her not, dreamed not of love, when so boldly  
I gazed on her beauty that dazzled the sense,  
But fell on the heart, oh! so coldly, so coldly!  
Whose throbbings were weak as BRUNETTA's defence.

Her pale dark complexion, her black glossy tresses;  
Her large eyes that flashed the hot flames of desire;  
Her strong supple shape, her wild burning caresses,  
All failed to illumine the heavenly fire:

The heavenly fire, without which all is hollow  
Perversion of impulses noble and pure;  
Brief moments of pleasure, with long years to follow  
Of futile remorse and of pain without cure.

At our wedding of shame witches' prayers were muttered ;  
We dwelt in one mansion, reposed in one bed ;  
Fond words of affection I carelessly uttered :  
How wildly she hung on each word that I said !

How coldly I kissed her, then eagerly vanished,  
To join my young comrades, and squander the night  
In revel and laughter — the memory banished  
Of her, the lone watcher, so sad and so white !

Once as homeward I strode — strode with strides long and rapid —  
My blood all on fire, my brain heated with wine,  
Came o'er me the thought how all life was so vapid,  
The teaching of sages but cunning design :

How nature, by sense, was the sole revelation,  
The standard of duty, the holiest guide ;  
How to choose 'twixt a pleasing or painful sensation,  
The point on which reason alone could decide :

How all moral systems, codes civil and penal,  
Were naught but inventions of error or craft ;  
How practice mocked precept, how judges were venal ;  
How fools bent and feared, how the wise dared and laughed.

Whilst thus to the hell in my soul I cast fuel,  
Arose a new thought wild as sin, black as night ;  
The thought of a devil, cold, selfish, and cruel —  
A thought which I hugged with a fiendish delight.

I entered : in quick bitter tones to BRUNETTA  
I spoke, and a stab was each word that I said :  
'Why make a poor lie of existence ? why let a  
Mean terror of pain ape a love that is dead ?

'We must part ! I can bear this sad falsehood no longer ;  
Our lives' jarring discords now sundered must be.  
Than delicate scruples clear reason is stronger :  
Take freedom, BRUNETTA — give freedom to me !'

No word she replied : the despair in her features  
Had melted a heart yet more hardened than this ;  
Some pity still lurks in the worst of earth's creatures :  
I lied to my soul with a hypocrite's kiss !

But the poison for ever with life had been mingled :  
To savage resolve soon had thought given birth.  
A bleak stormy day for my purpose I singled :  
I fled — I was free — and alone on the earth !

I fled, but her voice in my ear still was ringing,  
Words menacing, fierce, in their passion supreme :  
To a new world far distant my flight I was winging,  
But *she* — *she* still haunted my soul like a dream.

I knew she would follow! No city could hide me,  
No threats drive her back, no entreaties buy rest;  
In the strength of her wrongs and despair she defied me,  
Her love grew to hate, and her hate was confest.

And wherever I fly, she will follow to taunt me,  
Stern vengeance to wreak, vain redress to demand;  
And were I to slay her, her shadow would haunt me  
Till I too should fly to the shadowy land.

*New-York, August 22, 1852.*

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## S K E T C H E S F R O M T H E C O V E .

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### NUMBER THREE.

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#### N E I G H B O R I N G .

UNDER the auspices of good Mrs. Wilson and her daughters, I have been making a round of visits to the people of the Cove, and the results have in some cases been so interesting, that I am tempted to introduce my readers to some of my new acquaintances. It is a trite remark, that human nature is the same every where, and that it is only circumstance which makes variety. If this is true, I think Cove circumstances must be very favorable to the development of the better part of human nature, for I have no where met with kinder hearts, or simpler, more truthful lives, than in this little fishing-village. Nor are the more elevated qualities wanting. The generosity of the Cove fishermen has become a proverb in this portion of the country, and many a deed of bravery and noble action is quietly performed here, for which a reward would be considered an insult, and praise would only excite surprise. It is true, they are uncultivated, and in a measure unrefined, and yet I have seen instances among them of a natural refinement of manner which more than equalled the outward polish of society, and of a delicacy of feeling which nothing external can give. This is particularly true of the men. In the women is more observable the narrowing tendency of a village life. They pass their days in a monotonous succession of petty cares, of gossiping, and often of hard work. Of course, there are exceptions, but I have seldom found in them the nobler traits of character which distinguish the men. And their lives would seem to lead to such a result. While they are busy at home with the care of their houses and children, their pigs and their hens, with no ennobling or elevating resources even in their moments of leisure, their husbands pass their days, and often their nights, on the ocean, surrounded by the most glorious scenes of nature, unconsciously drinking in lessons of beauty, freedom and power. The mind must be rude and untutored indeed which can resist the influences of such a life. God's teachings through nature are many and various, but none speak more plainly to the human heart than those of

the sea. The changing moods of our natures seem mirrored there, and our joys and sorrows and passions all find an echo in the voice of the sea. And in the grave, earnest faces of these fishermen, rude and rough as they are, I read that their ears have heard and understood the music of the ocean, and their hearts have felt, perhaps unconsciously to themselves, its poetry.

And now let us turn our steps to that small white cottage at the head of the village street. How neatly the door-yard is swept, and how gay is the little flower-garden! In the door-way sits a young girl about sixteen years old, holding in her arms a little child, who laughs heartily at its own vain efforts to seize the drooping blossoms of a scarlet honeysuckle which clusters round the door. The girl has thrown aside a net which she has been mending, and seems wholly occupied in watching the movements of her little charge. It is a pretty picture, and prettily framed by the sun-lighted door-way, bright with vines and flowers. But there is a sedateness and gravity in the young girl's manner, and a motherly tenderness in her eye, which ill accord with her slight figure and youthful face. You feel as you look at her that sunshine and flowers have not always formed part of her life. The serenity of her face is rather the slow sun-light which gradually breaks forth after a storm than the calm radiance of an unclouded sky. Poor Annie! her story is a simple and touching one, and told in few words. From her childhood her life had been an unhappy one. Her father, who lived in the neighboring seaport of G———, was a very intemperate man, and her mother, always weak and sickly, at last sank under the pressure of misfortune and poverty, and died when Annie was about twelve years of age. On her death-bed she committed her infant boy to Annie's care, making her promise never to leave him until he was old enough to take care of himself. After her mother's death, her father's habits grew worse and worse, and he gradually gave up the little business which had been the scanty support of the family. Annie worked night and day for him and her little charge, until her constitution, which was naturally strong and vigorous, began to give way under such an unnatural taxation of its powers. Her pale, anxious face excited the compassion of a kind neighbor who had often supplied her with work, and at times with food, and she tried to persuade Annie to leave her father, fearing that he might do her some injury in his fits of intoxication, and offered her a home with herself. But her answer was always the same. While her father did not harm little Freddy, she would never leave him; for herself she feared nothing.

But one day, in a fit of drunken fury, he struck the little boy a blow on the head which laid him senseless on the floor. Annie seized the child in her arms, and fled through the open door to the house of her kind friend, Mrs. Murray. Freddy soon recovered from the effects of the blow, but Annie still felt it at her heart; and although in the evening, when her father came for her, penitent and sober, she consented to go home with him, she never felt safe when Freddy was near him, and always contrived to put the child out of his way when he was in the house.

At this time there was a young fisherman from the Cove, who had come to G——— to get a voyage, boarding at Mrs. Murray's. He was

a witness of the scene we have just described, and was much moved by Annie's sad story, and interested by the sight of her sweet pale face. Mrs. Murray was never weary of sounding her praises, and he was a willing listener to the tale of her kindness and forbearance toward her drunken father, her devotion to the little boy, and the quiet self-sacrifice of her whole life.

He wished much to help her, and many a plan did he and good Mrs. Murray talk over for taking her away from her present wretched home, and placing her in a happier atmosphere; but their kind intentions were always frustrated by Annie's sturdy determination never to leave her father while he needed her presence in his house. At last the kind-hearted young man determined to consult a lawyer with whom he had a slight acquaintance, as to whether, if matters should be driven to extremity, Annie could not be legally removed from her father's care. But the lawyer, though much interested in the story, gave him no encouragement. As long as Annie would not complain of her father, and utterly refused to leave him, there was no legal process by which she could be compelled to forsake him. But as the young man was leaving his office, he called out jestingly:

'There is one way, Mr. Foster, in which you could legally attain your object. You might marry this young girl, and then no one could object to your taking her to your own home.'

John Foster laughed at this speech as he walked homeward, for he considered Annie as a mere child, though her life of care and trouble made her seem much older.

But during that day the words of the lawyer came back more than once to his mind, and when at evening he saw Annie's father pass the window reeling homeward, and pictured the scenes of fear and misery which would, perhaps, soon be enacted in the little house opposite, he asked himself, 'Why should I not marry her, and save her from so wretched a life?' He felt, indeed, that he did not love poor Annie as he had hoped some day to love a wife, but then he loved no one else, and this seemed such a direct opportunity to do a good action—to save a human being from misery. Whether he would have yielded to these generous impulses in the end, we know not, but even as these thoughts were passing through his mind, the door flew open, and Annie, pale and breathless, rushed in, with Freddy in her arms. 'Oh! save us, save us!' she exclaimed, as her father appeared in the door-way in a fit of drunken rage, with a hatchet in his hand. It was the work of a moment for John, who was a powerful man, to disarm the poor wretch; and after he had called Mrs. Murray to the assistance of Annie, who had fainted from terror, he seized her father by the arm and led him home. When he returned he found Annie recovered, and sitting quietly by Mrs. Murray's side by the cheerful fire. The whole aspect of the room was so bright and comfortable, and presented such a contrast to the cheerless home he had just left, and Annie was so gentle and womanly, and looked up in his face so confidingly as she thanked him for his kindness to herself and her poor father, that again the words of the lawyer sounded loudly in his heart: 'You might marry her and take her home.' And this time honest John did not resist the impulse. He spoke to her first about

her father, and represented to her gently but firmly the injustice she was doing to herself and to Freddy by persisting in living with him. Then, warming with his good purpose, he told her of his interest in her, and his strong desire to help her; and at last, drawing nearer to her and taking her hand, explained to her simply and earnestly the only way in which she could secure a happy home for herself and the child.

Annie listened eagerly, never moving her large blue eyes from his face until he had finished. Once as he spoke a bright smile flashed like light over her pale features. But it faded as quickly as it came. The vision of happiness thus placed before her she was not even to think of.

After a short silence—and who can tell the struggle that passed in that tried but true young heart in those few minutes?—she gently withdrew her hand, and said, in her usual quiet, earnest way, that she would not take Freddy back to her father. She would leave him with Mrs. Murray, who loved him, and would take as good care of him as herself. But—and here her lips quivered a little—her father's home must be hers. She said she could not speak of John's generous offer, because she had no words to express what she felt about it, but that she should never forget it.

Good Mrs. Murray, who was present at this little scene, and who details it with a quaint simplicity which is indescribable, said that it was in vain John tried to turn Annie from her purpose. The next morning she went home to her father, and Freddy remained with Mrs. Murray. Soon after this John went away on a long fishing-voyage, and Annie saw no more of him. But she did not forget him, and she afterwards said that the remembrance of that last night gave her strength to bear up through many a fearful scene. And if after-events are to be trusted, John did not quite forget Annie; and we may well believe that in many a lonely night-watch the tearful blue eyes of the steadfast, true-hearted little maiden looked up at him from the blue sea, or gleaned down into his heart from the bright stars above. But be this as it may, certain it is that when, in a year's time, John came home from sea, and found that Annie's father was dead, and that she was living with good Mrs. Murray, he renewed his offer of a happy home to her, not now for her sake, but for his own; not as a kindness to her, but as a blessing to himself. Need I say that the offer was not this time refused, and that you and I, dear reader, are now paying our wedding-visit to Mrs. John Foster as she sits at her cottage-door in the bright summer morning, with little Freddy in her lap playing with scarlet honeysuckles?

There is an old saying, that there may be a cloud without a rainbow, but that there can never be a rainbow without a cloud; and the rainbow which now over-arches our little Annie's life seems all the brighter and more intense in its hues from the dark cloud which forms its background.

The next person we will visit is old Mrs. O'Brien. But on our way let us take a peep into the village shop, or the 'variety-store,' as it is universally called; and truly it deserves its name, for from a slate-pencil to a barrel of pork all the possible wants of man, woman, or child, can be satisfied here: I mean, of course, the wants of Cove men, women and children, for I think a fine city lady would be astonished and bewildered if



she were to enter this low-roofed domicile on a shopping expedition. The very window is a curiosity. Tumblers of marbles, crowned with aged oranges; saucers of many-colored sugar-plums; rosy-cheeked apples; wonderful gingerbread men riding impossible gingerbread horses; sticks of pink and white candy; strings of peppermints rather the worse for wear; a few weary-looking dolls, who seem to have rubbed the paint off their noses by leaning against the window-panes anxiously watching for a purchaser; strings of glass beads; all and each offer bewildering temptations to the village urchin who has become the fortunate possessor of a few cents; while the fresh pipes and tobacco, the bright ribbons, the pieces of gay calico pinned on the window-sashes as samples of the goods within, the glass dishes and painted crockery, present scarcely less powerful attractions to their parents. Bunches of fish-hooks rest quietly on beds of gingerbread, and large balls of twine make fine pedestals for statues of dried mackerel, while in pleasing contrast are interspersed tapes and crackers, pins and needles, straw rattles and tin trumpets of fearful sound.

We will not enter the glass-door, for I can tell by the tossing of the dingy brown turban which adorns the head of Miss Perry, that the good spinster is not in a balmy temper this morning; and as I wish to give an agreeable impression of the Cove, we will defer our visit to 'the store' until the storm has passed and the agitated head is quiet again. But we will not leave the good lady quite yet. She is a queer specimen of human nature, and deserves a few words as we walk down the village street on the way to my droll old washer-woman's cottage. Her violent temper and shrewish manners cause the village children to be afraid of her very voice, and yet the little back room behind her shop is filled with animal pets to whom she is always affectionate and kind. I have seen her in her shop with a kitten on her shoulder, a parrot perched on the top of her turban, and a squirrel peeping out of her pocket, alternately scolding a child who she thought was too long in making up his little mind whether he would have peppermint or lemon candy, and feeding her pets with the same candy, and addressing them in her most loving way. She has a rigid idea of justice, and will always give you a row of pins in change, if you chance to pay her half a cent more than is the price of the article you are buying, but in return she as rigidly demands her half cent, and is very angry if you overlook it. Her character seems made up of contradictions. With all her harshness, I have sometimes seen a sort of rough kindness about her which showed there was a soft place in her heart, if one only knew how to reach it. And in times of sickness or trouble in the village, her good qualities shine forth. Then Miss Perry is always sent for, and at such times I have seen a gleam of tenderness in her hard keen eye, and a look of compassion on her face, which changed its whole character, and seemed even to give a different aspect to her formidable old turban. And, by the way, I must not forget to speak of that turban—the terror of the village children. It is one of the traditions of the Cove that it has never been seen off, and some of the more superstitious people believe that it has grown to her head. Of the truth of this I cannot vouch; but of all the singular articles of dress I have seen since I have been at the Cove, (and they

are many and various,) this is the strangest in appearance. It is a foot high, made of some dark-colored woollen stuff, with broad wing-like structures at the sides, which seem almost separated from the central main building, which is always ornamented with one of the lady's pets, its flat, slightly concave top making a nice resting-place for them. Sometimes the squirrel's tail waves like a plume above this wonderful edifice, and sometimes the bright eyes of the kitten shine like diamonds in its front battlements. I have often laughed at the efforts of this same bright-eyed little kitten to maintain her lofty station while the turban was in violent commotion during one of her mistress's fits of anger. That she did so could only be explained by the fact that she was a Cove kitten, and used to rough weather.

I have spoken of the strange dresses to be seen here, and it seems, indeed, as if Fashion had never been able to hold sway at the Cove. There is a rumor that she came here once in the guise of a 'fashionable dress-maker' from G——, but the sturdy good sense of the Cove people repelled all her efforts for power. They laughed at her long waists and flowing sleeves, and persisted in wearing the more comfortable, if not so picturesque, dress of their mothers and grand-mothers, and Fashion soon fled away in disgust to a more genial atmosphere. I have heard, too, that she fainted at sight of Miss Perry's turban, and vowed she could never live in the same village with such a horror.

But now we must leave the riddle of Miss Perry's two-fold character unsolved, and hasten on to pay our respects to good Mrs. O'Brien, who is no riddle, but a nice, substantial old Irish woman, with a funny history, which I only wish I could transcribe with her rich brogue and quaint original expressions. She always goes back in her tale to the time when she was living in the 'ould counthry;' but as the most singular incident in her story occurred quite lately, I shall venture to omit the details of her Irish life, 'begging her Honor's pardon,' until about six months ago, 'when her heart was intirely broke' by the departure of her only son to seek his fortune in America. He sailed in a small merchant-vessel which was bound for G——, and shortly after he had sailed, 'being left a lone woman,' she engaged to go out with two men from her native place to cook for them during a short fishing-voyage. The second night of their cruise their little vessel was run down by one of the great English steamers, which had left Liverpool the day before for America. She sunk immediately, but the two men and Mrs. O'Brien were picked up by boats from the steamer and carried on board.

Imagine the poor old woman's distress the next morning, when she found herself out of sight of the coast of ould Ireland, without money or friends or clothes, steaming off across the water, she knew not whither. She went with her woes to the captain, begging him to carry her back to her home. This of course he could not do, but he told her that after they had reached America he would give her a return passage in the same ship to Liverpool, and from there she could easily return to her native place. The word 'America' struck her: 'And sure, Captain darlint, is it the Amirica where G—— is that you would be going to?' The captain laughed, and told her that there was a town named G—— not very far from Boston, where he was now going. 'And thin, sure, I

will niver go back wid ye, but I will go to G ———; and thin, when my boy gets to the glorious land of Amirica, who will it be waiting to give him her blessing but his ould mother, whom he thought safe at home in the cabin taking care of the pigs and pratees!' Some of the lady-passengers on board the steamer took a great fancy to the old woman, and they clothed her and made up a purse of money for her. She said that the whole voyage over was like a 'dhrame brought by the good people.'

When they arrived at Boston, the captain sent her on her way to G ———, where she lived quietly until her son's arrival. Every day she went to the wharf waiting for his vessel, and one of the Cove people who was present at their meeting, told me that the son's look of wonder and consternation, and the mother's quiet, perfectly-at-home manner, made the scene inexpressibly droll. The son soon found work upon a neighboring rail-road, while the old woman lives at the Cove, and gets a support by washing and lending a helping hand to the neighbors in times of need. Her cottage is very small, but neat and tidy, like herself. It consists of but one room, with an attic for her son when he is at home. She likes nothing better than telling her story to new listeners, and always ends by wondering what has become of her little cabin and her pig and her potato-field in the old country, never forgetting to display the 'ihgant' dresses which were given her by the ladies on board, and which she keeps in remembrance of her 'stroke of good fortune.'

ONE sultry summer morning, feeling hot and weary, as I was returning from a long ramble over the rocks, I knocked at the door of a little cottage whose picturesque situation had often attracted my attention, and asked the good woman within for permission to rest myself on the bench beside the door. She gladly assented, and brought her work from the cottage 'to keep me company,' as she said, and we soon fell into pleasant talk. The cottage was perched on a high cliff overhanging the sea. A few weather-beaten, steadfast old cedars stood like sentinels along the edge of the cliff. Their green arms were all stretched longingly towards the land, giving one the idea of a perpetual sea-breeze, while the few jagged branches which grew on the seaward side of the trees were covered with a peculiar kind of orange-colored lichen.

It was a wild, dreary spot; and although in a bright summer morning it was pleasant enough to sit on the little bench and watch the distant horizon and the white sails mirroring themselves in the calm water, I could not but think that in a storm it must be a fearful place, when the raging waves were dashing against the foot of the cliff, and the wind was howling through the withered branches of the cedars. But it was quiet enough this morning. There had been a dead calm for a day or two, and the face of the sea was like glass. The water broke in ripples along the beach as the tide lazily rose and fell, the sails in sight were motionless, and all nature seemed asleep. The hush of a summer noon-day was over the whole scene. The low murmur of the beach below us and the contented twitter of a little bird in the cedars were the only sounds which broke the quiet of the hour. Presently a sea-gull slowly rose from his

nest in the rocks, and majestically passed over the calm water, ruffling the smooth surface with an occasional dip of his wings, and then soared far away out of sight. As I was gazing dreamily upon this picture of repose and stillness, good Mrs. Lucas pointed out to me a dark line just visible on the edge of the horizon. 'There comes a sea-breeze,' said she; 'and there is many a wife in the Cove who will rejoice at the sight of that dark streak, for it will bring home a little fleet of fishing-vessels which have out-stayed their time.' And on it came, waking every thing into life and motion. Far off, miles away, we saw the sails of distant ships, which before were hanging idly against their masts, swell and fill, and soon the vessels were moving swiftly on to their destined ports. On it came, nearer and nearer; the quiet face of the ocean broke into smiles at its magic touch, and white-crested waves danced gaily in the bright sun-light. Presently a dash was heard upon the beach, the sad whispering music of the cedars once more awoke, and in a moment we felt upon our faces the cool, refreshing breath of the east wind. The spell was broken which bound the sleeping beauty of nature. All now was life, sparkle, and brilliancy. Moved by the spirit of the scene, I rose to pursue my walk, when Mrs. Lucas, smiling and blushing, asked me if I would like to go into the cottage and see a new carpet which she was just putting down.

Now, a carpet is an unheard-of luxury at the Cove. The most well-to-do fishermen aspire no farther than a rag-mat, (which is an article of home manufacture, made of bits of colored woollen cloth, and usually representing a blue, yellow, and pink rose, stiffly arranged on a black ground, with a border of wonderful flowers, which might well puzzle the most skilful 'horticulturist;') but clean white sand is the usual covering for the floors. Imagine my surprise, then, when, on entering the cottage, I saw spread out before me a carpet of the gayest and most brilliant colors. Red, yellow, blue, and green met here in hideous contrast. I turned from it in dismay; but my good friend was so elated with the possession of a 'real carpet,' and so full of its history, that she hardly seemed to notice my faint commendation of 'How bright it is!' but proceeded to relate how she had acquired such a treasure. And, truly, it was a singular story. It seems that the desire for a carpet has always been simple Mrs. Lucas's weak point. Once in her youth she passed a few days with an aunt whose 'spare room' boasted this unwonted luxury, and ever since that time her heart has been set upon a like splendor. When her husband left her on his first voyage, he asked her what he should bring her home from foreign parts, and her ready answer was, 'A carpet!'

'And sure enough,' she said, 'when at last he did come back, he brought me a carpet; but it was such a queer one, with men and trees and flowers all worked over it, just like a picture! I was disappointed at first, but I found that the thing kept our feet warm, and the pictures pleased the children, and so I grew to like it e'en a'most as well as if it had been a real carpet.' And so this 'queer picture-like thing' remained undisturbed on Mrs. Lucas's cottage-floor for ten years, until a few days before my visit, when the village doctor, who, Mrs. Lucas said, had

'always taken a strange liking to the thing,' brought a gentleman from G——— to see it, and this 'kind gentleman' offered her in exchange for it any carpet that she would choose in the carpet-store at G———. Happy Mrs. Lucas! The end of her ambition was attained, and soon the many-colored horror I have described adorned her cottage-floor. But what had she given in exchange? 'Has the gentleman taken the old carpet away yet?' I asked. 'Oh no; it was rolled up, and put away in the shed until he called for it.' I asked if I could see it, and Mrs. Lucas led the way to the shed, looking at me as if she rather despised me for wishing to waste a moment on the old, when I might feast my eyes on the glories of the new carpet. And there she unrolled before my wondering eyes a large piece of tapestry, faithfully representing one of the most beautiful of Raphael's cartoons, the 'Feed my Lambs.' The figures were of the size of life, and although faded and worn from constant use in the sailor's humble cottage, the genius of the mighty master shone forth triumphantly even through this dimmed and desecrated representation.

The majestic and tender attitude of CHRIST seemed to me almost more beautiful and impressive here than in the finest engravings I had ever seen. The tapestry had been much too large for the cottage-floor, and a great part of it had been turned under, and the colors on this part were very fresh and bright. Especially brilliant was a rich border of fruits and flowers which surrounded the whole picture. The effect of meeting with this wonderful work of art in such a place, was very strange, and I walked home to the farm, musing upon the chances which had brought it across the water to be buried in the little New-England fishing-village. I have since learned that its history has never been clearly traced, but it seems to have travelled from England to Malta long ago; and it may, perhaps, be one of the set of tapestries wrought for King Jamie, when that sage prince ordered the cartoons 'to be delivered to be worked after by Mr. Francis Cleen, at Mortlake, in Surrey!'

'To what strange uses do we come at last!' Designed originally by Raphael for the decoration of 'earth's single Vatican,' this fruit of years of toil and patience and skill combined at last rests on the floor of good Mrs. Lucas's cottage, and serves as a picture-book for her growing children! Yet even here I will not believe that the power of genius has lost its influence. Children are so easily impressed for good or evil, that I feel sure that the continual presence of that divine figure, that face breathing tenderness and goodness, must have had an elevating and ennobling effect upon their young minds which will be seen in their future lives.

What a tale these mute figures could unfold if we could only bestow the gift of language upon them! what wonderful stories of past times and of strange countries! But their wanderings are not yet ended, for I hear that the gentleman who is the fortunate possessor of the tapestry intends sending it to the Cathedral in Montreal, as being the most appropriate place in this country for its final resting-place, where, dear reader, if you should ever chance to see it, you will, perhaps, give a thought to Mrs. Lucas's cottage and the bright summer morning when we watched together the breeze come in over the sea.

## A W I N T E R N I G H T ' S E P I S T L E .

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 ADDRESSED TO 'OLD KNICK.'  


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WILD is the night! for winter reigns;  
 The north-wind sounds its fiercest strains:  
 The shaking doors and window-panes  
                                   Make furious din;  
 And through the chinks the powdering grains  
                                   Come sifting in.

I'll mend the fire ere it decays,  
 Pile on the wood, and make it blaze:  
 This is one, surely, of the days  
                                   Of which we've read,  
 Or rather nights, when the Fiend strays  
                                   On errands dread!

There lies my dog, his brains a-baking,  
 And fierce gesticulations making;  
 In dreams the snow-hill fox he's shaking  
                                   With mortal spite;  
 Or else he's giving or is taking  
                                   'Fits' in a fight.

Strange voices out-of-doors I hear:  
 The shout of rage, the howl of fear;  
 Indeed, mad fiends from regions drear  
                                   In furious haste  
 Have broken loose, on wild career  
                                   To lay earth waste.

Some seem an awful organ thrumming;  
 Some on the roofs and walls are drumming;  
 And one, smoke-choked or singed in coming  
                                   Down the hot flue,  
 Is off, and sets the chimney humming  
                                   With angry *w-h-e-w!*

I'll whittle to a pen this quill,  
 And though the thing be fashioned ill,  
 Yet o'er this paper with such skill  
                                   I'll haply scratch it,  
 That he who dates 'UP RIVER' will,  
                                   He only, match it!

I've sometimes thought 't would be great pleasure  
 To have more learning, and more leisure,  
 And give my muse fair chance to measure  
                                   Herself with others,  
 Who, though they deem such kin no treasure,  
                                   Are yet my brothers.

But how should I obtain a living,  
 And half my time to letters giving?  
 Translating from strange tongues, and thieving  
     What's not well known,  
 And set admiring fools believing  
     It's all my own?

I might as well just launch a shingle  
 Upon the brook whose waters jingle  
 Through my domain, on down the dingle,  
     The Flood to greet,  
 And dream the chip will reach and mingle  
     With ocean's fleet.

That God whose lamp illumines the heaven,  
 Who breaks to us the vital leaven,  
 I feel and know to me has given  
     Light from His Lamp;  
 But toils of common life have striven  
     To 'quench it, quite.

'There's poetry in farming.' True,  
 But I have read, and so have you,  
 That 'distance lends unto the view  
     Enchantment fair.'  
 For instance: digging gold will do  
     Till one gets there.

In summer planting, weeding, hoeing,  
 And practising 'Anick's knack' at mowing,  
 (That science which you boast of knowing  
     So very well,)  
 The scorching sun no mean type showing  
     Of what's called hell.

In winter tugging with the flail,  
 Or sledging in a cutting gale,  
 Such as would send a gallant sail  
     In bare-poles seaward,  
 And blows your fore-nag's lusty tail  
     Straight out to leeward.

In place of literary talk  
 With compeers in your daily walk,  
 It's 'Shall you top, or cut the stalk  
     Of that 'ere crop?'  
 Or, 'Sold yer cattle? — how 'll ye chalk  
     To sell, or swop?'

Not half the prose may well be told  
 Which farmers every day behold  
 In summer hot and winter cold,  
     Dull as 't is real;  
 Yet we've incentives manifold  
     To the ideal.



\* **REV. DR. WITHERSPOON**, of New-Jersey, one of 'the Signers.'

## THE GYPSIES OF ART.

TRANSLATED FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER FROM HENRY MUGGER'S 'SCENES DE LA BOHEME.'\*

OF CHARLES AXTON REWITT.

THEY left MOTHER YOUNG'S at nine o'clock, very comfortable both of them, and walking like men who had discussed many bottles.

Colline offered to stand coffee. Schaunard accepted, on condition that he should pay for the brandy to follow.† They went to a coffee-house in the *Rue St. Germain l'Auxerrois*, which hung out the sign of *Momus*, god of sports and laughter.

Just as they entered, a very animated discussion had begun between two frequenters of the place. One of them was a young man, whose face was completely lost in a thicket of parti-colored beard. By way of antithesis to the abundant crop of hair on his chin, a premature baldness had stripped his forehead as bare as a man's knee: a sprinkle of hairs, so scattered that you might have counted them, vainly strove to conceal its nakedness. His black coat was seedy at the elbows, and when he lifted his arm too high, disclosed apertures at the arm-pits, no doubt for purposes of ventilation. His trousers might once have been black, but his boots never could have been new: they looked as if they had gone several times round the world on the Wandering Jew's feet.

Schaunard observed that his new friend Colline and the young man with the big beard bowed to each other.

'Do you know that gentleman?' he asked the philosopher.

'I can't positively say I do,' replied the latter, 'but I meet him sometimes at the National Library. I believe he is a literary man.'

'He dresses like one, at any rate,' said Schaunard.

The other party to the discussion was an individual of forty, or thereabout, evidently destined to die of an apoplectic stroke, for his big head rose straight out from between his two shoulders, without any interval of neck to let it down. You might read stupidity on every line of his retreating forehead up to the little black cap that crowned it. His name was Lamb, and he was a clerk to the Mayor of the Fourth Ward,‡ in whose office he kept the registry of deaths.

'Mr. Rodolphe!' cried he at the top of his cracked voice, while he shook the young man by a button of a coat, 'do you want to know what I think? Well, then, all these newspapers are good for nothing. Suppose now! I am a father of a family—ain't I? Good! I come to the coffee-house for my game of dominoes. Follow my argument.'

\* RENEWED from the twenty-third page of the January Number.

† SCHAUARD'S three francs ought to have been about exhausted by this time, even according to the very moderate tariff of MOTHER YOUNG'S. The reader will notice several little discrepancies of this sort; as, for instance, where, at the outset of this chapter, a bedstead is said to be the sole furniture of the artist's room, and immediately after several articles are enumerated.

‡ THERE is a mayor for every ward in Paris, which may account for the number of mayor's nests discovered in that well-governed city.

‘Push along!’ said Rodolphe.

‘Well,’ continued Lamb, emphasizing every sentence with a bang of his fist that made all the glasses on the table shudder, ‘well, I take up the newspapers—good! What then? Why, one says black, and the other says white; tweedle-dum, tweedle-dee! What do I care for that? I am a family-man, and come—and come——’

‘For your game of dominoes,’ suggested Rodolphe.

‘Every night,’ continued Lamb. ‘Well, suppose now—you understand?’

‘First-rate,’ replied the other.

‘I read an article against my side. That makes me angry, and my blood boils; because, you see, Mr. Rodolphe, all these papers are a pack of lies—yes, lies!’ shouted he in his shrillest note, ‘and the editors are scribblers and robbers.’

‘Really, now, Mr. Lamb!’

‘Yes, robbers!’ pursued the clerk. ‘They have caused all the harm that ever happened. They made the revolution and the national bankruptcy. Witness Murat.’

‘Excuse me,’ said Rodolphe, ‘*Marat* you mean.’

‘No, no!’ replied Lamb, ‘*Murat*; I saw him buried when I was a boy.’

‘I assure you——’

‘And they made a piece at the Circus about him—there now!’

‘Very well, then,’ said Rodolphe, ‘*Murat* be it.’

‘That’s what I’ve been telling you this hour!’ cried Lamb. ‘*Murat*: he used to work in a cellar—think I don’t know! Come, suppose now! Were n’t the Bourbons right to guillotine him for being a traitor?’

‘Guillotine! when? Traitor! how?’ cried Rodolphe, catching, in his turn, the other by the coat-button.

‘Why, *Marat*.’

‘No, no, Mr. Lamb! *Murat* you said just now. Let’s understand each other, for heaven’s sake.’

‘Certainly; *Marat* I said. A blackguard he was, too! He betrayed the Emperor in 1815. That’s why I say all the papers are alike,’ continued Lamb, coming back to the thread of what he called his explanation. ‘Do you know what I should like, Mr. Rodolphe? Come, suppose now! I should like a good newspaper, not too big, and not making sentences about every thing——’

‘You are hard to suit,’ said Rodolphe; ‘a newspaper without sentences!’

‘Yes; follow my argument.’

‘I’m trying to.’

‘A newspaper which should merely tell us the King’s health and the state of the crops.\* What, after all, what’s the use of all these leaders, that one can’t make head or tail of? Come, suppose now! I’m at the mayor’s office—ain’t I? I keep my register—good! Well, it’s as if a person should come to me and say, ‘Mr. Lamb, you register the deaths?’

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\* If Mr. LAMB has not succumbed to his apoplexy yet, the state of the Parisian press under the present government must be exactly to his taste.

Very well, now write this, and that, and the other.' And the newspapers are just the same thing,' quoth he in conclusion.

'Clearly,' said a by-stander who understood him.

And Mr. Lamb, after receiving the congratulations of some frequenters of the place who shared his opinion, went back to his game of dominoes.

'I've put him in his place,' said he, pointing to Rodolphe.

'What a jackass!' said the latter, who had turned round and seated himself at the same table with Schaunard and Colline.

'A nice head he has, with his cab-hood eye-lids and his billiard-ball eyes,' observed Schaunard, pulling out a well-smoked *throat-scorcher*.

'A very pretty pipe, that of yours, Sir,' said Rodolphe.

'Oh! I have a prettier one to go into society with,' answered Schaunard carelessly. 'Hand us over some tobacco, Colline.'

'By Jove!' exclaimed the philosopher, 'I have n't any left.'

'Allow me to offer you some,' said Rodolphe, taking a paper of tobacco from his pocket, and placing it on the table.

To this act of politeness Colline felt himself bound to respond, by the offer of something to drink. Rodolphe accepted. The conversation took a literary turn. Rodolphe, interrogated on his profession, (which his dress had already revealed,) confessed his connection with the Muses, and called for another horn. As the waiter was going to take away the bottle, Schaunard begged him to be good enough to leave it. He had heard resounding in one of Colline's pockets the silvery notes of two five-franc pieces. Rodolphe soon got up to the pitch of his two friends, and in his turn disclosed to them his secrets.

Doubtless they would have remained there all night, if the waiters had not begged them to go away. Before they had advanced ten steps, (which it took them nearly a quarter of an hour to do,) they were surprised by a tremendous shower. Colline and Rodolphe lived at opposite ends of Paris; one in the Isle St. Louis, the other at Montmartre. Schaunard, who had completely forgotten that he had no home, asked them to come home with him.

'I live close by,' said he. 'We will pass the night in talking art and literature.'

'You shall play,' said Colline, 'and Rodolphe will recite his poems.'

'Yes, indeed,' said Schaunard, 'let's be gay; we have only one life to live.'

When they had arrived at the house, (which it took Schaunard some time to recognize,) he sat down a moment on the curb-stone, waiting for Rodolphe and Colline, who had gone into a wine-merchant's luckily still open, to procure the rudiments of a supper. As they were coming out, he knocked several times at the gate, having a vague recollection that the porter was apt to keep him waiting. At length the gate opened, and old Durand, plunged in the luxury of his first sleep, and not remembering that Schaunard was no longer a lodger there, did not move when he heard the latter's name through his little window.

Just as they had all three arrived at the top of the stairs—a very long and laborious ascent—Schaunard, who went first, uttered a cry of astonishment on finding a key in the door of his room.

'What's the matter?' asked Rodolphe.

‘I do n’t understand,’ muttered he. ‘I find the key which I took away this morning still in my door. We shall see; I put it in this pocket. By Jove, it’s there yet!’ exclaimed he, producing the key. ‘It’s magic!’

‘Phantasmagoria!’ said Colline.

‘Illusion!’ added Rodolphe.

‘But,’ continued Schaunard, with a perceptible tremor in his voice, ‘do you hear that!’

‘What!’

‘What!’

‘My piano — playing of itself: *ut, la, mi, re, do, la, si, sol, re* — scamp of a *re*! it will always be false.’

‘This can’t be your room,’ said Rodolphe, adding in the ear of Colline, on whom he was leaning heavily, ‘He is tipsy.’

‘I believe you. In the first place, it’s not a piano; it’s a flute.’

‘You’re tipsy too, my dear fellow,’ said the poet to the philosopher, who had sat down on the landing; ‘it’s a fiddle.’

‘A fid-diddle! phew! I say, Schaunard,’ sputtered Colline, pulling his friend by the legs, ‘I like that! Our friend pretends it’s a fid-did——’

‘Heavens and earth!’ cried Schaunard, in the utmost terror, ‘my piano keeps playing! It’s magic!’

‘Phantas-mag-goria!’ ejaculated Colline, letting fall one of two bottles which he carried in his hand.

‘Illusion!’ screamed Rodolphe.

In the midst of this row the door suddenly opened, and a person appeared on the threshold, holding a three-branched candle-stick, with one red wax-candle in it.

‘What is your pleasure, gentlemen?’ inquired he, bowing politely to the three friends.

‘Heavens! what have I done! I am wrong; this is not where I live,’ said Schaunard.

‘Pray, Sir, excuse our friend,’ added Colline and Rodolphe together; ‘he is in the third heaven of tipplers.’

Suddenly a ray of intelligence flashed across the drunken confusion of Schaunard; he had just discovered on the door the remains of a line written in chalk:

‘*I have come three times for my New-Year’s.* PHEMY.’

‘Yes, yes, I am at home!’ he cried. ‘Look at the visiting-card that Phemy left on me last New-Year. This is my door, and no mistake.’

‘Good heavens!’ said Rodolphe, ‘I am really confounded.’

‘I assure you, Sir,’ added Colline, ‘I am helping my friend to be confounded as hard as I can.’

The young man could not help laughing. ‘If you will step in a minute,’ he replied, ‘no doubt your friend will acknowledge his error as soon as he has seen the premises.’

‘Willingly.’ And the poet and philosopher, each taking Schaunard by one arm, conducted him into the room, or rather palace of Marcel; for such the reader has doubtless recognized him to be.

Schaunard rolled his eyes vaguely around, muttering, ‘It is surprising how my lodging is beautified.’

‘Well, are you convinced now?’ demanded Colline. But Schaunard, having found the piano, walked up to it and touched the keys.

‘Listen to this, all of you!’ he exclaimed, rattling over the notes. ‘Very good; the animal knows its master. *Si, la, sol, fa, mi, re* — scamp of a *re*! always false. I told you it was my instrument.’

‘He insists!’ said Colline to Rodolphe.

‘He insists!’ repeated Rodolphe to Marcel.

‘And that!’ continued Schaunard, pointing to the spangled petticoat, ‘that’s not my decoration, I suppose?’ And he looked Marcel fiercely in the face. ‘And this,’ he went on, detaching from the wall the sheriff’s notice already mentioned, and beginning to read: ‘*Consequently, Mr. Schaunard is bound to evacuate the premises, and restore them in good and tenantable repair, on the eighth day of April in the year aforesaid, before noon. Witness the present instrument, of which the expenses are five francs.*’ ‘Ah, am not I Schaunard, to whom they have given sheriff’s notice; the honors of the stamp; expenses five francs? And there,’ he continued, recognizing his slippers on Marcel’s feet, ‘are those not my slippers — the gift of a beloved hand? It is your turn, Sir, to explain your presence among my penates.’

‘Gentlemen,’ said Marcel, addressing himself to the other two, ‘your friend is at home, I confess.’

‘Ah!’ cried Schaunard, ‘that’s lucky.’

‘But,’ continued Marcel, ‘I am at home too.’

‘Nevertheless, Sir,’ said Rodolphe, ‘if our friend recognizes ——’

‘Yes,’ repeated Colline, ‘if our friend rec ——’

‘And if you on your part recollect how it is ——’

‘Yes, how it is,’ echoed Colline.

‘Pray, sit down, gentlemen,’ said Marcel, ‘and I will explain the mystery to you.’

‘Suppose we moisten the explanation,’ suggested Colline.

‘By taking a bite,’ added Rodolphe.

The four young men sat down, and attacked a piece of cold veal. Marcel then explained what had passed between him and the landlord that morning, when he came to move in.

‘Then,’ said Rodolphe, ‘the gentleman is perfectly right; he is at home here.’

‘You are all at home,’ said Marcel politely.

But it was very hard work to make Schaunard understand what had happened. A ludicrous incident helped to complicate the situation. Schaunard, in going to look for something in a draw, found there the change of Marcel’s five-hundred-franc bill.

‘I was sure,’ he exclaimed, ‘that my friend Luck would not ~~make~~ me. I recollect, now, I went out to look for him this morning. We must have crossed each other on the way. How lucky I left my draw open!’

‘Sweet illusion!’ sighed Rodolphe, as he saw Schaunard arranging the specie in equal piles.

‘Dream — false dream: such is our life!’ added the philosopher.

Marcel laughed.

An hour after they were all four fast asleep.

At noon they awoke, and seemed astonished at finding themselves together. Schaunard, Colline, and Rodolphe appeared not to know one another, and said 'Sir' to one another. Marcel was obliged to remind them that they had come there together the night before. Just then old Durand entered.

'Sir,' said he to Marcel, 'to-day is the ninth of April; there is mud in the street, and His Majesty Louis Philippe continues to be King of France and Navarre. Hullo!' cried the porter, beholding his former lodger, 'Mr. Schaunard, how did you come here?'

'By telegraph,' replied Schaunard.

'Well, you are a joker,' said the porter.

'Durand,' interposed Marcel, 'I do not choose the servants to take part in our conversation; so to the eating-house, and order breakfast for four. Here is the bill of fare,' handing him a slip of paper. 'Run along! Gentlemen,' continued Marcel to the three young men, 'you offered me supper last night; allow me to offer you breakfast this morning; not at *my* rooms, but at *ours*,' he added, giving his hand to Schaunard.

After breakfast Rodolphe claimed the floor.

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'allow me to leave you.'

'No,' said the sentimental Schaunard, 'let us never leave each other.'

'Indeed, we are very comfortable here,' put in Colline.

'To leave you a moment,' Rodolphe proceeded. 'To-morrow the *'Scarf of Iris'* appears, a journal of fashion, of which I am head writer. I must go to correct my proofs. In an hour I will be back.'

'Ah,' said Colline, 'that reminds me that I have to give a lesson to an Indian prince, who has come to Paris to learn Arabic.'

'Go to-morrow,' said Marcel.

'To-day is pay-day,' replied the philosopher. 'And moreover, I confess, this fine day will be lost to me if I do not take a turn in the book-market.'

'But you will return after you turn?' asked Schaunard.

'Swift as an arrow launched by hand unerring,' replied the philosopher, who loved eccentric similes.

And he walked off with Rodolphe.

'Suppose,' said Schaunard, 'instead of pampering myself on the pillow of idleness, I were to look about for some money to appease the rapacity of Mr. Bernard?'

'You still intend to quit, then?' said Marcel anxiously.

'By Jove, I must! after the notice to quit, expenses five francs.'

'Then, if you move, you carry away your furniture?'

'I rather think so. I shan't leave a hair, as Bernard says.'

'That will be inconvenient for me, who hired your room furnished.'

'That's a fact,' said Schaunard; adding, in a melancholy tone, 'but I have no good reason for supposing I shall find the seventy-five francs to-day, or to-morrow, or the day after.'

'Stop! I've an idea,' said Marcel.

'Bring it out.'

'This is our situation: legally the lodging is mine, for I have paid a month in advance.'



'The lodging, yes; but the furniture—when I pay, I take that away legally; I would illegally if I could.'

'So, then, you have furniture and no lodging, and I a lodging and no furniture.'

'Exactly.'

'Now, I like this lodging.'

'And I never liked it better than I do now.'

'Well, we can arrange the business. Stay with me. I provide the room, and you the furniture.'

'And the rent?'

'Since I have money now, I will pay the first; after that it will be your turn. Consider.'

'I never consider—especially about accepting a proposition which pleases me. I accept gladly. Painting and Music are sisters.'

'Sisters-in-law, at least.'

At this moment Colline and Rodolphe entered, having just on the road. Marcel and Schaunard informed them of their partnership.

'Gentlemen,' said Rodolphe, shaking his pockets, 'I stand dinner for the company.'

'Just what I was going to have the honor to propose,' said Colline, pulling out of his pocket a piece of gold, which he put into his eye. 'My prince gave me that to buy a grammar, which cost me six sous, ready money.'

'And I,' said Rodolphe, 'made the treasurer of the *'Scarf of Iris'* advance me thirty francs, on the plea that I had to be vaccinated. So I maintain my offer.'

'So do I.'

'Well, then, we must toss up for who shall pay.'

'No,' cried Schaunard, 'I know something better; a much better means of solving the difficulty.'

'What is it?'

'Rodolphe shall pay for the dinner, and Colline give us a supper.'

'That's what I call a judgment of Solomon!' said the philosopher.

The dinner took place at a provincial eating-house in the *Rue Dauphine*, famous for its literary waiters. Having to keep a corner for supper, they ate and drank moderately. The acquaintance which had been founded the night before became more intimate; each of the young men hung out the standard of his party in art; all four were conscious of equal courage and similar hopes. At the end of the meal, which terminated with a sort of gravity, Rodolphe rose to propose a toast to the future; and Colline replied, in a discourse taken from none of his old authors, and containing no flowers of rhetoric, but simply speaking the plain language of that frankness which makes you understand so well what it expresses so badly.

After dinner they went to take coffee at the *Momus*, where they had already passed the evening preceding. From that day the establishment became inhabitable for its former frequenters.

After coffee and liquor the society, now definitely founded, returned to Marcel's lodging, which took the name of the *Schaunard Elysée*, or Palace. While Colline was ordering the promised supper, the others

procured crackers, rockets, and various other fire-works, and before sitting down to table, they let off from the windows a superb pyrotechnic exhibition, which turned the whole house upside down; during which the four friends sang at the top of their voices:

*'All hail! all hail!! all hail the happy day!!!'*

Next morning they found themselves together again; this time without appearing astonished. Before going about their respective affairs, they breakfasted frugally at the *Momus*, and then parted, to assemble there again in the evening—which they did every day for a long time.

## THE SCYTHIAN TO HIS GOBLET.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

THE Scythians, according to HERODOTUS, used the skull of an enemy slain in battle for a drinking-cup. It was first lined with gold, and wrapped about with bull's hide, which was also gilded. The goblet, so prepared, was used by them in ordinary, and at their banquets.

I.

Come press my burning lips, my foe —  
Ha! how thy kisses through me dart!  
Brave cup! I feel thy red life glow,  
And leap to flame within my heart.  
Kiss me again! The hand was strong,  
And armed with might, that wrought me ill;  
Vengeance watched above my Wrong,  
That might is crushed, the hand is chill.  
Hurrah!

II.

Give me the roses. I would whelm  
In fragrant buds his shrivelled brow:  
How lighter than the brazen helm  
My garland binds his temples now!  
Through Persian steel, with wound for wound,  
At last I reached him on the plain;  
That night the hungry prowlers found  
A headless trunk among the slain.  
Hurrah!

III.

Fill me the wine. I drink to her  
Who sleeps beneath dark Helle's wave:  
Why broke my faithless scimeter  
When she became the Persian's slave?  
Revenge! revenge! Ah me! no more  
My spear his quivering heart shall know;  
But on the far and soundless shore  
My arm again shall reach my foe!  
Hurrah!

## TO THE NAPOLEON OF THE INVALIDES, 1848.

Like the peal of distant thunder  
 Booming through the sullen night;  
 Like the earthquake's rumbling shudder,  
 Paling cities with affright,  
 Swells the roar of revolution  
 Far o'er palaced hills and plains,  
 From the heart of trampled millions  
 Blindly bursting from their chains.

O for one of lordly presence,  
 One of genius all sublime,  
 On whose brow in light were written,  
 WORTHY OF THE TASK AND TIME!  
 Gloriously to solve the problem,  
 With the sword of CHARLEMAGNE,  
 'What shall be the fate of Europe,  
 Cossack or Republican?'

Hark! methinks the stifled murmur  
 Of avenging wrath and shame,  
 Growing to articulate utterance,  
 Syllables at last a name;  
 One whilom that thrilled the tyrants  
 With a more than mortal dread;  
 One Valhalla's proudest welcomed,  
 Mightiest of the regal dead!

Victor in a hundred battles,  
 In as many hostile lands,  
 'Twixt the Moskwa's frozen horrors  
 And Syene's burning sands;  
 From thy bannered mausoleum,  
 Towering o'er the mournful Seine,  
 Wakened by the shout of nations,  
 Burst upon the scene again!

Not in pomp of royal purple,  
 Sceptre, crown, and oriflamme,  
 Such as erst thy triumph blazoned  
 In resplendent Notre-Dame;  
 But as when France first received thee,  
 Lord of humbled Austria,  
 Nobler in thy plain gray sage,  
 And thy simple chapeau-bras.

When around thy surf-beat dungeon  
 Wildly raved the midnight blast,  
 TÊTE D'ARMÉE\* sublimed the tumult  
 As thy stormier spirit passed!  
 How sublimer were the echo  
 Of thy dying words to-day,  
 Could the voice of mustering millions  
 Hail thee Freedom's Tête d'armée!

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\* The last words of NAPOLEON.

Wake, O wake, then, sworded sleeper,  
 From thy bivouac of death!  
 Thou whose nostril's living ether  
 Was the cannon's fiery breath:  
 Lo! against the hosts of tyrants  
 Freedom's host its phalanx knits;  
 Wake, and o'er the people's battle  
 Bring the sun of Austerlitz!

Never yet in all their perils,  
 All their agonies, till now,  
 Have they needed such a MENTOR,  
 Such a present MARS as thou,  
 'Gainst their banded foes to lead them,  
 With thy old prophetic trust,  
 Till the last of throned oppressors,  
 Crushed and crownless, bite the dust.

Then, resumed thy martial ceremonies,  
 Sleep the dreamless sleep again,  
 In thy bannered mausoleum,  
 Towering o'er the joyous Seine;  
 Hailed with grateful REQUIESCAT,  
 Breathed from every peopled clime,  
 'THIS TIME FAITHFUL TO HIS MISSION,  
 WORTHY OF HIS TASK SUBLIME!'

W. P. P.

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## EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE-BOOK.

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BY HON. WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL.

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THE noble steam-ship **HERMANN** lay in the Southampton docks in May, 1848, undergoing some slight repairs. It was her first introduction to English waters, and many a subject of Queen Victoria passed through the elegant cabin, and admired the finish and arrangements of the state-rooms, and expressed a desire to make a part of the large number of passengers who were daily gathering in preparatory to their return *home*. I was summoned down from London by the American Consul, and yet on my arrival found that some days must pass before the vessel would be in a proper condition to leave. Away down in her vast hold the sons of Vulcan were wielding their hammers, and every blow they struck rendered more secure our homeward voyage. More than a hundred passengers were gathered, and it was evident that we must find amusement and employment for a few days. That true-hearted and gallant old sailor, Captain Crabtree, was every where present, with a pleasant smile and words of cheer for all. We looked around to see what objects of interest were in the neighborhood. We explored the old town of Southampton; tried to call up visions of its condition and appearance in early days, in ages long gone by, when Canute sat on the shore and bade the sea retire, but rebel-like it paid no regard to the commands of majesty:

A mile or two below, and looking out on the waters, were the fine ruins of Netley Abbey, and thither one pleasant day I found my steps turning in company with a fellow-passenger. I had never met him before, but he was the friend of my friend. For many years he had been a sojourner and traveller in the far East. He had wandered around the base of Mount Ararat, and had penetrated the fastnesses in the wild mountains of Koordistan. He had been present at the disentombing of ancient Nineveh; and he had closed the eyes of the lamented missionary, Dr. Grant, and had buried him near the banks of the Tigris, and under the walls of the old city of Mosul. We sat down in the shade of these ruins, near the spot where the monks of old had sat on their stone-seats and communed on things present and to come. Large trees had grown up, and now threw their branches over the place once the abode of men, and which form now the only covering of the 'long-drawn aisle.' The vaulted and fretted roof is gone. The pealing anthem is no longer heard, and for centuries the hoary hand of Time has been turning into dust and ashes this once proud home of men who professed the religion of CHRIST. The rooks were cawing above us, and chattering as if their own exclusive domain was intruded upon. We gathered some simple wild flowers, and my new friend pressed them, and on our voyage gave them to me as a memento of our visit to the ruins of that old Abbey. I have them now, and they are a memorial of the giver also, and the only one; and he, too, now sleeps far away from home and kindred, in an unrecorded grave in Central Asia.

But as we sat beneath those ruins, our conversation was of that wonderful land where he had dwelt; of those sacred places which were the cradle of our race, where Abraham lived, where the ark rested, and where the Son of God died for man. The curious développments making at that time by Mr. Layard formed another fruitful subject: how the truth of Scripture was sustained; how upon the long-buried tablets there arose to view the names of Babylonish rulers, and, in some instances, of those whose very existence was only known by their mention in the Old Testament. From beneath those Abbey ruins we looked across to the Isle of Wight, and then thoughts of Richmond and of the 'Dairyman's Daughter' seemed to link the place where we were with those lands, and scenes, and events, which form the subject of the sacred narrative. The same principles of our holy religion governed the monarch of Israel and the Dairyman's daughter. Thus we mused, and called up the names and memories of the great and good, and dropped a tear at the remembrance of him who was our common friend, and whose face we were to see no more upon the earth.

Returning after a day thus spent, and with the feelings which had been kindled by this visit to Netley Abbey, I commended it to the attention of a young-lady passenger, then on her return to Baltimore from a winter's sojourn in Rome. She had talent, and her mind was well stored and cultivated by study and observation. But the proposition did not seem to be favorably received. She replied, that after seeing the ruins of Italy she had no curiosity to see ruins of so recent an origin as those of Netley Abbey. I said my friend who was with me was deeply interested, and, 'Allow me to introduce him, for he has just come from ancient Nine-

veh, and has been examining the ruins of a city which was lost to the world before the foundations of the city of Rome were laid.' 'I give up,' was her ready reply. She, too, has since been gathered to her final resting-place, leaving a mourning husband, then a lover, and who was also one of our fellow-passengers.

Another visit a day or two after was to the old city of Winchester. I say *old*, because no one can now tell when its foundations were laid, but legendary lore carries back the period to near a thousand years before the Christian era, and before Romulus began to build the 'walls of lofty Rome.' Here in Winchester in early times the kings of ancient Britain ruled. The Saxon monarchs here dwelt, and the wassail-bowl went round. Here is the birth and burial-place of St. Swithun. The ashes of the great Alfred have rested here for near a thousand years since his death. The Norman conqueror here held his court. From here went out the order for the 'curfew bell.' Here was made up '*The Roll of Winchester*,' called by the people, from their aversion to the measure, the '*Doomsday Book*.' Here were framed and enacted many of the ancient statutes which have been lost in the flood of time only to reappear in the principles of the '*English Common Law*.' No one can wander round and look at the old cathedral, and at the tombs of so many whose names are familiar in English history, at the monuments and relics of other times, without emotion. Shorn of her power, deprived of her regal dignity, with a population now reaching only about ten thousand, this once royal city is chiefly interesting in her associations with the past. To me the object of greatest interest was the Hospital of St. Cross. This charity was founded more than seven hundred years ago; and it is said that there is no other institution in England which in that long lapse of time has so little changed from its original constitution and appearance. It is situated outside the present city, a distance of half or three-quarters of a mile.

Strolling along by the side of the hawthorn hedges, and listening to the notes of the cuckoo, and musing over the scenes of the past, I found myself about the middle of the afternoon entering under the old arch and standing in the presence of the jolly porter of the Hospital of St. Cross. I knew that he was allowed a certain number of loaves of bread and gallons of beer for the refreshment of poor travellers and wayfaring men. My companion, a good old-fashioned merchant of our good city of New-York, full of good feelings and kindly sympathies, but who, I fancy, is more attracted by the present than the past, was a little surprised as he saw me remove my hat and address this guardian of the entrance to the Hospital: 'Two travellers,' said I, 'weary and worn from a far-off land, passing by the Hospital of St. Cross, have called to ask for charity. Give them a bit of bread and a horn of beer, for conscience's sake.' The porter listened attentively, then opened the side-door and bade us walk in. He was evidently unused to such set and formal applications for charity, and a smile played around the corners of his mouth as he placed two wooden stools for us to sit down upon, and then cut and handed us a piece of bread, and placed in each of our hands a horn cup filled with foaming beer. It was acceptable after our walk; and we ate the bread and drank the beer, and gave thanks, remembering kindly old

Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester, and brother of King Stephen, and who, in 1136, founded the Hospital of St. Cross. Like many other charities, its purposes have, by the rapacity of the Masters, been perverted. While we were there, the carriage of the present Master, no less a personage than Lord Guilford, drove up. The four fine gray horses, and the liveried servants, indicated that the present Master of this Hospital was not such a one as was intended by the old Bishop of Winchester. But though a large portion of the income is diverted and turned, it is said, into the pockets of the lordly Master, the place is one of great interest. The old pensioners are there; the ancient hall, with its raised place for fire in the centre, with an opening under the edge of the roof for the smoke to pass out; the chapel, the dormitories, all tell of past ages. But enough of this. We returned to Southampton delighted with our excursion, and the next day were out on the broad Atlantic, with the prow of our noble steamer turned toward the setting sun.

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R I G I - C U L M .

Sunset's glow lit up the mountains, purpling o'er their crests of snow,  
Faintly heard, their torrent-fountains murmured in the gorge below;  
With a solemn rustling round us waved the foliage of the pine:  
Nature's glorious beauty bound us with a spell almost divine.

From Arth's vale, with feet unweary, we had trod the length'ning way  
Where the Roasberg's ruins dreary still their tale of sorrow say:  
From the cliff-tops high and hoary, wide unfolds the page of woe—  
Lowertz, Rothen, Goldau's story! desolation's sternest show.

Past each station-chapel \* wending, soon we marked the fading glow  
Gild the shrine where pilgrims, bending, praise 'Our Lady of the Snow';†  
All things were such peaceful seeming, every care its influence stole,  
Like the bliss we know in dreaming we have reached some long-sought goal.

Deeper fell the twilight-shadow, still the distant peaks were bright,  
While, far down, each verdant meadow slept beneath the wing of night;  
Ranz des Vaches came wildly trilling through the stillly upper air,  
Every breath with music filling, echoed softly here and there!

From the Culm, when vestal Morning oped her gray and timid eye,  
Till the full and fair adorning of broad earth and boundless sky,  
Mute we gazed! vales still benighted, rose-tinged peaks, lakes, ice-fields wide,  
Grandeur and soft beauty, plighted, sate embracing side by side!

Northward gleams Egeri's water, which Morgarten's dreadful fray  
Reddened with victorious slaughter, when the Austrian lost the day:  
Zurich's lake and turrets peeping through the clefts of Albis shire,  
Watch along the horizon keeping, the Black Forest leads its line.

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\* A series of thirteen small chapels.

† La Chapelle de 'Notre Dame des Neiges'.



Sempach's lake and Reuss' swift river, with thy mirror, bright Lucerne,  
Küssnacht, home of Tell's own quiver, meet the eyes that westward turn;  
Jura's outline, long and swelling, old Pilatus' lofty head,  
By its cloudy bonnet telling skies serene and tempests fled! \*

Southward, in their virgin whiteness, rise the noble Alps of Berne;  
Unterwalden's glacier-brightness; Uri, desolate and stern;  
Mythen summits, proudly peering, look o'er Schwytz, thrice-hallowed spot —  
Freedom's altar first uprearing, Freedom's watchword, ne'er forgot!

Silence, with her brooding pinion, hovered o'er the witching scene,  
'Neath her magical dominion holding mountain, lake, ravine;  
Upward clouds of mist were stealing with a graceful, sea-like flow,  
Hiding now, and now revealing, all the picture traced below!

Wondrous picture, choicest limning, sweetest tones and sounds of fear;  
Hunter's hallo, peasant's hymning, rifting ice that crasheth near;  
Lewine's † deep and awful thunder, heralded by clouds of snow;  
Smooth green turf that smileth under shimmering mist-fall's noiseless flow.

Strange commingling! frost and flowers, glacier-chasms, valleys fair;  
Staubbach's waving veil of showers, Leman's waves of beauty rare,  
Blending with the Rhone's 'blue rushing;' sombre Aar's impetuous tide;  
Chamouni at morning, blushing 'neath her 'Monarch's' glance of pride!

Thus I mused while downward going toward the lone and shaded dell;  
Soft the June day's breath was blowing round thy chapel, WILLIAM TELL!  
Truly Gamalaz's tragic story ill befitted spot so fair:  
Though no more the turf is gory, seems a stain still resting there.

From thy lovely festal places, Nature! keep the vengeful hand,  
Wasting Battle's dreadful traces, Slaughter's mercenary band;  
Let no precious pulses falter in the death-throes of mad strife,  
Where calm Peace hath kept her altar from thy morning hour of life!

From the beach at Küssnacht darting, sped our boat along the tide,  
Clear the rowers' song of parting echoed from the steep lake-side;  
Fitfully the light breeze creeping, scarcely stirred the sleeping bay;  
O'er its crystal bosom sweeping, joyously we held our way!

Lucerne's towers, so proud and slightly, glittered at the farther shore,  
As we neared the isle that brightly smiles the circling waters o'er;  
Merry fête-day balls were ringing, and the city's heart was gay:  
From our shallop lightly springing, strolled we through the bright array.

Brightly youth and laughing maiden frolicked through the mazy dance,  
With fresh flowers her dark locks laden, mischief in his sidelong glance!  
Land of Nature's noblest painting, land of innocent delight,  
Like thy snows, that know no tainting, calm, majestic,auteous, bright!

Edinburgh, December, 1844.

WILLIAM WA LACE MORLAND

\* WENN Pilatus trägt sein Hut,  
Dann wird das Wetter gut.

† Lewinen: avalanches. 'Steub-lawinen,' or dust avalanches, consisting of loose snow.  
The 'grand-lawinen:' hard, compacted snow and ice.

## CURIOSITIES OF CHARACTER.

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## PORTRAIT OF A PAINTER.

Two facts encourage us to attempt the following work of art. In the first place, Jack Morris is not a fighting man. In the second place, he never by any chance reads a paper. We doubt very much whether he knows who is President of the United States. We are quite certain that he does not know whether General Cass be a Whig or a Democrat. If you were to talk to him of Horace Greeley as a ferocious filibuster, or of Mr. James Gordon Bennett as a Mormon pontiff, he would not be in the least surprised. They are not people of *his* world. He can't read. It is out of his line altogether, unless for professional purposes. He is simply a painter, and in his mind the world is divided into four classes: people who can and people who can't paint; people who buy and people who don't buy pictures. This premised, we advance upon our subject, catch him at a nice three-quarter view, and go to work to depict him, perfectly guaranteed, by the above peculiarities of his nature, against any fear of his challenging the likeness, or its author.

Far otherwise would it be, were our sketch to be illustrated by the most careless croquis, the rudest and most primeval wood-cut!

But it is not: so we go ahead undauntedly.

Jack Morris was the son of his father, and his mother was a lady of some fashion. To our certain knowledge, she had a stuffed crimson ibis in her drawing-room, and gave a party once, at which a gentleman who would have been President, if he had been fortunate enough to get elected, was present. We met him there ourselves, along with the rich bank-director who 'bust up' last week, and is now supposed to be in California. So that question may be considered settled.

When Jack was at school, the chemical constituents of his system refused to absorb Latin, and declined to annex Greek on any terms whatever. His algebra was all minus; he correctly calculated that arithmetic would never figure among his accomplishments; and as for ancient history, *his* story never in any respect resembled that of any other historian when he was examined. Whence may be inferred, that either Livy, Tacitus, and other gentlemen of their profession, or else Jack Morris and his facts, were very slightly to be depended on by compilers of encyclopædias.

His education being finished — that is to say, neither Jack himself nor any thing else having been accomplished by the process — home he came, and did nothing with a steady perseverance that strongly impressed his mother's mind with the idea that he was a genius.

Now, nothing is more embarrassing than knowing a young fellow to be a genius, and not having the remotest idea of what he is a genius in. Mrs. Vanderboosier Morris was in this precise fix. Jack loafed calmly.

He was almost nineteen years of age, and began to stare at the young ladies very critically. He concentrated his intellect apparently on one vast idea—the hope of raising a moustache. This laudable ambition PROVIDENCE seemed disposed to frustrate. Nevertheless, Jack hoped and trusted, and made large investments in the grease of bears, which had once worn coats of a more woolly texture than he, in his imperfect knowledge of natural history, suspected.

One day Mrs. Vanderbockser Morris—who was a descendant of the old Dutch family of Vanderbockses, formerly high and mighty grandees, and awful smokers of pipes—we repeat, Mrs. Vanderbockser Morris caught Jack deliberately making a pen-and-ink sketch, or, more correctly speaking, diagram, (for it was a very thick and severe outline of the crimson ibis above mentioned,) in the splendid album which a distinguished exile, now *E-p-r-r* of Fr-nce, presented formerly to Mrs. Vanderbockser Morris, on the very day on which he borrowed two hundred dollars (the autograph vouching for the same is still extant, in the form of a dishonored bill) of Mr. Vanderbockser Morris, her tight-fisted but prince-accessible husband.

Mr. Van Morris, as his friends in Wall-street, who had not time for long and ancient Dutch names, simply called him, was the son of *the* Morris so remarkably ill used about the great English Savings-Bank affair. Indignant at the suspicions cast upon his integrity, he disdained to refute a host of groundless calumnies, and emigrated to New-York in a French steamer. Some say, that while he was on his road to Boulogne, they were actually telegraphing him from London to Liverpool on some very important business. One thing, however, is certain, that he arrived here with a considerable capital, and died a wealthy merchant, leaving his son in very easy circumstances; and what was more, allied by marriage to the great house of Vanderbockser, which was traditionally reported to have considered itself ‘some pumpkins’ for a number of ages as yet unfigured up by accountants. His wife made him take the name, and of course he took her into the bargain.

‘Oh, my album—the album *de l’E-pe-eur!*’ shrieked Mrs. Vanderbockser. ‘Oh, John! how *could* you?’

Seeing strong symptoms of a scene, with crying and perhaps fainting accompaniment, Jack looked aghast at his mamma, and still more aghast at his unfortunate artistic perpetration. The fact was, he had taken up the pen in a fit of abstraction, and until attacked by his feminine parent, had not had the remotest idea of what he was doing. An obscure notion of ‘scratching it out,’ suggested by dim reminiscences of early writing-lessons, was the first thing that occurred to him, and he had whipped out a small and very genteel bowie-knife with a view to that delicate mode of erasure, when aid unexpected arrived.

‘Mr. Ginger Cocktail, mum,’ said a servant; and in walked the living realization of that important idea.

‘*Look here*, Mr. Cocktail!’ said Mrs. Vanderbockser; ‘that is Jack’s doing; only look at it!’

‘Certainly, madam; it is a remarkably clever sketch; quite a vigorous touch about it. Why, it’s the old ibis to the life! I had not the least idea Mr. John was so much of an artist. Upon my word, the way

that long bill is put in is quite characteristic of—of—what's his name? the——'

'The E-p-r-r's album!' moaned Mrs. Vanderbockser rather appropriately; for certainly nothing could have been more suitable than *long bills* in an album emanating from that illustrious individual. 'Jack did it!' repeated Mrs. Vanderbockser.

'And it is very well done,' reiterated Mr. Cocktail.

'You really think so?' said Mrs. Van (we ourselves get overpowered by the recurring sublimity of *that* name) seriously.

'Quite seriously!' affirmed Mr. Cocktail, with a semi-wink at Jack.

'Then Jack has a talent for art!' exclaimed the fond mamma.

'I should not wonder if he was a genius in that line,' flattered Mr. Cocktail.

If he *were* a genius, grammarians would have said. But Mr. Cocktail was not a grammarian; he was a speculator, and his scholastic resources were limited.

Here was a new field opened to Mrs. Van's mind. She knew before that her son was a genius; *now* she knew that he was destined to be a Raphael, or perhaps a Cruikshank. Who could tell?

Six months later Jack was in Rome, with Mr. Cocktail to look after him as governor. Two years later they returned to New-York. Mr. Van Morris was in that state whence spiritual manifestations are supposed to proceed; in fact, he was what is vulgarly termed defunct. Jack, who now called himself Vanderbockser right off, and rejected the name of Morris with unutterable disdain, was absorbed in his art, and in a female Italian model, who boarded at a French hotel, where she passed for a countess and was asked no questions. If Jack paid her board, no doubt he did it out of pure love of art, and looked upon her—merely as a model; which she certainly was, of more virtues than one.

How Cocktail lived for the next quarter, and who paid *his* board, or whether it was paid at all, we know not. A coolness had sprung up between that excellent young gentleman and Jack, owing, it was whispered, to Jack's having one day caught him trying to kiss the countess. Cocktail's private resources were negative, and entirely on the wrong side of the book; consisting, in fact, exclusively of debts to one person and another, which he could only expect to increase on the popular principle, that

Hope springs eternal in the human breast.'

However, he had one chance, and that was a 'screamer.' Mrs. Vanderbockser was fat, fair and forty, and a widow!

One day Jack came, as usual, to get some money from his mother, to whom every thing had been left absolutely by the departed Morris. As he entered, that agreeable lady introduced him to Mr. Cocktail as her husband. She was now Mrs. Vanderbockser Cocktail. There was no escaping the *Vanderbockser* by any process of social chemistry. Jack swore a fearful oath, which it had taken him half a day to learn in Italy of a Roman bandit who sat for his beard, and Mr. Vanderbockser Cocktail politely ordered him out of the house.

Thus Jack was ruined, kicked out of doors, and thrown upon his own

resources. What a consolation to reflect that he was a great artist! What a pity that no body else was aware of the fact!

It was at this period that we made Jack's personal acquaintance. Drunk in solitary splendor, we beheld in a certain supper-saloon a young man, with unlimited hair and an orange-colored moustache, balancing himself irresponsibly against the bar, and muttering wild and incoherent phrases.

It was Vanderbockser the painter.

Interested in his tale, which we gathered from his disjointed lamentations and curses, we persuaded him to go quietly to an hotel, and, as he had not a red cent in the world, we on the following day introduced him to a smart lawyer, who undertook to arrange the matter.

This was the lawyer's plan, which we admire for its simplicity: He obtained firstly an interview with Mrs. Vanderbockser Cocktail, and after working upon her maternal feelings, significantly informed her that he was in possession of certain proofs of her late husband's insanity at the time of making his will. He then repeated the latter hints to Mr. Cocktail, with a friendly warning, given of course without witnesses, that he *feared*, in fact *knew*, that it was Jack's deliberate intention to shoot him at the earliest opportunity. Now Cocktail was not particularly afraid of Jack, but he did not like the notion of being shot in cold blood like an ordinary beast of prey. So he relented, and assigned over to Jack certain building lots, which were supposed to be worth at least fifteen thousand dollars, and which Jack has been mortgaging deeper and deeper ever since, in hopes of something turning up to raise them in value; which something has not apparently yet been heard of.

Thus far we have given the early history and social fortunes of our friend Vanderbockser. We now come to the painter and the man.

Let us visit his studio.

The way to get there is worth knowing. You go up Broadway and turn to the left, then walk straight ahead until you are dog-tired; after that, you lose your way down some narrow streets, and come back into the avenue you started from. Then you ask a man the way, and he tells you, but you don't believe him, because you do not relish going under a dark archway that seems to lead no where. Finally, your doubts are removed by Vanderbockser himself, or his boy Figaro, (so called, but not baptized,) emerging from the cavernous entrance to buy some tobacco; after which you are led along like Faust by Mephistopheles into a very spacious old house, and discover to your surprise that by going down the next street and turning the corner, you might have walked quietly in at the front door, on which is a large brass plate, with the grand name of Vanderbockser inscribed upon it, in hieroglyphical German text; and there is a pretty dark-eyed Italian face looking over a blind which just intercepts the view of her smiling mouth, and who is, in point of fact, no other than the late Countess, now Mrs. Vanderbockser: for Jack has married her after all, and let the world talk — who cares?

We politely greet Mrs. Vanderbockser, junior, who takes the opportunity of showing her knowledge of English by a few well-meant but rather unintelligible phrases, as, of course, she always speaks Italian to Vanderbockser. She then leads us — supposing Figaro to have been

our original guide — into the studio of the modern master. There we find Vanderbockser smoking a long German pipe, with the Vanderbockser coat-of-arms painted on its china bowl. He offers us cigars; his dark-eyed lady glides away like a shadow, and we sit down in front of Vanderbockser's last painting to talk it over.

It is apparently an angel skating on a flat frozen cloud. This notion, however, we are shortly compelled to abandon, by Vanderbockser informing us that it is the Fairy Queen in her chariot; which is a great relief to our minds, as we could not recall any example of a skating angel in either the Old or New Testament. The Fairy Queen is not encumbered with earthly drapery; she is somewhat in the case of the lady in the epigram, who,

‘CLAD in virtue's spotless vest  
Alone, was rather lightly dressed;’

and is, moreover, a striking likeness of Mrs. Vanderbockser. This is a peculiarity of Van's paintings. (It is really an economy of ink to clip that name occasionally.) His nymph bathing in Pactolus, and coming out electro-gilt in the sunset — a *brilliant* idea, to say the least — is an unmistakable Countess — we mean portrait of Mrs. V. His Aurora heralding the dawn, a young lady who evidently got up in too great a hurry to slip on a dressing-gown, is, notwithstanding her light-red hair, another copy of the same charming original. So is his Proserpine being carried off by Pluto; the latter infernal potentate being merely a mahogany-colored Vanderbockser with a lamp-black beard. So is the Leda, with the particularly impudent-looking swan taking a bite at her nose. So is the Eve, with, of course, Vanderbockser as Adam. All artists are passionately fond of introducing their own faces into their pictures. In addition to these subjects, we have known Mrs. Vanderbockser, whose maiden name was Viola Castrucchiamani, to figure as Venus rising from the sea; Andromeda chained to the rock; the three Graces, (three editions of herself in different attitudes;) an Indian princess, dressed in a very expensive necklace; Cleopatra, with her husband as Anthony, etc., etc.

In a word, the art of Vanderbockser might be summed up in one word — his wife. It is said that the man who can do one thing well, always succeeds in the long run. Vanderbockser does not get much for them, but he always sells his pictures when he wishes to do so. Candor compels us to state that the dealers who speculate in them dispose of them at a considerable profit to the more fashionable drinking-saloons. It is perhaps fortunate that the hundreds who there gaze upon the beauty thus made, as it were, common property, do not dream for one instant that an original so vastly superior to any copy is actually a living possession of the artist.

To do Van justice, he adores his wife. She is a gentle, loving slave to him, and they are perfectly happy together. Her great anxiety is lest he should kill himself by over-smoking; a danger which, as she often confided to us, caused her serious apprehensions.

We, for our part, entertained much graver fears that the poor lady would make herself ill by the constant fatigue of posing for her hus-

band. Never shall we forget the absurd scene which we witnessed the other day, when, calling on the painter of goddesses, he dragged us into his studio.

Our eyes were immediately arrested by what seemed a sort of sugar-loaf or pyramid of red blanket, which on nearer inspection proved to be Mrs. Van the younger, who had been posing at the moment of my arrival, and round whom her husband had hastily thrown an immense piece of stuff which served him as a back-ground for his pictures when hung upon a screen, so that nothing but her face smiling from beneath a sort of chimney-pot cowl formed by the last twirl of the blanket gave any indication of a human presence.

‘Oh, never mind me!’ said she, good-humoredly.

‘Never mind V.,’ said the painter, coolly. ‘I want you to look at this design — the taking of Athens by the Persians. You see that Athenian maiden?’

I did; it was, of course, Mrs. Vanderbockser, with all her clothes torn off her back in the confusion.

She is pursued by a Persian soldier.

She was. That is, by Vanderbockser himself. The same small, brown eyes; the same somewhat puggish nose; the identical moustache, only altered in color; the sensuous mouth; the broad chest; the somewhat meagre legs; all, all were there; and a suit of brazen scale-armor, and a short cross-handled sword, into the bargain.

‘In the back-ground,’ continued Van, ‘are Greeks and Persians fighting.’

‘Yes,’ said I, ‘Greeks and Persians two feet high, and downward.’

‘The perspective is correct,’ said Vanderbockser, snappishly.

‘The arm of that Athenian virgin is five feet long,’ said we, spitefully.

‘It is drawn as I saw it in nature,’ said Vanderbockser, pompously.

‘That is not a Greek altar there, is it?’

‘What is it then?’

‘A section of a column, to judge by appearances.’

‘Indeed?’

‘Yes; by-the-by, the ærial perspective is exaggerated quite to mistiness!’

After this, we had a regular fight as usual, which ended by our confessing ourselves mistaken, and Van adopting all our suggestions. Meanwhile, Viola had slipped away, and made a charming toilette, and we all had tea together: and as by this time Mrs. V. has learned English, for my sketch has supposed the lapse of five or six years since Van’s return, they made us read them our last poem; and as it introduced a pair of lovers, Van, who is really a good fellow, and likes to say a pleasant thing to a friend, suggested the idea of a painting therefrom, in which, of course, he and his wife will figure as the principal *dramatis personæ*. We should not be surprised if it were to be seen at the next Academy exhibition; that is, if no ‘d — d good-natured friend’ goes telling Vanderbockser who wrote this article, a subject on which you are particularly requested to be strictly confidential in your communications.



## A 'S P E A K I N G L I K E N E S S.'

THE following, rolled up in an old wooden snuff-box, like HOMER's Iliad in the famous nut-shell, has been forwarded to us by some unknown bard, whose modesty in concealing his name may perhaps be accounted for by his impudence in sending us so glaring an imitation of our friend PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW's well-known poem from the KNICKERBOCKER, 'The Skeleton in Armor.'

'TELL, if you can, old boy,  
Your tale of pain or joy,  
Whom on a German toy  
Somebody painted;  
Not with artistic skill,  
But the dark void to fill  
Left in his boarding-bill,  
Figures unsainted !'

Then from the queer old phiz  
Came there a curious hiss,  
Sneezing at by-gone bliss,  
To my amazement;  
And a gruff voice of woe  
Told me the wondrous sto-  
ry, by which means I know  
What the old face meant:

'I was a student once,  
Called by my teachers dunce,  
None of APOLLO's sons  
On me have written;  
But on this box a chap,  
Who was not worth a rap,  
Daubed me. His work now cap,  
Mortal, verse-bitten !

'In the old German land,  
With a wild student band,  
Passed I from hand to hand  
Beer in a beaker:  
Oceans we drank of beer,  
(Wine was of course too dear;)  
For its effect ne'er fear,  
Nothing is weaker !

'Oft, in the dead of night,  
Smashed I the watchman's light,  
Who from the proffered fight  
Absquatulated !  
Oft, at the fencing-school,  
Fought I with courage cool;  
Once, a projected duel  
Beadles frustrated.

'Once, in a lonely street,  
Glances extremely sweet  
Was it my fate to meet,  
Tender as mutton !

Then my best coat I took  
From its accustomed hook,  
And with admiring look  
Kid-gloves I put on !

'Often I met the maid,  
When she would promenade;  
Both of us felt afraid,  
Neither had spoken.  
But I am sure that both,  
Not in the slightest loth,  
Feeling the passion's growth,  
Wished the ice broken.

'She was a banker's child,  
I but a student wild;  
Dollars her sire had piled,  
I was worth nothing.  
Hopeless, in such a case,  
Was it his ire to face:  
Would he his gold disgrace  
By such betrothing !

'She, and some thirty more  
Girls I had seen before,  
Walking beside the shore  
Close to the river,  
At an ~~angle~~ my  
Knocked knowledge into pi,  
Under a dragon's eye,  
Which made me shiver !

'She was a grim old dame,  
(Can't recollect her name,)   
But to her house I came,  
Bent upon plunder;  
Bent on a daring deed,  
(Beauty is valor's meed,)  
Sworn had I to succeed,  
Or to go under ! -

'Six fellows with me went  
To the establishment,  
Where the young ladies sent  
Sciences swallowed.  
I in the van marched on,  
All the rest, one by one,  
Longing to see the fun,  
Eagerly followed.

'Silence we closely kept;  
Teachers and pupils slept,  
As on the shoulders stept  
I of the longest.  
Thus, on the outer wall,  
With a tremendous haul,  
Did I contrive to crawl,  
Tugging my strongest.

'There I remained alone,  
As with a dismal groan,  
Rubbing his shoulder-bone,  
Ladderman grumbled;  
Nobody followed me,  
Nor did I stay to see,  
As quickly into the  
Garden I tumbled.

'Then from the other side  
Somebody hoarsely cried,  
'When we the spoil divide,  
What will you leave us?'  
Then I could hear their feet  
Scampering down the street;  
Never did friend yet meet  
Conduct so grievous.

'Vengeance I deeply swore!  
But I had now much more  
Work on my hands than bore  
Savage reflection.  
I had a dollar paid  
Beside the servant-maid,  
Nor had remembrance strayed  
As to direction.

'That was the window; there  
Slept she, my love so fair!  
Whom I had vowed to bear  
Far from the dragon.  
As for her father cold,  
He might his dollars hold;  
Dearer was she than gold,  
With not a rag on!

'Full of delicious hope,  
Then I my way did grope,  
And by a vine-made rope  
Boldly I mounted;  
Wildly my heart did glow,  
As with a cautious blow  
Tapped I: oh, how the slow  
Moments I counted!

'Soon to the soft appeal  
Answer there did reveal,  
By an astonished squeal:  
Creak of a wagon

Never so sharp I knew;  
Open the window flew,  
And on my awe-struck view  
Blazed — *the old dragon!*

'Dressed in a night-gown white,  
Stood the old wrinkled fright,  
Raging before my sight  
Like a tornado:  
'*Villain!*' she screamed, '*and thief!*  
*Murderer, bandit-chief!*  
*Atheist in belief!*  
*Black renegade!*

'What are you doing here?  
Why do you thus appear  
Smelling of smoke and beer?  
*Infamous student!*  
'Something I came to bag  
Fairer than thou, vile hag!  
Idly my tongue did wag,  
Rage is imprudent.

'Mid-face with bony fist  
Struck she my nose; her wrist  
Giving an awful twist,  
It was a stunner!  
Backward I straight did fall,  
Quitting the vine-clad wall,  
Like a man shot with ball  
Fired by a gunner!

'Bump! on my nether man  
Fell I, then rose and ran,  
And by a tree began  
Climbing the outer  
Wall, as I did before;  
Waistcoat and pants I tore:  
Oh! the next day was sore,  
Questioned about her!

'But a dark rumor swelled:  
I was to be expelled,  
College debates were held,  
I was the victim.  
Watchman, by name of SNAGS,  
Swore to a man in rags,  
Cursing a pile of hags,  
Who had once licked him.

'Then, to a distant shore  
Sailing, I heard no more,  
Far from the scenes of yore,  
Till a poor debtor  
Landing upon the quay,  
Did I behold one day,  
With my young passion's fay —  
Thus 't was I met her.

'He was without a cent,  
All that he had was spent;  
When I a trifle lent,  
Vast was the favor.  
Fortunes are built on sand.  
When his fair daughter's hand  
Freely did I demand,  
Freely he gave her.

'Sorrow has softened rocks  
Me, on this wooden box,  
Which an Adonis mocks,  
Rudely he painted.

Such his now means of life,  
Changed from ambition's strife;  
But when my angel-wife  
Saw it, she fainted.

'Daubing with art so rough,  
Many a box for snuff  
Colored ~~old~~ HERR VAN MUFF,  
Ere he departed:  
When, in her turn, Death's gripe  
Seized ~~her~~, for heaven ripe,  
Smoked I my final pipe —  
Died broken-hearted!'

## THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

A FAITHFUL AUTOBIOGRAPHY: RENEWED BY REQUEST.

BY GLAUBER SAULTZ, M. D.

THE friendly sons of St. Patrick were bound to me by an allegiance second only to that which they owed the priest. There were a thousand spades in the county. The public works brought them in requisition, and as Father Mathew had not yet appeared with his medals, intemperance was by no means rare. They were continually getting buried under banks, run over by cars, or blown up with gun-powder. How often have I arrived at the shanty to administer to those who were only subjects for the coroner! The deader poor Pat lay, so much the faster would his friends run to fetch the doctor. Brotherly affection is a shining virtue of the Irish phalanx. Here the hovel often excels the palace: for they would cut their pig's throat, give their last potato, or yield up their last penny, to befriend the sick or unfortunate. 'Go thou and do likewise.' Pat looks out for others with a quick eye when they are in distress, but has a blundering brain in matters which concern himself. Hence, he has been a great sufferer since the invention of gun-powder, and hecatombs of his race are offered up a yearly sacrifice on all the public works. For the mile-stones on the rail-roads might be made of tomb-stones, and the distances might be measured by the loss of life. Every embankment in the country should be a tumulus *in memoriam*, and every excavation sacred as a sepulchre of human bones. Where you see a canal dug, rest assured that it has been a river Styx over which many a son of Erin has crossed to the land of shades; and most appropriately is the material with which he builds entitled *Mort*. When he ascends the scaffold, how often does he go to his execution while the voices on the ramparts continually repeat the cry of MORT, MORT! If he has often a weak head, he has a warm heart. I honor his honest labor to get a living 'betwixt the day-light and the dark:' I have an affection for his race. My feelings have been wounded by the essay of some writer on the distinctive

habits of Irishmen. Why not write an essay with equal justice on the habits of Scotchmen, or on the habits of Yankees? But he has treated the subject with an unsavory ridicule. Far be it from me to do the same thing; but the grotesque and ridiculous have been so mingled as an element in all my medical experience with the friendly sons, that a portion of it will form an appropriate chapter in my memoirs which are now to be given to the world. I shall therefore devote a few pages, which might be lengthened to a whole volume, to the record of adventures. If they serve no other turn, they will perhaps while away a few moments by the winter fire-side of some jaded country doctor before he retires to his uncertain rest. Should he not be hurriedly called to the bed-side of the sick before he has read it through, he will no doubt smile and say, 'I can tell him something better than this.' There is no doubt of it, brother; but remember I don't tell the half of what I know. For I have so often been guilty of a smile, where methinks that I ought to have shed a tear, that I will forbear to ferret out the element of ridicule where it is too much involved in a heart-felt grief. When the occasion has pressed me sore, I have sometimes asked for grace to enable me to smother a most untimely grin, or even a cachinnation which threatened to break out from a heart really impregnated with solemn feeling in the very chamber of death. There is one remark which, as a medical man, I have to make of the Patricians, that it is a peculiarity of theirs to be always ailing at the heart.

'What is the matter with you, my good fellow?'

'Oh, me heart! me heart!'

Although I generally found their hearts in the right place, as I have already declared, I can recall but one or two instances where the complaint was not made. But to proceed. One day there was a furious knocking at the door. Mary, the maid-servant, fresh from Erin, answered the call, and returned saying:

'There is a gintleman wants to spake wi' ye.'

I attended to the gintleman, and took my seat, when there was another violent appeal. Mary returned and said:

'There's a pearson wishin' to spake with you.'

I prescribed for the person, and began to read, when a reiterated appeal was made at the knocker. Mary returned and said:

'There's a mon, Sir.'

Into those three classes did Mary, according to her judgment, divide the male part of the human family: a gintleman, a person, and a mon.

'Ask in the mon, Mary.'

Thump — thump — thump.

'Oh, it's you, O'Donohue? What made you knock so hard? Do you think we are all deaf or dead, or was it your intention to knock the house down?'

'And sure it was not, asking yer honor's parthon. It was life and death, Sir. I was in partickler haste, and wad you plase come to Kelly's by the bridge immadiately? He'll may be not be lasting over night.'

'And what ails Kelly?'

'Och, it's not Kelly; better it was; it's Jemmy Hayden.'

'And what's the matter with Hayden?'

‘That’s what I can’t say, Sir; that’s for your arn’r to say, Sir; and he can’t move his jaw a bit.’

‘Then he’s got the lockjaw, no doubt. I’ll go with you, O’Donohue. Have you brought a lantern?’

‘There’s a good rail over the ditch. I’ll guide your worship that ye don’t fall.’

‘Very well, you must take me home again. I’ve no notion of stumbling over those bogs by star-light. I am afraid that Hayden is too fond of the crathur, is he not, O’Donohue?’

‘That’s his wakeness, and Jemmy will be after takin’ a drap sometimes. He’s a wake head, Sir, a wake head. He’s had a bad jarb in the ditch, up to his knays in wather; he’s may be been takin’ a leetle to kape the cowl out, but that I can’t say; indade, I can’t say.’

‘That’s the bane of your people. If they would abstain from strong drink, I should not so often be called to administer in their troubles. I hope that you, O’Donohue ——’

‘Upon me sowl —— Luk now, your arn’r,’ he said, interrupting himself, and holding my arm, ‘here’s a dape strame o’ wather over yere fut. Put yere fut on the rail firrum, and give may yere arn’r’s hand.’

Following the guiding steps of Mr. O’Donohue, I arrived at a suburban place near an unhealthy marsh, the seat of bull-frogs, mosquitoes, and miasma. On the borders of this lowland, and builded almost among the bogs, were a number of Irish cabins, pig-sties, and cow-yards, through which it was hard to pick out a path without sinking ankle-deep. Poor sons of toil! how stunted is your reward, how bitter your poverty, how terrible the incubus, whatever it may be, which weighs you down! Cheerful heart, and stalwart arm, and patient industry, and unrepining disposition, found under such roofs in a Christian land, and at the very acme of civilization, afford a melancholy problem for the moralist and the philosopher; and I never enter into the mud cottage and miserable shanty without some endeavor to solve it. Down, down, down, down they delve and dig, and bear burdens, and build the fortunes of other men, while the very shadows deepen because they skirt the sunshine of prosperity, and the very gloom of their estate is from the overhanging richness and luxury of the land.

‘O’Donohue!’ I said, ‘have you ever known what it was to be without a potato or a bit of bread, while hunger was gnawing at your stomach?’

‘Niver so bad. Wud to God I could say it!’

‘Why so? That is a strange wish to be a candidate for starving. I have never been called in all my practice to give physic to any sick with that disease, but I have read to-day that the famine is raging, and in a land where there is bread enough and to spare thousands perish with hunger.’

‘I sint three puns to me owld father to bring him here.’

‘And did the money arrive safely?’

‘Yis. It might as well be sunken in the dape say. The old man was dead, stane dead, this three months; starved to death!’ and I felt the arm of the poor fellow tremble with emotion. How strange, thought I, are the lights and shadows of human life!

‘Now give me your hand,’ said O’Donohue; ‘put your foot in this stirrup; now on this board; now on the bog, and it’s there you are.’

By this time I had arrived at the shanty, from which proceeded the sound of many voices mingled with lamentation. A dim light as from an unsnuffed mould-candle shone within. Stumbling over a full-grown grunter who disputed the passage, I entered in, expecting to find the patient dead, or at the last gasp, for things wore very much the appearance of an Irish wake. The room was filled with men and women, drawn together by curiosity and sympathy for the fate of Jemmy Hayden. They stood up, forming in the twilight of the miserable apartment a squalid group, such as could be better pictured by the pencil than by the pen. Distressful as they looked, I saw no sick man among them.

‘Where is the patient?’ I said peremptorily, for I had somehow caught the tone in which it was customary to speak to this down-trodden people. And in our profession it is often necessary to discard the milder forms of speech, and to proceed quickly. ‘Where is the patient?’

‘Please walk up, Sir.’

I saw but one room, and inquired, ‘Where is the stair-case?’

‘This way, Sir;’ and I was conducted up the rungs of a perpendicular ladder into a miserable loft overhead. Soon as my head emerged through the opening in the wall into this upper chamber, where, in restricted quarters, immediately beneath the unplastered roof, through which the stars shone, and the rains leaked, and the winds blew, lived Jemmy Hayden and his wife, upon my word, the most inexpressibly ridiculous spectacle met my eye which I ever witnessed in the whole course of my experience! An old crone rocked herself in the corner silently and with an expression of face as if submitting to the course of DIVINE PROVIDENCE. The wife was very much agitated indeed, frequently exclaiming in words which, for want of knowing how to write the brogue, I will not attempt to record. Jemmy Hayden lay flat upon his back on the floor, *with an iron poker sticking out of his mouth!* and held tight between his teeth with the tenacity of a vice. ‘Och! och!’ he rolled his eyes about most piteously as if his last hour had come. To save my life I could not refrain from a hearty fit of laughter, after which I interrogated his wife as to this strange proceeding. It appeared that Jemmy had been at work in the ditch and had taken a violent ‘cowl,’ resulting in tetanus, or stiffness of the jaws. That evening he could **not** open his mouth, in consequence of which his wife had attempted to pry it open with a poker, which remained sticking. What was to be done? Chloroform was just coming into fashion, and by the application of a little I unlocked his jaws in the twinkling of an eye, with the magic of ‘Open sesame.’ If a miracle had been performed no more gratitude or astonishment could have been manifested than when I took the poker, and descending the ladder brandished it over the heads of Mr. Hayden’s friends, commanding them to go home at once, and not stand there making a noise and disturbing a sick man. ‘Yis, yere arn’r, yis, yis, yis;’ and with the docility of children, they departed every man to his home. Mr. O’Donohue conducted me over the ditch and over the bogs again to my own quarters; and half-a-dozen times during the night I found myself involuntarily laughing at this singular adventure. On the next

morning the patient was doing well, and while I got the credit of skilful practice among the Irish nation, I won the everlasting gratitude of Jemmy Hayden.

# C H I L D R E N .

The golden edges of the summer clouds,  
 The laughing beauty of the sunny sea,  
 Or in the night its star-gemm'd, heaven-wrapt dreams,  
 Tell of the holy time when little eyes,  
 With childhood's wonder, gaze upon the world.  
 The glorious vision of enchanted things,  
 The heavenly light o'er all the earth, the joy  
 That nestles only in young children's hearts,  
 Make the bright, many-tinted gate of life  
 A thousand rain-bows; and amid their light,  
 The wings of Innocence and Purity  
 Fold o'er the little traveller, as the clear  
 And silver halo o'er a star, and make  
 What is but earth seem part of heaven. How glad  
 At dawn the lovely sun-created cloud,  
 With myriad golden glories in its heart,  
 Like a gay vision in the fields of air,  
 Sails, from its God, away. And childish hearts—  
 Sweet rain-bows at life's morning—looking back,  
 A strange rare beauty show, as heavenly visitants  
 Folded within the little hearts, or from  
 The young eyes looking forth, could only give.  
 Sweet Innocence, so holy-bright and fair,  
 Joyous Affection, heaven-born Purity,  
 What hallowing stamp ye set upon the face,  
 What fairy light stealing o'er all the form,  
 What halo cast ye round, till, clothed so fair,  
 Like little angels children walk the earth.  
 Ye look upon them, and as imaged stars  
 At night within the bosoms of calm seas  
 Sleep sweetly fair, so in young children's hearts  
 Seem sleeping memories of your distant home.  
 Ye look upon them, and the world seems all  
 Gladness and beauty. One bright golden dream,  
 Before the darkness of the after-time,  
 Devouring, vampire-like, their joy and life,  
 Leaves the years cold and dead; before the fire  
 Of maddening passion, like the lightning, wakes  
 To wither and to desolate; before  
 Come Pride and Hatred, Lust, Revenge, to warp,  
 Defile and blacken, as a short-lived glimpse  
 Of Paradise, is all that God has made.  
 And ye, so beauteous, with your undimm'd eyes,  
 Who thus can see the sun-light of the world,  
 What in the wide domain of nature is  
 So fresh, so fair, so beautiful and fair!  
 The chosen ones of God, worthy alone  
 To form His kingdom, ye the jewels are  
 That make Earth's crown; and fairer do ye show,  
 And brighter, than the brightest stars in heaven.



## A FRAGMENT: FROM THE GERMAN.

SLEEP, my heart's son, my own darling and prize,  
Drop the fringed lids o'er thy blue laughing eyes:  
From thy fair forehead the insects I wave,  
And all is peaceful and still as the grave.

Now shines thy life-sun with goldenest ray,  
Naught in thy future is fair as to-day.  
Once that thy heaven with cares cloudeth o'er,  
Sleep like this, darling, will woo thee no more.

Angels from heaven, as lovely as thou,  
Watch o'er thy slumbers, and smile on thee now;  
Ah! if they visit thy fast-coming years,  
'T will be but to wipe from thine eye-lids the tears.

Child of my bosom, though night cometh on,  
Thy mother will watch till its shadows be gone.  
Let day light the sky, or let stars gild its deeps,  
The love of a mother ne'er slumbers nor sleeps.

DONALD MACLEOD

## M E M O R I E S .

BY A MISSIONARY.

I AM not as young as I once was; the truth of which may very probably appear in more ways than one before my memories are done, for it is my present purpose to call some of them up from 'the vasty deep' of a very forgetful mind. I wonder if any of the present generation would like to travel with an old man over a small portion of his former life! There is comfort for them in the thought, that when he grows intolerably prolix they are not bound by politeness to *seem* to listen.

My 'subject' is susceptible of division under several heads: as, Vague Memories, Floating Memories, Home Memories, Memories of Travel, etc., etc.; but I intend to be confined to no *heads* or *feet* either; for my readers, if I should have any, are hereby once for all informed that I intend to write neither sermons nor poetry, but, sitting here in my easy chair, with my loose gown on, chat away about things long since forgotten, except by one who is himself forgotten, perhaps, by most or all of those who had any part in the occurrences. Shall I moralize here? How can I help it? Think of my vocation, and — sixty! But no, I will forbear, at least for the present.

I was in Pittsburgh in the month of November, 1817, looking from the point on which old Fort Pitt *had* stood — the very starting-point,

you know, of the Ohio river — looking down that river to see whether I could see the end of my journey. But one cannot quite see the mouth of the Ohio from its head; and, to confess the truth, the prospect at that time was to me somewhat like that into another ‘undiscovered country’ of which we read, rather dark and misty. Howbeit, it must be tried; and the only thing to be done was to find the conveyance. Steam-boats run, plenty of them, from Pittsburgh to St. Louis now; it was not exactly so then. There may have been one or two lying at the landing; this is a *vague* memory; but I cannot say that I remember any. It was too common an occurrence, however, for people to be passing down the river, and consequently needing some sort of craft for the purpose, to leave it impracticable or difficult to obtain it. There were several kinds on hand, usually, from which one could take his choice.

Barges and keel-boats (the latter smaller, less commodious, but more easily managed than the former) were the vehicles of commerce. They were propelled by sails, or oars, or setting-poles, or cordelles, as occasion might demand or allow. Then there were bateaux and skiffs of various dimensions. These were sometimes chosen by gentlemen-voyagers, being light and easily managed; and, with a covering over part, afforded shelter at night and in storms. Beside these, there were flat-boats, or broad-horns, as they were often called. It seemed a curious fact to me, though easily accounted for, that the flat-boats which we saw on one side of the town differed considerably in construction and appearance from those on the other side. In the Alleghany the boats were in the form of scows, such as are seen, I believe, on most eastern as well as western rivers, at ferries, excepting that they had a sort of house erected on them, with a space at each end open and uncovered. In the Monongahela they were in appearance mere boxes, entirely closed up, except a small space at the forward end, over which the roof did not extend, used as a gangway to the cabin. The roof of the cabin, composed of boards, sprung into an arched form, and laid double with overlapping joints, tolerably tight, was the deck of the boat, on which the steering and propelling oars were hung, and the navigators walked. They were usually ten or twelve feet wide, and frequently sixty or seventy feet long. Such were then daily, but now rarely seen on these western waters. Of course they could only float down-stream.

Well, I was *there*, and aimed to be *here*; and the question was, how to do it. My wife and child, a dearborn wagon, and what I had brought in it, composed (with my own little person) the sum total of all I had and all I was. Ignorant of the ways of the world, though reared in a city behind a counter, with a very small amount of cash — most of that the product of a horse sold at half his cost — and with but little self-reliance, I confess that, when I found myself in that smoky, busy town, without a soul in it whom I had ever seen, and called unexpectedly to find my way alone, a thousand miles farther than I had wearily come, my heart sank within me.

I had expected to find a friend — a brother — there, whose energy and mental resources far exceeded mine; and when I learned that he was gone — but why attempt to tell the utter loneliness and helplessness of my condition, as it appeared to me then? But, as we say here, ‘I’d

be to go, any-how.' So I hunted up a friend of my brother's, and found, after a day or two of consideration and consultation, that he also had concluded to migrate. We agreed to go together. After due search, we found on the Monongahela side a young man who, desirous of passing down to some point below the mouth of the Ohio, had purchased a flat-boat on speculation, with a view to take freight or passengers. He was a Yankee, of course, and of course managed to get to his destination without expense not only, but with a profit. We, as we understood it, chartered the boat at a price somewhat more than its cost, for the trip to Shawneetown; and just as the sun was setting bright and clear, on the first day of December, 1817, we put out from the landing, and soon floated quietly into the calm and beautiful Ohio.

My emotions — no, I will not trouble the reader with *them*, but rather describe our company and accommodations, giving leave to laugh or cry, as the said reader pleases.

*Imprimis*, the boat. I have not described *our* boat, but only boats in general. The boat we chartered was a family-boat, about twenty-five feet or less in length, of the Monongahela pattern. My fellow-traveller had purchased some five hundred dollars' worth of tin-ware as a venture, which being packed in divers large boxes was stowed away in the cabin, filling it pretty completely full. There was, in fact, left a passage from the front three feet wide to an open space at the stern, where a brick-lined fire-place with wooden chimney was built. This open space was our cabin, six or eight feet by ten or twelve. Such was the area in which our two families had to cook, and eat, and sleep, and stay, during our voyage. My family, as I have told you, consisted of three; my friend had a wife and two children, beside a young lady, a friend of theirs, ~~handsome~~, bright, intellectual, who accompanied them to seek her fortune, which she found at Shawneetown in the shape of —

As I was saying, (if I counted right,) we made out just the same number as floated in another *flat-boat* a good while ago, beside our captain, who, while the boat was running, would of course be on deck, and at other times we could n't tell where. So we thought our 'eight souls' by ingenious contriving might be packed away somehow. In the first place, we laid down two beds side by side in the corner opposite the chimney, and there the women and children slept, and there they had to stay day and night for a time. My friend and I spread our pallets on the top of some boxes of tin-ware, where they did not quite reach the deck; not very bad bunks, if we could have stretched out our legs, or turned over.

'Eight souls' beside the captain. Such was our calculation. But we soon found that, though my fellow-traveller was a full-bred Yankee from Boston, and I brought up to calculating behind a counter, we had very greatly miscalculated the capacity of our boat, or the benevolence of our captain-owner. In short, he had been 'so wrought upon by importunity,' that he had agreed to take a *few* more passengers, 'for a consideration,' of course; and when we brought our families on board, we found some twenty-odd persons, of various descriptions — no, not *descriptions*, but temperaments, for they were all pretty much of one description — sharing with us a space which would not have been too spacious for my own

little household. There was no help for it without a quarrel or a lawsuit; so we had to get along as we could: and we did.

All family-boats that passed down the river in those days were not just like ours in their arrangements. I saw one that was fitted out at the same time, of about the same dimensions, which was lined with green baize, carpeted, and furnished for the accommodation of a single family, quite comfortable. But the proprietor was in a different line of business, being cashier of a bank, I think, at Louisville.

If any should be curious to hear how we advanced, I may tell something about it hereafter, as I call up other memories.

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'R O B I E T H A T ' S A W A ' . '

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THIS original, lively and felicitous song was sung at the celebration of Burns's birth-day at Delhi, Delaware county, and was received with cordial applause. It was written, as we gather from our informant, almost impromptu for the occasion.

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THERE is nae bard to charm us now,  
Nae bard ava  
Can sing a sang to nature true,  
Since Coila's bard's awa'.

The simple heart o' earlier days  
In silence slumbers now;  
And modern art, wi' tuneless lays,  
Presumes the Nine to woo:  
But nae bard in all our isle,  
Nae bard ava,  
Frae pauky Coila wins a smile  
Since Robin gaed awa'!

His hamely style let Fashion spurn —  
She wants baith taste and skill;  
And wiser should she ever turn,  
She'll sing his sangs hersel':  
For nae sang sic pathos speaks,  
Nae sang ava;  
And Fashion's foreign rants and squeaks  
Should a' be drumm'd awa'!

Her far-fetched figures aye maun fail  
To touch the feeling heart;  
SIMPLICITY's direct appeal  
Excels sic learned art:  
And nae modern minstrel's lay,  
Nae lay ava,  
Sae pow'rfully the heart can sway  
As Robin's, that's awa'!

For o'er his numbers Coila's muse  
A magic influence breathed,  
And round her darling poet's brow  
A peerless crown had wreathed;

And nae wreath that e'er was seen,  
 Nae wreath ava,  
 Will bloom so lang's the holly green  
 O' ROBIN, that's awa'.

Let Erin's minstrel, TAMMY MOORE,  
 His solos slily sing;  
 'Twad lend his harp a higher power  
 Wad Coila add a string:  
 For nae harp has yet been kent,  
 Nae harp ava,  
 To match the harp by Coila lent  
 To ROBIN, that's awa'.

And tho' our shepherd JAMIE HOGG  
 His pipe did sweetly play,  
 It ne'er will charm auld Scotland's lug  
 Like ploughman ROBIN's lay:  
 For nae pipe did JAMIE tune,  
 Nae pipe ava,  
 Like that which breathed by 'Bonnie Doon,'  
 Ere ROBIN gaed awa'.

E'en Scotland's pride, Sir WALTER SCOTT,  
 Who boldly strikes the lyre,  
 Maun yield to ROBIN's sweet love-note,  
 His native wit and fire:  
 For nae bard hath ever sung,  
 Nae bard ava,  
 In hamely or in foreign tongue,  
 Like ROBIN, that's awa'!

Frae feeling heart TOM CAMPBELL's lays  
 In classic beauty flow;  
 But ROBIN's artless sang displays  
 The soul's impassioned glow:  
 For nae bard by classic lore,  
 Nae bard ava,  
 Has thrill'd the bosom's inmost core  
 Like ROBIN, that's awa'!

A pow'rful harp did BYRON sweep,  
 But no' wi' happy glee;  
 And tho' his tones were strong and deep,  
 He ne'er could change the key:  
 For nae bard aneath the lift,  
 Nae bard ava,  
 Wi' master skill the keys could shift  
 Like ROBIN, that's awa'!

He needs nae monumental stanes  
 To keep alive his fame;  
 Auld granny Scotland, and her weans,  
 Will ever sing his name:  
 For nae name does Fame record,  
 Nae name ava,  
 By Caledonia mair adored  
 Than ROBIN's, that's awa'!

## CHILDREN AT PLAY.

I could gaze the live-long day  
 Upon children at their play;  
 Yea, with pure and calm delight,  
 I could watch from morn to night  
 How they ride the mimic horse,  
 How they spend their puny force  
 In drawing loads of sticks and moss,  
 Or stretching bridges drains across,  
 Or building palaces of chips,  
 Or in the streamlet sailing ships,  
 A twig their mast, a ray their sail,  
 While their own breath supplies the gale.  
 'Happy children' then I say,  
 'Take your pleasure while you may:  
 Life affords not many joys  
 Sweeter than those of girls and boys!'

JOYA

## SECOND MARRIAGES.

CONVINCED not long since with an elderly gentleman, (a widower,) he expressed his surprise that any one, who had been happily wedded once, could ever marry a second time. 'The idea to me,' said he, 'seems sacrilege. Although my wife has been dead many years, yet her memory is still fresh and green with me, and scarce a day passes that I do not recall her to my mind with a melancholy yet soothing delight. The thought that she alone of all others possessed my love, that while living my hopes were only of her, and now that she is gone I have memories of none else, fills my loneliest hours with unspeakable joy. Friends wonder why I continue a widower; they urge that it would be better for me to change my condition: and perhaps it would, regarding it from their point of view; but I cannot forget the past, I cannot bear the thought of a second love, a divided remembrance.'

We are aware that the world, generally, is no subscriber to this doctrine; yet to our mind it seems eminently correct in theory, and not altogether impossible in practice.

It has come to be an axiom in civilized society, that marriage is an institution of God; yet it is equally a fact that few have a just conception of what the phrase expresses.

Many suppose the marriage relation derives its sacredness from God's verbal revelation that so it should be, without seeking the deeper and primary reason in the affections and essential nature of the soul He has given us.

It is true that human law regards marriage as a *contract* merely; but this will not seem so objectionable, nay, so revolting as it otherwise would to our best feelings and highest instincts, if it be borne in mind that it is a contract between *souls*, and that in such connection the defining term 'contract' has a higher and more far-reaching signification than when applied to the ordinary transactions of mankind.

Failing to apprehend and recognize this vital fact, the world practically

regards love, which is the incentive to and the bond of marriage, as a mere article of traffic. Hence, the idea being degraded, love, instead of being that fine and pure mental manifestation of the soul God intended it to be, has become earthy and impure, and the marriage relation, as a matter of course, is no longer considered inviolate. That this state of things is due in some degree to the commonness of second, third, fourth, fifth, and Heaven knows how many more marriages, we do not doubt; and in this belief we proceed to throw a few thoughts around the following position: That with rightly-constituted minds, a second marriage tends to degrade the true idea of the institution.

The ideal conceptions of men exert a much greater influence on their outward conduct than is commonly supposed. Every man has such conceptions, more or less clearly defined; and though his practice usually falls far below his mental standard, yet there is always an effort to approximate thereto. Hence, the higher the ideal the greater will be the exertion to give it life in the actual, and bring the 'daily walk and conversation' into closer conformity to its requirements.

This is true in every department of society. In proportion as the lawyer loves and esteems his profession, so will his course therein be upright and successful; as the clergyman consciously realizes the peculiar sacredness of his calling, so will be his success in rendering himself useful to men and acceptable to God. Likewise the farmer, if he has a just sense of the ennobling nature of his occupation, regarding with honest pride his 'labor-hardened hands and sun-browned brow,' deeming himself, as he may without irreverence, a far-off imitator of the first great WORKER, will give to his vocation a dignity itself ennobling, and do much to raise his hitherto despised order to that foremost position it of right deserves. So with the topic under consideration.

As love is pure and strong, springing into life, not as the offspring of sexual passion or the cold and unwilling slave of circumstances; not as a mere jet of feeling, drying up with the subsidence of the transient excitement which gave it birth, but as the rational result of a contact of two souls, one in sentiment, one in taste, and one in all those fine and subtle emotions which constitute the soul-life; so will the rite which brings consummation be invested with a sanctity that no lapse of time can lessen and no contingency disturb.

Now when love like this (and any other is unworthy of the name) comes to be a living power in the human soul, it owes all its force and vitality to the idea of a *perpetual* union.

Nothing less than this is sufficient. Love *then*, or when it is based upon the idea of a *perpetual* union, is not a mere passion, it is something higher: an affection, nourished by the enduring warmth of a living idea; a pure spiritual emotion, a joy of the soul, a free spontaneous going forth of like to meet like, even as light flaming from sun to sun melts and mingles in inseparable union. In such love there is nothing earthy; it is clear and transparent like light. No sexual impulse dwells in it, and disturbs its calm equable flow with the tumultuous heavings and irregular billows of instinctive desire. The possession of the person for its own sake is not thought of. The rosy lip, the sunny smile, and the speaking eye are not coveted, save as the eloquent vehicles of that soul-life which



shall last in freshness and immortal youth when the mere earthy part has perished for ever.

Conceive now of two souls, in each of whom such an affection as we have faintly delineated has come to be living. Conceive it to have been fostered and strengthened by a full and unreserved interchange of thoughts and sympathies in secret, away from the world and its chilling scrutiny; and then, when there is no doubt, no misgiving, suppose it to be avowed before men, and sanctified by the holy ritual ordained of God. Think farther of these two souls going hand in hand along life's journey, drawing closer and closer together with each successive obstacle, until, in that most endearing intimacy and nearness, there seems but one heart, one soul, one life! Suppose now, in the midst of this sweet repose, when life has new joys and eternity new hopes, death comes, and the earthy vehicle of one of these two souls be removed from sight and covered up in the cold damp ground.

What remains for the survivor but memory and hope: the one of a union in the past, the other of a reünion (the more perfect because perpetual) in the future! It may be that the mind, for a time, under the pressure of so terrible a deprivation, refuses to be comforted, and feeds on its own despair; yet when the eye has become accustomed to the empty chair, the vacant chamber with its crushing stillness, the *Idea* (before alluded to) then comes like a sustaining presence to the bereaved, and whispers, 'She still lives: her bright form you will see no more on earth, but *what you loved* can never die; that gentle soul, which so blossomed and grew in the sunshine of yours, is immortal, and perchance even now hovers near you; those pure thoughts and genial sympathies, which so gladly and spontaneously sprung forth to meet your own, are imperishable, for thought never dies, and is the food, nay, the life of souls. Despair not: love is not confined to earth alone. The universe is filled with it; all created intelligences drink it in like water; and in heaven, whither she has gone, there is nothing else. Be of good cheer. You will one day meet her there; and though in that pure realm there is neither 'marrying nor giving in marriage,' yet souls and thoughts purely wedded on earth have a nearer affinity in heaven.'

Thus is the mourner comforted. Henceforth he is content to tread life's pathway alone: no, not *alone*. There is a presence near, that sustains and soothes, shedding, unseen by other eyes, sweet influences over his work-day life, and filling his hours of loneliness completely full of memories of the past. How beautiful such a faith as this! Let the world scoff and sneer, regarding it as the unsubstantial and unsatisfying vision with which a morbid mind cheats itself. There are those who regard it as not wholly vain; who consider as no cheat and no delusion a belief that gives them the pure spirit of an 'angel gone before' for a companion, and cling with contented tenacity to a life that gives them an unpolluted and undivided memory for a friend. At such let those scoff who will. The 'world' may point its cold chilling finger at them with perfect impunity, for it stands in no danger of being persuaded to give credence to a doctrine it has neither the present capacity to understand nor the honesty to follow. With too many (is it beyond truth to say with most?) in this practical age, marriage is a mere matter of con-

venience, in which, humanly speaking, there is not a particle of pure genuine love. Station, wealth, power and beauty are too generally the motives impelling to this most holy connection. With not a few mere passion is the impelling power; a fact mournfully showing that, while man has a capacity for immortal things, he has also propensities of which the undue indulgence degrades him even below the brute. What sadder spectacle can Purity and Truth look upon in this world of ours than that of two immortal souls standing before the marriage altar, like pieces of cold and unmagnetic steel, pronouncing with mere 'lip-service' their meaningless and unfelt vows? Yet, to the shame of our humanity, such cases are common enough. An almost infinite distance stretches between love in its truest idea and positive crime, yet the space is well filled, and by those too who realize not the position they occupy, nor understand or care to understand the true import of the obligations which hold them there.

It may be urged that this view of the subject, in addition to being fine-spun and visionary, is utterly impracticable; that the pressure of circumstances may be such, oftentimes, as almost to compel one to take a second companion, perhaps as a matter of duty. Suppose it is so. What is the effect of such a necessitated union? Necessity in such case is slavery, and of all species of bondage, that of the heart and soul is the most terrible. Hence, whenever concurrence of circumstances or pious convictions of duty drive one to 'commit matrimony' in the absence of that pure regard which ennobles all permanent sexual connections, the effect must necessarily be degrading. How can that union prove firm, stable, and productive of happiness, when there is wanting the binding force and living agency of love—pure, spontaneous, self-vital love? It cannot be. Two souls united without this cohesive principle existing between them, are in reality as far apart as before. Magnets that are no magnets may be brought into contact and apparently unite; but withdraw the outward force, and they drop apart at once. So unmagnetic souls may be brought together and joined in a life-long union, yet never really unite. They lack the affining power of love. Hence, when one dies, the other puts on the outward form of mourning, as required by the customs of polite society, appears thus for the usual period or a little less, and is then ready for a second venture. What a mockery for Christian men and women! We know an orthodox clergyman, between the death of whose first wife and his marriage with a second intervened but four months. Another, within sight of the place where we write, is living with his fifth wife, and has not himself seen his fortieth year! Verily, we should like to ask such practical teachers of morality, could we do so without irreverence, to explain the essential difference between polygamy in this world, and the consciousness in the next of being surrounded by a plurality of souls with whom, so far as memory, sympathy and nearness are concerned, the same relation exists. If there is aught in the nature of things which makes it sinful for one man to have two wives at the same time in this life, will not the reason apply with equal or greater force to the consciousness of a similar relation in the next? For, if souls are to have a conscious existence at all in the world to come, they will surely be conscious of each other's identity, and of former

earthly relations, since these latter mould the character of each soul, and make it, to a considerable extent, what it is.

The vague and shadowy ideas most people entertain of another life have doubtless much to do with their acting with so little reference to it. The common notions of spirit, spiritual existence, and spiritual relation are too intangible and unreal to exercise much influence on our present earthly life. This ought not to be. The human mind, in addition to believing in the fact of existence after death, ought to have impressed upon it clearly-defined conceptions of the modes and purposes of that existence; so that, being regarded, not as a leap from, but merely as a *continuation* of this life, it would be brought nearer to our present thoughts, purposes and feelings, and in an important degree generate, chasten and direct them to its more enduring and higher uses and ends. Then would marriage be looked upon as really a union which, being truly formed, and receiving God's sanction, can never be put asunder. We repeat, can *never* be put asunder; for unless memory, thought, individuality and consciousness are to be wholly obliterated, or rendered inert in the world to come, the relation once so intimate and so dear on earth will be a living reality in the soul, yea, its ~~most~~ *most* precious possession. What God hath joined together man may not put asunder, neither in this world nor in the world to come.

E. C.

## W A T E R - C U R E .

### A BUBBLE FROM A SUBMERGED PATIENT

LINE'S WRITING IN THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK AT THE MOUND-HILL WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT, NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

*'Suspicia a profunda.'*

Once, when the world for years had been  
Sick with the fell disease of sin,  
All swollen with unsightly tumors,  
And broken out with ugly humors,  
The LORD, the first great Hydropath,  
Cured the whole world with one great bath.  
A mighty '*douche*' from heaven he sent,  
The sea a mighty '*plunge-bath*' lent,  
And Earth 'the treatment' underwent.

Some who have heard of NOAH's ark,  
Say *he* was cured by *taking bark*;  
And thinking water-cure a sham,  
He used his bark for curing HAM;  
And that his folks, with all their duds,  
Rode high and dry above the floods,  
And never touched the foaming suds.

But scoffers always do exist,  
And when they on their doubts insist,  
The best way is —— to show your fist.  
The real fact is, though they snub,  
They took a 'half-bath' in a *floating tub*.

This art, by Derry invented,  
The great Inventor has consented  
That Dr. HALL — a man of sense,  
Well mingled with benevolence —  
On Hampton Round-Hill should dispense  
To all the suffering who go *there* to  
Be healed of 'ills that flesh is heir to.'

Simple the *modus operandi*;  
No need henceforth that any *man* die;  
The long-sought, youth-restoring fountain  
Is found at last upon this mountain.  
That '*Like cures like*,' the principle,  
How simple and how beautiful!  
For, is your head oppressed with pain?  
The cure is — *water on the brain*;  
Or do sharp pains assail your breast?  
The cure is — *water on the chest*;  
Have you a cold from damp sheets caught?  
A *dripping-sheet* is straightway brought;  
Or cold from falling in a river?  
Straight in the 'plunge-bath' you must shiver;  
Or has a blow half broke your back?  
The 'douche' must give another thwack.

It's 'water, water, every where,'  
And quarts to drink, if you can bear:  
'Tis well that we are made of clay,  
For common *dust* would wash away!

And then '*the pack*!' — what words can show  
The aspect of that mummy row,  
As down their ranks the attendant goes  
To scare a fly, or blow a nose?  
No tar e'er lay so snug in bunk,  
Or in his narrow cell a monk,  
As these folks *pack* the human *trunk*.

That great machine, the human mill,  
Is henceforth turned by mountain rill;  
The main-spring of the human clock,  
The spring that gushes from the rock:  
Old ADAM's every son and daughter  
Will now for ever *go by water*.

Then let the threatening Allopath  
Brandish in rage his sword of lath;  
We'll duck him in our coldest bath:  
And we will dance around our spring,  
And in its waters roses fling,  
And with harmonious voice its glories sing.

## C A N A R S I E .

I LOVE the mountains, those 'waves of the earth,' but still better do I love the waves, those 'mountains of the ocean.' Did you hear that sound, as of distant thunder? It is the billows, as they break upon the shore. Sometimes they startle me, and I think I hear the voices of long-buried friends. But they die away, the whispers go with them; so I snuff my candle, and compose myself again. Yes, I burn candles here; we are in no danger of gas-explosions.

I ramble out upon the beach as the sun goes down. When the golden clouds change to crimson, and the crimson to purple, I go in, sit by my window till the stars come out, then draw a match across my match-box, lest I frighten my hostess by a black-streak on the wall, light my candle, (it's not sperm though,) draw up my oaken chair, and muse over the past, calling up vanished forms, reviving faded scenes, and living over again days of gladness, hours of happiness.

Canarsie is a dreary sort of place. You would not like it, but it has a strange fascination for me. Whether it is its loneliness, or the unceasing roar of its ocean-waves, I cannot tell. Certain it is I am here now, have been two weeks, and expect to stay as many more. I know not whether this disconnected bundle of odd thoughts and fancies will entertain you much, for I shall write as I think, without any plot, and quite regardless of the rules of novelists or rhetoricians. I will say but little for myself. You know me, a clever maiden lady, a little given to gossip perhaps, but otherwise quite free from the defects of my class, as I detest a cat, and never try to reconcile quarrelsome lovers. I will not say I am over sixty, so you need not expect very antiquated ideas; nor do I pretend I am under thirty, so surely I am supposed to have some experience in mundane affairs.

I intended to tell you something about Canarsie, that you might know where I am, for no doubt it is to your ears a strange name. One street forms the village; fishermen's cottages and sportsmen's inns form the street on one side, flanked for a considerable distance here and there by splendid groves. There is game in plenty; we hear shots all day. Now, don't imagine that I have turned Amazon, though I still profess a passion for archery. I neither lodge at the 'Sportsman's Hotel,' nor at 'The Raven.' I am domesticated at an old farm-house within a stone's throw from the bay, as quiet as a mouse in your own garret. The farmer likes me pretty well, and lends me Dobbin sometimes for a ride on the beach; Dame Ellen calls me a 'jewel,' because I agree with her that Old Hyson is the only kind of tea people ought to drink; the son, a young collegian, who is *rusticating* at present, terms me a *bas bleu*, (can you believe it?) and Sally, the maid, is only too happy to do me a favor. This won't do; it is getting quite dark; I must light my candle.

There goes the match—it is broken! Do you see it lying upon the white floor? It has not even kindled its own fire. Somehow it reminds me of Lilly Morris. You have never seen her? Well, she was a beautiful creature, as far as bright eyes, glowing cheeks, and chestnut curls go to make beauty. She had a wicked little head, full of all manner of

mischievous: she was a coquette. Yes, she had a head, but no heart — not a bit of a heart had pretty Lilly Morris. She was a country girl: but at the time when I knew her, she was on a visit to her city uncle, and like a bird was she in the house from morning till night, so merry and blithesome.

Mr. Morris had one daughter, Louise: a proud girl, and haughty. I ween, as Queen Bess. Louise quite despised her country cousin, with her neat white muslin dress, and Lilly was not long finding it out. Louise was betrothed to a fine young man, a lordly-looking fellow, whose wealth quite equalled her own, and who was her superior in every thing else. Lilly could not rest till she had convinced Louise that a country girl was not entirely devoid of fascinations: so the pretty coquette very artlessly showed off her cousin's dislike to the best advantage, herself appearing meanwhile the meek little aggrieved one she really was. Ashley could not endure this: he despised all vulgar pride and heartlessness. He sought an explanation, which Louise very readily gave. How excited they became! Louise's cheek burned crimson, her proud lip curled scornfully, while Ashley defended the claims of the country cousin. It was broken off: yes, Lilly had broken the match just as surely as that match is broken which lies there on the floor.

But Ashley still called as frequently as ever at Uncle Morris's house, and was as gay as usual too. Sly Cupid had loosened one chain but to rivet another about his heart. He was in love with Lilly Morris, there is no denying it: and she, little rogue, danced about him like a fairy, now all smiles and again all frowns. How many, many times did Ashley try to catch her in a serious mood, to ask one question, only one! But it was of no use; she was like a spirit, here, and there, and every where, always weaving webs about him which he could not break. How bright were her features as she returned his witty sallies! How musically did her low, girlish laugh fall on his ear! He heard it all night long; it wooed him to sleep, soothed his dreams, and awoke him in the morning. How could he wish she would be quiet for a moment, when those beguiling eyes were fixed on his in artless witchery, and that glad, free smile was beaming on him! Yet the time did come. Lilly was going away. He besought her to listen to him for one moment; and he caught her hand and asked in a tremulous whisper if she would be his, all his, that he might devote his life to her. She smiled, but it was a serious smile, for she was half frightened, he looked so earnest; then she said with a stare of surprise:

'I do not love you, Mr. Ashley!'

'Do not love me! do not love me!' gasped he, poor fellow, and turned from her with a wretched feeling, as though all the world was blackness, and misery, and falsity, and death. But Lilly laughed on as wilful a coquette as ever. She did not strike a spark within her own breast, not a bit more than did that match upon the floor. And Lilly is not alone.

Crack goes the match: now the blue flame wavers, and now the yellow blaze burns steadily. What a pretty light this uncouth tallow-candle gives me! It shines down so pleasantly upon my pine table, showing the titles of my favorite books which lie in two piles before me. The

bright blaze of the candle is great comfort too. It makes me think of the quiet happiness mutual and fervent love sheds throughout a household. It shadows forth the ever-glad smile of an affectionate wife, who makes her home a little paradise. The clock has struck five: she is waiting for her husband. The great arm-chair is placed before the fire, the slippers which she worked are standing near the chair, and she is walking now to the window to glance along the street, now back to the fire to stir up the sparkling coals, and back again to the window. That is his step. She trips lightly across the parlor to the hall, but he has bounded up the steps and already opened the door. He catches her small white hand, and lovingly kisses her forehead. They enter the parlor: he takes the arm-chair, she sits on the ottoman beside him, gazing up into his fine countenance, as he speaks cheerful words while he holds his hands toward the fire. Seven o'clock comes. How pleasant is the pretty tea-room, so comfortable with its home look! She makes his tea, (he has dined down town,) and he looks at her with the fondest of smiles, thinking himself the happiest of men. And *she* has made him so.

How dim the light grows! I quite forget my happy couple, and involuntarily think of a gloomy pair whom fate has made man and wife. She married him for his money, no doubt, but she sighs as she dusts off the magnificent furniture, work which John has but half done, and seats herself before the grate with a countenance all scowls and frowns. There is no easy chair wheeled up for him when he comes in, no slippers—she never dreamed of working him a pair; and as he crosses the floor her face grows darker and darker.

'I do wish for once you would have a decent fire when I come home, if it were only for the variety of the thing!'

She answers not a word, but slightly curls her pretty lip, (she is a beauty; it was by that she won him,) and taps her foot upon the rug. She sighs presently; he takes out the evening paper and begins to read. Dinner is served. How stiff and formal they are! I can't endure this; so I snuff my candle.

How it sputters and spatters, and darts out little tongues of fire, quite like a vixen of a wife who torments her spouse almost past endurance. She was a widow. Well, James never soiled the floors with his dirty boots; James never banged the doors at such a rate; James never did this nor that, and so forth and so on. Then the husband scolds; she bursts into tears, (tears were always her *dernier ressort* with 'James;') and he struts from the room in a passion. They make up at supper—to enact the same scene on the morrow.

Oh! what a holy thing is pure, earnest, constant love! I know not to whom I am speaking. Perhaps you are old. Does the silver whiten your locks! are your steps unsteady! your eyes dim! Yet you have not forgotten the glad days of your youth! Its scenes come up, how vividly! Do you remember the tremulous voice of the boy with the brown hair and the deep, dark eyes! How earnestly he pleaded his love for you! Yes, his heart was all yours, and he told you so; as he clasped your hand and his arm stole round you, drawing you to him in that first rapturous embrace. He lies yonder in the grave-yard now. That is his stone: how coldly the moon-light shines upon it!



And you, old man! Do you remember those witching eyes, those white arms that wound so lovingly around your neck, and those clustering curls which floated over your shoulder? She was very fair! Yes, I know it. You can never forget, no, never, though she left you very early, and went to lie down with the flowers she loved, by the streamlet's side, in that pleasant grove just back of the house.

Perhaps you are in the prime of life. How earnestly you attend to the household duties, your one study to make home pleasant. The children return from school; you kiss them and tie on clean pinafores, that they may look neat when father comes up from the office. It is yet half an hour. You scarcely know how to while away the time. But Willie brings his ball. 'Please, Mamma!' says the little fellow; and you kiss his forehead, then hasten to mend his pet plaything. Little Sue comes up roguishly, holding in her fat hand *something*, she won't say what; you coax her, and she presents a certificate for good behavior. Dear Mr. Pringle gave it to her just as school was out. It is the first she ever received, for Sue is a merry soul, quite opposed to any thing like order. You lay your hand upon your daughter's head, and begin a lesson on behavior; but Sue is off, out on the lawn, scampering about like mad. Ah! you remember your childhood then, and can't find in your heart the shadow of a reproof.

Father comes home at last. There he is with the children, bounding over the grass-plots, every thing. His great boots have just broken your prettiest dahlia as he leaped over the flower-border, but you can only smile, he seems so happy as he glances slyly up at the piazza to see if you marked his misdemeanor.

The evening comes. The children are both asleep, and you sit quietly by the table sewing while he reads to you. It is a book you used to read together before he led you to the altar. He comes to a passage which he marked for you, and which you both know by heart. He cannot go on; you smile; he flings the book upon the table, catches your hand, and gazes up into your eyes with a look of love even surpassing those of earlier days. Bah! you call him a silly fellow! How rude he is! The needle has brought the blood upon your finger, but he kisses the tiny wound, and it is well again. You remember now when you first were *sure* that he loved you, don't you? The handkerchief is not hemmed to-night.

Perhaps you are a bright young girl. The wind lifts up your sunny hair and bears it back from a high brow, but as you glance at the mirror you have to confess that you are not beautiful. How you wish that you were, if only for his sake! You wonder if he loves you: he has not told you so, but his eyes have said it often. You declare you will not love him first, and steel your little heart against him, put on proud airs, call him Mr. — instead of Chancey, as you are wont to call him, give your bouquet to James, and laugh wickedly when he looks at you reprovably.

To-morrow at length comes: he is at your feet. Your heart thrills (you have a noble heart, capable of loving truly) as he tells you how long he has wished to ask you to be his, yet durst not. Is not love a holy thing, little maiden!

It is a romantic youth, after all, that I am talking to. There she goes past your window. 'I declare it is time for the mail!' you exclaim, as you fling away your cigar, and in a moment you are walking down Main-street by her side.

You are sure that she loves you! Are you? To-night you meet her at a party. She is freezing cold: worse than that, she is indifferent. How she smiles on your friend! Could he have proved a villain? Has he betrayed your confidence? Is he trying to rob you of her love? No, it cannot be. He is a noble fellow, true as steel. She is a flirt!—there is no denying it.

You rush home, lock yourself in your room, and do not come down to breakfast. To-day when you meet her in the street you do not bow, but pass on as though you did not see her pretty straw-bonnet with its blue trimmings, which you admired so much yesterday. You have vowed never to speak to her again, and never to believe again in woman. You become a real woman-hater. The bachelors hail you brother, and your sisters rest confident that they shall have you for a beau till they are all married, down to Emma, the child in short dresses.

But *she* grows pale. You hear her cough in church sometimes. If you thought you had forgotten her you were mistaken, for you cannot bear this. The moon-light shines upon the porch where she is sitting. She is alone. You cannot resist the temptation; you open the wicket-gate, and walk up the gravel path.

'Fanny?' you say. She starts forward trembling like a leaf. You catch her hand and press your lips upon it, while the full tide of love rushes over your soul again, stronger than ever. There is an explanation. Some one told her of an unkind word you had spoken; indeed, it was an ungentlemanly remark: she scorned that, it hurt her too, and to hide her chagrin she confesses she did flirt a little with your friend. Of course the report was false; she *knows* it now, and forgives your waywardness, while you think her lovelier, sweeter, dearer than ever. She detests smoking: you give all your cigars (choice ones they are too) to your friend. She trembles when she sees you kiss the ruby wine-cup and gaily drain the bowl. (Is she a prude?) You promise her you will never touch wine again! You live only for her: what is the world's opinion! Did you ever think you could love thus? Is not this the very wealth of happiness?

My candle is going out. The flame wavers, and flashes, then dies. So fade my fancies of heart-histories; the bright forms I had conjured up vanish with the blaze, and I am left alone again. Alone! alone! The word echoes in my heart. I hastily summon my friends to bear me company, but the grave will not give up its dead, nor the wide seas part to let those far-off ones come to me. The summer breeze plays in the branches, the waves sport with the foam, the stars smile on the nodding flowers: every thing in nature has a friend. I had a friend too once, but her heart is another's now, and she far over the seas. A sister too was mine, but her monument dots our burial-lot in the R—— cemetery. And my brother! he is in distant climes. I hear his light laugh no more, save as it echoes from those joyous hours of long ago. How it used to ring through the house! Hark! I hear it topping the

commingled murmur of the winds and waves even here at lonely Canarsie.

'I know there are in this rude world  
Who share these dreams of pure delight ;  
But fate has parted from my path  
The few who'd read my heart aright.'

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L I N E S : ' R E S T . '

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BY W. H. C. ROSMER

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A few rods from the barrier-gate of Fort Niagara is the burying-ground. It is filled with memorials of the mutability of human life, and over the portals of entrance is painted in large and emphatic characters the word, '*Rest!*'

EARTH, upon her ample face,  
Boasts no sweeter burial-place  
Than a small enclosure green  
Near an ancient fortress seen :  
Mossy head-stones, here and there,  
Names of fallen warriors bear ;  
But no eulogistic phrase,  
Cut on rock to charm the gaze,  
Can our reverence command  
Like that brief inscription grand  
On the portal arch impressed —  
          '*Rest!*'

River wide and mighty lake  
For the dead an anthem wake ;  
And with old forgotten graves,  
Well comports the wash of waves.  
Motto of the hallowed ground,  
Murmuring with solemn sound :  
Birds that by, like spirits, pass,  
Winds that murmur in the grass,  
Seem repeating evermore  
That *one* word the gateway o'er,  
(Word that haunts a troubled breast,)  
          '*Rest!*'

Pilgrim, for a moment wait  
Near the narrow entrance-gate :  
And one word peruse — no more —  
Boldly traced the portal o'er :  
Mortal heart was never stirred  
By a more emphatic word ;  
One with deeper meaning fraught,  
Or the power to quicken thought ;  
Sermon, hymn and funeral lay,  
Eloquence the soul to sway,  
In four letters are compressed —  
          '*Rest!*'

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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**THE LOFTY AND THE LOWLY.** By MARIA J. MCINTOSH. In two volumes: pp. 400. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

ANOTHER work by this writer has found its way to our table, and gone forth to the world, soothing and strengthening in its true womanly office. It bears another title, in addition to the one we have given, as a sort of 'alias' to a person's name, by which he strives to win entrance to places from which he would be barred when his real name has fallen into disrepute; but this duty is unnecessary where the proper name bears the endorsement of this well-known author. The scene of the romance is laid alternately in Georgia and Massachusetts, and is made to illustrate the difference between these two great divisions of our country; the differences in the character of their people, and the causes leading to, and the remedies proper for, their opposition of character, habits and opinions. And yet, even at a moment when the drama, the press, and discussion are busy with the slave institutions of the South, the subject barely comes under the notice of the writer, and her attention seems to be directed more at other and more fundamental causes that operate in forming the Northern and Southerner; and still over all the discussion, whether it is from a mutual love for her two homes, or a Christian charity where 'there is none that is perfect,' there breathes through all the work the feeling of the truth of the Psalmist: 'The North and the South, Thou hast created them.'

The hero of the book (and by 'hero' we mean the person whom the writer has invested with the chief interest of the work, and in whom evidently she has embodied her ideal) is a young manufacturer, by the name of ROBERT GRAHAME. He is the standard of a North man. His person, as described in the work, 'though not above the middle height, exhibited in its proportions more of easy dignity, and even of command, than any on which he had ever looked. On the broad brow, which the riding-cap left wholly uncovered, there sat a kingly majesty; while the determination of the firmly-closed lips was softened by the milder expression of the earnest dark-gray eyes. There was power, wonderful power in that face; but to a close observer it would have seemed the power rather of endurance than of action.' As to character, the following conversation between DONALD MONTROSE, of Georgia, and MARY GRAHAME, sister of ROBERT, will show its worth, as well as DONALD's estimate thereof:

\* But DONALD is disturbed from his reverie, and we from our examination, by the entrance of a girl, who, though she has seen but twenty summers, has already exchanged the gayety of very

early youth for the graver expression and more staid manner which usually accompany matronly cares.

'DONALD's eyes, still languid from recent illness, brighten into a smile, as he says, 'Your hour has seemed to me a very long one. I have been so spoiled since my illness, that I grow weary even of this beautiful view without some one beside me to whom I may say how beautiful it is.'

'I am sorry ROBERT could not have remained longer with you to-day, but I will do my best to supply his place. Shall I read to you?'

'DONALD playfully held back the book she would have taken from him, as he said, 'I would rather you should talk with me, if you please.'

'My pleasure will depend somewhat on the subject you choose,' answered the lady, readily adopting his easy, playful tone.

'What if I should make a recantation to you of some opinions hitherto held as a part of my creed?'

'If the opinions were false, I will receive the recantation with pleasure.'

'False they certainly were, for I believed that most of those who lived north of the Potomac, and all the inhabitants of the New-England States, were Yankees.'

'Well, we are Yankees; or descendants, at least, of those to whom the Indians gave the name Yengbese,' said the lady.

'Ah!' exclaimed DONALD, 'but with us of the South the name has a very different meaning; it marks not a geographical, or national, but a moral distinction. By Yankee we mean—I am ashamed to tell you what we mean, now that I have ascertained how far it is from the truth.'

'Pray let me hear; how else can I have your recantation? The greater were your prejudices, the higher glory will it be for us to have overcome them.'

'Overcome them! How could I maintain them, having once known your brother?'

'Ah! but you must beware of falling into an opposite error, as you assuredly will, should you take ROBERT as a type of the Yankee race.'

'He is at least the possibility of a Yankee.'

'And is he not also the possibility of a Southerner?'

'I think not. I almost fear to tell you why, lest you should suspect me of impertinence, where I feel most admiringly.'

'Do not be apprehensive. I should not easily suspect impertinence when ROBERT was the subject.' She spoke with a proud significance.

'You are right; the firmness of your brother's adherence to principle may awaken dislike, but there is nothing about him on which contempt could feed.'

'Thank you,' she replied, while her cheeks flushed and her eyes grew moist with pleasure. 'But why do you think such qualities as his impossible to a Southerner? Surely, you are not such a renegade as to think any thing noble beyond their attainment.'

'She spoke jestingly, and he began to answer in the same tone, but grew more serious as he proceeded.

'Certainly not! They are all Chevalier BAYARDS incog.; but they could not, I fear, exhibit the dignity and courtesy, and, as I have good reason to know, the heroism of a Chevalier BAYARD in the person of—may I say it?—a manufacturer and mechanic.'

'Why should you hesitate to say it? The dignity, the courtesy and heroism are inherent in my brother's nature; the manufacturing and mechanics are adventitious circumstances, which neither make nor mar that nature.'

'True; yet he must have had some affinity with these to have chosen them. It was a choice no Southerner would have made.'

'And are you Southerners always able to choose your own mode of life? Is it never forced on you by circumstances?'

'A life of ignoble labor on a gentleman of education and refinement? Never!'

'Ignoble labor! and what makes labor ignoble? Has it never been companioned by high and pure thoughts? Or is it this particular form of labor to which you object—mechanics and manufacturing? the first the power by which we subdue nature to our will, the last the application of that power to procure comfort and wealth for thousands. Are these ignoble?'

'Indignant emphasis was in her tones, and her features, usually cold in their expression, quivered with excitement. For the first time DONALD thought her beautiful, and in admiration of the enthusiasm thus unveiled, forgot the painful character of the emotion he was exciting, and without an apology pursued the subject.

'Not ignoble in their principles, certainly.'

'And in their practice?'

'Must they not, in our present social arrangements, force us into degrading associations?'

'No: if we are brought into such associations, it must be by our own will, though we strive to lay our sin on that great modern scape-goat—society. But one example is better than twenty arguments: you must see ROBERT in his work—amidst these *degrading associations*. You will find him occupying a position of influence, a ruler and guide to many, and availing himself of this position only for good. Around him are some who came to him untutored clods, fitted at best for expert machines, into whom he has infused intelligent souls, and whose aspirations he has directed heavenward. These are his degrading associations; this his ignoble life.'

'I have displeased you, and ought to apologize; yet I can scarcely say, with truth, I am sorry for that which has made you so eloquent.'

'Pardon me, I have been too warm!' she said, recalled to herself by his observation; then, after a moment's pause, she added, 'I should have remembered that ROBERT himself once felt as you do. The greatest sacrifice of his life was made when he entered on his present career, but that was in his boyhood; he has learned since then, and will yet teach the world, that a noble spirit can find its appropriate aliment and exercise in a life of labor, if the labor be undertaken for noble ends.'

Upon this point is directed all the force of the author's reasoning; and a con-

trast is drawn between the family of the broken-down manufacturer at the North, who not only resuscitates his own fortune, and adds to his own happiness by a life of steady labor and duty, but also draws up from the brink of destruction the Southern family, who are at the same time scorning the labor that was the means of their salvation. Throwing aside their position of slaveholders, our friend goes farther to show the whole falsity of a position which now has its only strong-hold on the plantation of the South, 'that labor is degrading;' a position that has incapacitated them from serving themselves for long years, and made them children to be carried and served by grown men; and farther still, that economy, the accumulation of money, and the even regulation of receipts and expenditures, is a littleness only fit for a lower order — 'only fit for traders.' It is natural that men living under a genial clime, and on a soil that produces a valuable crop, should prefer its agriculture to other business. But on this very foundation has grown an evil whose enormity absolutely blinds the eyes of those possessed, that they may not see it. The boy receives the idea at his mother's knee that he will be a gentleman; this word means here freedom from labor. Every precept that he hears at the family-board instils deeper the principle. His studies are all directed into that channel, and he gradually grows to the age of manhood. What avenues are opened to his pursuit! The Navy, the Army, Politics, and Law too, are admitted as honorable; but this last demands a careful business education, which he discovers he does not possess. In these avenues he constantly stands high in rank and fame: but are these the occupations which bless the boy with retroactive power; that enrich his country; which build his rail-roads, teach his slaves, manufacture his wool, build his ships, freight his cotton; that bind his State with girdles of iron, fire, steam, and trade, which, like streams, irrigate, enrich, sow, and cause to bear fruit, all the land which they traverse? In none of these practical paths will he walk; but with a bitter scorn speaks of his brother who treads therein, and complains of his growing wealth, that battens on gentle blood. But farther does he carry the feeling that has grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength. If he loves ~~not the~~ trader, he likes not the accounts that savor of trade: if he dislikes all commerce, he hates the calculations upon which it is founded. Every thing is easier than work; nothing so tiresome as computations; and economy, based upon profit and loss, upon receipts and expenditures, is identical with meanness.

Now what is the effect of this system? The young gentleman turns to sports which, if questionable in one sense, are at least not ungentlemanly; planting, hunting, gaming, and hospitalities fill his time. He is waited upon at bed and board, at home and abroad. Nothing he makes, nothing he improves; every thing he buys. His slaves are fed on pork that was raised in Ohio, and clothed in woollens made at Lowell. Boston men ship his cotton to Europe, New-York merchants sell it, and supply his wants with foreign goods. He is educated by a Connecticut school-master; when he grows to manhood, he is supplied by a Vermont pedlar; and when he dies, and is buried under the canopy of waving moss that covers his family burying-spot, he is at last beyond the want of those necessities without which he could not live, and which his high code of honor forbade him to make.

Here lies the mistake. The slavery is not the absolute cause of the backwardness of a country rich in soil and gentle in climate. The same institution at the North would neither hinder manufactures or commerce, nor stop the small-

est branch of industry. Neither is it the clime that makes two people, the one warm of blood, delicate and listless, and the other active and tireless. For it is the Northerner who goes to the South and schemes and labors; gains, improves, blesses, and dies rich. But beyond the black waiter and the tropical clime, there is a feeling that pleads these as a barrier to exertion, and a public opinion, false as it is disastrous to all whom it influences, that stamps the artisan, the trader, and the manufacturer as base money-getters. Forgetting that making is man's first work, they lose sight that the worker is a creator, and God's first work the creation.

'The Lofty and the Lowly' treats also of more feminine principles than labor and trade. The author of 'Woman in America' is the expounder of no low standard of female excellence; and no matter to what phase of female character she turns her pen, the description is true and searching, and the ideal to which she points high and self-denying. As an instance of clear description of human passion and its interpretation, the following description of doubt and jealousy is a good example:

'PERFECT love casteth out fear,' saith the Book of Wisdom. We think the converse of this proposition is also true, and that in just so far as we fear, we cease to love. Think of this, ye who, loving fondly and truly, would yet constrain those you love by fear of the clouded brow, the sharp rebuke, the coldly sullen manner, or, worst of all fears to a generous spirit, the fear of inflicting pain on super-sensitive feelings. Would you know the signs of the decay of affections produced by such means, recognize them in the anxious eye of your friend, no longer confident of kind interpretation; in the solicitous manner, studious to avoid all that could displease, and to surround you, at whatever expense to himself or others, with gratifications; in the resolution which endures all in silence, rather than cast the lightest shadow on your sky. It is true, that in all this fear mimics love, but, like most mimics, it caricatures the original. It is true, too, that only those whom we love have the power to inspire such fear; but it is no less true, that they must choose between the two modes of influence; for where the spirit of love is, there must be liberty.'

Following out the narrative of the work, we find that all the characters of any note in this book most appropriately achieve the consummation of female hope; and that DONALD, CHARLES, WHARTON, and GRAHAME all marry each other's sisters, and produce a family that will puzzle the most learned of genealogists. In truth, the North and the South on the pages of Romance have been so inter-married, that could that effect be realized in life, it would do away with many a cruel speculation of future disagreement. And should every print that comes before the public be tinted with so many of those warm shades of affection; could every romance speak so freely of the faults of North and South, and with such an even-handed praise—'in each the right, in each the wrong condemn'—truly the evil day when harsh words should pass between brothers would be removed far away. Let no man, reared under one climate and system, say to another, 'I am better than thou.' But rather let him of the stern business habits, the economist, and the worker, go to the open hearth and the free heart of his brother, and learn that life is not all a labor. And let him of the warmer land receive from the restless activity of the North an impulse to exertion, and to the democracy of labor, that will raise him to an independence among men. For who is there among us, be it the author who wins us to love, or the critic who praises or condemns, who, having sat a welcome guest at the boards of those who live beyond the Potomac, or having shared the settler's cabin by the Illinois, has not learned that there is no North, no South, no East nor no West: nothing but ONE COUNTRY!



THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS, AND OTHER POEMS. By JOHN G. WHITTIER. In one volume; pp. 118. Boston TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS.

THE publishers of these latest productions of one among the most spirited and vigorous of our younger American poets are doing good service to the public in the frequent issue of works similar in kind and merit. Poetry, whatever it may be with other publishers, seems never to be 'a drug' with this house. Moreover, they grow fat upon these enterprises, as the oft-repeated editions of Longfellow and his compeers sufficiently attest. Now all this is encouraging, and makes us more hopeful of that 'good time coming,' when our young writers will have a 'fair chance' in the literary arena; when, if there be any thing in them, there shall not be lacking opportunity for it to 'come out' before the world. There is a great variety in this volume, small though it be, both in subject and mode of treatment; and a high order of thought is every where apparent. We have so little space for extracts, that we are compelled to content ourselves with the following inconsecutive passages from a thoughtful poem entitled '*Questions of Life*:'

'I AM how little more I know!  
Whence came I? Whither do I go?  
A centred self, which feels and is;  
A cry between the silences,  
A shadow-birth of clouds at strife  
With sunshine on the hills of life;  
A shaft from Nature's quiver cast  
Into the future from the past,  
Between the cradle and the shroud,  
A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud.

'Through the vastness, arching all,  
I see the great stars rise and fall,  
The rounding seasons come and go,  
The tided oceans ebb and flow,  
The tokens of a central force,  
Whose circles, in their widening course,  
O'erlap and move the universe.  
The workings of the law whence springs  
The rhythmic harmony of things,  
Which shapes in earth the darkling sparrow,  
And orbs in heaven the morning-star.  
Of all I see in earth and sky —  
Star, flower, beast, bird — what part have I?  
This conscious life — is it the same  
Which thrills the universal frame,  
Whereby the caverned crystal shoots,  
And mounts the sap from forest roots;  
Whereby the exiled wood-bird tells  
When Spring makes green her native dells?  
How feels the stone the pang of birth,  
Which brings its sparkling prism forth;  
The forest-tree the throb which gives  
The life-blood to its new-born leaves?  
Do bird and blossom feel, like me,  
Life's many-folded mystery  
The wonder which it is to be?  
Or stand I severed and distinct,  
From Nature's chain of life unlinked?  
Allied to all, yet not the less  
Prisoned in separate consciousness,

Alone o'erburdened with a sense  
Of life, and cause, and consequence?

'In vain to me the Sphinx propounds  
The riddle of her sights and sounds,  
Back still the vaulted mystery gives  
The echoed question it receives.  
What sings the brook? What oracle  
Is in the pine-tree's organ-swell?  
What may the wind's low burden be?  
The meaning of the moaning sea?  
The hieroglyphics of the stars?  
Or clouded sun-set's crimson bars?  
I vainly ask, for mocks my skill  
The trick of Nature's cipher still.

'HARK let me pause, my quest forego,  
Enough for me to feel and know  
That He in whom the cause and end,  
The past and future, meet and blend,  
Who, girt with his immensities,  
Our vast and star-hung system sees  
Small as the clustered Pleiades,  
Moves not alone the heavenly quires,  
But waves the spring-time's grassy spires;  
Guards not arch-angel feet alone,  
But deigns to guide and keep my own;  
Speaks not alone the words of fate  
Which worlds destroy and worlds create;  
But whispers in my spirit's ear,  
In tones of love, or warning fear,  
A language none beside may hear.

'To Him, from wanderings long and wild,  
I come, an over-wearied child,  
In cool and shade His peace to find,  
Like dew fall settling on my mind,  
Assured that all I know is best,  
And humbly trusting for the rest.'

It seems to us that the older Whittier grows, the more vivid is his imagination, and the more striking his power of making it fruitful of felicitous and faithful pictures on the printed page. His style is always plain; his meaning always clear; and the melody of his rhythm is faultless. We commend his beautiful volume to a cordial acceptance.

SONGS OF THE SEASONS, AND OTHER POEMS. By JAMES LINEN. In one volume: pp. 167. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD.

It does not need that we should indicate very particularly to our readers the character of the contents of this well-executed book; for a large portion of the volume was originally written for the *KNICKERBOCKER*, under the signature of the author. The opening series of poems, 'The Peasant's Songs of the Seasons' and the 'Ballads of Mexico,' appeared but recently in these pages. The reader will especially remember the last of the first-named series, the 'Song to Winter.' The distinguishing characteristics of Mr. LINEN's verse are simplicity, and homely, honest feeling. The poems in the Scottish dialect, contained in the book, have been more generally commended by our contemporaries. But we cannot help thinking that too much importance is often attached to the national dialect in verse-making. We agree with the editor of the '*Albion*,' that to substitute 'sair' for sore, 'mair' for more, and 'a' for all, does not embody the charm. 'A way of testing this is, to strip the dialect entirely away, and let the thought stand on its own merits, in broad, plain English. Then, if there be any poetry, we shall see it; and if there be not, we shall see the value of words. BURNS and the best Scotch poets will bear this test, and come out like refined gold.' But Mr. LINEN's Muse, as he himself says, is somewhat capricious; being sometimes grave, sometimes gay, and occasionally inclined to be satirical; and surely she has a right to choose her own mode of giving forth her 'utterances.' The volume is dedicated, in a few well-chosen words, to our esteemed friend and correspondent, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE DAUGHTERS OF ZION. By Rev. S. D. BURCHARD, D. D. In one volume: pp. 355. New-York: JOHN S. TAYLOR.

'THE DAUGHTERS OF ZION' are Scripture narratives, drawn from the Old Testament and the New, placed in chronological order, and designed to furnish an outline of Biblical history, especially as relating, remotely or directly, to the family, advent and mission of the SAVIOUR. In Mr. BURCHARD's hands the pictures are presented with renewed freshness and effect, directly from the pages of the BIBLE; concerning which he very justly remarks: 'One attractive characteristic of all the portraits of Scripture is, that they are true to nature. There is no exaggeration, no fictitious painting. Women are seen as *women*, with all the frailties and all the excellences of their sex. It speaks of good women, and heroic, but it makes no attempt to show them better or more heroic than they were. It does not conceal their faults; it freely states their infirmities. This gives not only great value, but great individuality, to the portraits of the BIBLE. They take a firm hold both of the imagination and the memory. They have long since ceased to live upon the earth, yet their history is so life-like that their image lingers with us still, and their very looks and tones seem like old familiar faces and voices.' This is well and truly said; and our author has shown, in his own labors in transferring the portraits from the sacred pages to his own, how thoroughly he has studied them. The subjects are thirteen in number, beginning with SARAH and ending with MARY MAGDALENE. Each character is represented by a fine engraving on steel.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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THE LETTERS FROM 'UP THE RIVER' are attracting, from the public and the public press, the admiration and commendation which their great merits demand. What a correspondent at the 'City of Elms' says, elsewhere in the present number, of these 'Letters,' is as richly deserved as it is heartily bestowed. The writer is indeed an artist and paints rare pictures with his facile pen.

— *'Up the River, January, 1853.*

'I LIKE to look out of the window over the corn-fields, and see the black phalanx of crows wheeling through the misty air, and laboriously, with a slow regularity of movement, flapping their ebon plumes. They go in discordant companies, helter-skelter; some high, some low; some hovering over the near corn-stack, others just appearing in sight over the mountain-crests: how different from the graceful wavelet, the orderly procession of geese, or long-necked swans, which are seen like a line of Dr. ANTHON'S manuscript in the sky! There is no order about them: every crow for himself, and let those who come last feed at the side-table. 'Caw! caw! caw!' This sound, so discordant, seems to me like the cry of famine in mid-air in a desolate land.

'The forage must be poor enough. The fat earth-worm lies low down beneath the frozen clod, turned up no longer by the garden-spade, and unattainable by the pick-axe; the grubs have vanished from the waving corn; the winged insects of summer no more find their sepulchre in the red throats of birds; while every vestige of food is buried deep under the winter snows and slabs of solid ice. The base of the pyramidal corn-stacks may yield a few grains, and some carrion by the way-side some choice picking; otherwise it fares ill with the old crow. Although he wears a respectable suit of black, yet how he lives God knows, 'Who feedeth the young ravens when they cry.' I am acquainted with a rookery on Long-Island, where myriads of crows come home to roost every night. By break of day, with immense cawing and preliminary flappings, they move off to the sea-shore to pay a visit to the gulls, the cranes, the old-wives, the loons, the coots, the devil-divers, the wild duck, and tetering snipe, and to gorge their stomachs with the soft-shelled clams. Toward sun-down they go back to LLOYD'S Neck in black clouds, which darken the air; and as they bungle about, and jostle each other in the grove, the dead limbs crackle as if shaken by a north-east storm; while the noise which they make in settling down, their vociferous barter in the exchange of roostings, the shower of dry sticks and

rubbish, and the almost articulate talk of the airy bed-fellows before they sleep, saying:

'CAW — caw — cawn — aw' — cawn — awn — awn'n.  
Aw — yaw — gaw'n — awt'r — corn — awn'e — mawn'n!'

'Are — you — going — after — corn — in the — morning?'

are really — 'wunnerful.'

'At last they put their heads under their wings, while the still blacker bed-quilt of the night tucks them in and is drawn over them. Great is the consternation of the birds if startled in their sleep by the explosion of mischievous artillery. For if the guests at LLOYD'S Manor, or a boat's crew from the yacht in Huntington Harbor, choose to make a nocturnal visit to blow off their fowling-pieces in the grove, 'my sakes a-massy!' how the black down does fly! Roused out of their carrion-pictured dreams, they wheel in contracted circles; they tottle about in the dark, fly plump against each other, and crack their bills together, and get their plumes interlocked at the thighs, while the whole phalanx is staggered and becomes confused. This is unfair play, O ye guests of the Manor, and O ye sailors from the yacht! To come within gun-shot of JACOBUS CAW by day-light, requires a sneaking erudition, not easily attained. After you have crept along the hedge in the most humbly-crouching position, say for a quarter of a mile, and are within a hundred yards of the spot from which you think it would be judicious to take a crack, you will see the sentinel-bird, who stands ready to sound the alarum in good time, slowly set his wings in motion, as when the wheels of a steam-boat take their preliminary turns, and off he flops, with a 'caw! caw!' repeated on all hands by the black guards. Such is the nature of these feathered negroes, these Africans of the air, who, as regards colonizing, have a constitution and by-laws of their own, lest the breed of crows should run out, and jet-black should become an unknown color in a tawdry world. In vain, then, are those cast-off breeches stuffed with straw, and those old coats, out at the elbows, stuck up in the middle of the fields, to be a bug-a-boo to the younglings, and rob the craws of the hungry of a few germinating grains. It is, beside, a moot-point whether the exterminating policy be not bad for the corn, because the question lies in the kernel, and concerns the respective destructiveness of carrion-crow, green worm, and old grub. So many woodpeckers have been shot off since the invention of percussion-caps, and so many indeed of all the flighty tribe who delve in the wormy barks, that fruit-trees languish, and all the crops are affected with blight. I take it for granted that a man is seized of the fee-simple of his birds as well as of his land, and I should bring an action for trespass against any one who took the life of my wood-peckers or my crows. For myself, I would not aim a gun at a crow, for fear that I should miss the mark in more senses than one, and that he should 'wheel about' upon me, enveloped with smoke and stunned with noise, with the somewhat harsh sarcasm of 'xaw! xaw!'

'The other day, after visiting a maimed man, I fell in with a poor young crow, wounded in one wing, and skipping in a lop-sided manner on the skirts of a hedge, I caught him, after a hard chase over the stubble-fields, intending to take him home and instruct him in the first rudiments of the Saxon tongue. I thought that he could make the green parrot blush for his elocution; and in case his progress were respectable, I would christen him McCaw; after which I would be a ROLAND for an OLIVER, should any one shoot my McCaw. But he had imbibed notions of abolition in his own free element, or perhaps from hovering

around the confines of Uncle Tom's Cabin. He clutched my breast and picked my hands with the ferocity of a young vulture; and when I set him down, such an overturning did he make among the tin-kettles and cullenders of the kitchen, that I opened the door and turned him loose upon the 'wide, wide world.' O thou recuperative Nature, bind up his wounds!

'Exceedingly picturesque in the winter landscape is the crow sitting on the leafless bough of the hoary oak, (itself a striking object in the scene,) when the ground is covered with a mantle of the chastest snow. He is at present almost the only bird we have; nor is his voice, though harsh, untimely, now that the mellow songsters of the grove are hushed. For when welcome BLUE-BIRD comes no more to greet the early spring, nor skimming SWALLOW flits before the door; when ROBIN RED-BREAST has ceased to chant his roundelay, and CHR'N'-BIRD to gather crumbs upon the walk; when the small WREN has flitted from his accustomed nest, leaving the dry straw within the roofed and windowed house in which two rival architectures have been combined; when THRUSH departs, and BOSOMXX has trilled his parting strain, and the gay LARK no more sings upward toward the sun; and when the summer sky no longer blossoms with the wings of butterflies, and all the pictured fleet of little rovers have sailed away to cruise in warmer gulf-streams of the aerial latitudes, cutting the thin wave of the navigable air, welcome, ye black unmitigated plumes, combed into smoothness by the sharp-toothed winds, glossy in the light of the slant December sun! O thou most suitable adjunct of bleakness, statuesque CROW! carved as from a chunk of that material Egyptian darkness which could be felt! I sometimes think of one who inscribed a poem with a quill plucked from the Raven's wing, writing with supra-mortal eloquence, his spirit veiled in majestic, solemn gloom, as of the spirit-land. EDGAR! thou art in the world of shades:



'JACOBUS CROW likes to stray away from his flock by twilight, and be alone. I have seen him at that hour on the top of a corn-stack, (with perhaps a group of his fellows on an adjacent tree, dotting a limb as with black blossoms,) or on the off-shoots of a decaying stump, on a twig of which a little round screech-owl has just hopped, while the barn-yard fowls have perched for the night upon its lateral branches; looking about on the cold scene, as if reflecting on the immortality of a crow's soul. Undisturbed by the tinkling sleigh-bells, he stands motionless in his reverie. It is the time to be filled with solemn thought. Dark-

ness is creeping on, and shadow is overlapped with thickening shadow. Hard by, in the farm-yard, the ruminating cow is chewing I know not what cud of reflection. Owl and Crow appear to commune together:

‘‘Can you see!’’ says *AFRICANUS*.

‘‘My eyes! yes: that is my vocation.’’

‘‘Can you tell me, by-and-by, from the brocade of the night!’’

‘No answer.’

‘‘Speak, *ULUL*, and join me in a bit of psalmody for the benefit of yon farmhouse, before the curtain of the night comes down.’’

‘‘Tu-whit! tu-whoo! Tu-whit-tu-whoo!’’

‘‘Caw! Caw! Caw! Caw!’’ *Exeunt omnes*.

‘Come, friends, this is ‘Bleak-House’ to-night, so far as the outward aspect is concerned. The winds howl—the roof is covered with snow. Gather round the stove-pipe, and while you sip a little of this hot-spiced cider, and partake of this popped-corn, these nuts, and pippins of an approved juice, I will tell you a story, called

### V A N D E R D O N K :

#### A L E G E N D O F C R O W - H I L L .

‘FAR back in the misty period of an heroic age, there lived upon the summit of the Crow-Hill an honest Dutchman, entitled *VANDERDONK*. He bought the spot, with all its rugged acres and stubborn glebe, with guilders earned by hard tugging in the Father-land. But the Dutch guilders were by no means buried without interest in the vaults of this rocky bank. The golden grain waved year after year upon the sloping hill-sides, and by the time that his belly became portly, *VANDERDONK* had become rich. He minded his own business, and seldom spoke except when spoken to, and then in grunting affirmative, ‘Yaw, yaw.’ He was the picture of dogged resolution, as he was seen in relief over against the sky on Crow-Hill; whacking with a long goad the frontal bones of the thick-kneed oxen — always slowly plodding, but surely gaining. The shadow of his capacious barns swallowed up his snug little house, which was all kitchen. For he had a fancy to eke out barns with hovels, and hovels with long sheds, making a sunny court, or hollow square, wherein a multitude of chickens ransacked the chaff at the heels of the thoughtful kine. It was astonishing by what slow, and just, and imperceptible degrees his riches grew. For it was scarcely noticed when he drove in an additional nail, or extended an enclosure, till all at once the neighbors, looking upon the circumvallation about Crow-Hill, opened their eyes, as if awakened from a dream, and exclaimed, ‘He’s rich!’

‘Behold him, then, at the height of prosperity, while all around his harvests waved; his cabbages were marshalled in rows and compact regiments; his cattle lowed; his hens cackled; his ducks clucked; his pigeons cooed. Poor *VANDERDONK*!

‘*HONNES* had an only son named *DERRICK*, a half-crazy, half-idiotic, queer boy, who could not be trained up to follow the plough-share, and did exactly as he pleased. As he verged toward his majority, and showed no signs of advance in intellect, but rather received reinforcement of the queer devils by which he was occasionally possessed, his future prospects occupied no small portion of the reflecting moments of *VANDERDONK*, as he smoked his evening pipe on the porch. He and his wife were beginning to be well stricken in years. What should he do with Crow-Hill, and to whom devise his estate in trust for his son, who was

totally unfit to manage his affairs! When this thought had given HANS sufficient perplexity for the time being, he filled up another pipe, and got rid of the subject by thinking — of nothing. Now this boy brought him into sad trouble at this period, by an unfortunate adventure, which I shall relate:

'Among the flocks of crows which wheeled incessantly, in summer and winter, above his dominion, and from which 'Crow-Hill' derived its name, HANS waged a continual war. A hundred bits of tin, wood, and looking-glass fluttered at the ends of long strings, attached to poles, in the corn-fields. Numerous scare-crows were set up, as horrible as could be invented by the imagination of HANS. Moreover, as occasion offered, he made a successful shot with a long gun with a big-flinted, queer lock, which had belonged to his grand-father in Holland, and had descended to him as an heir-loom. Sometimes he made the crows drunk on corn soaked in whiskey, and as they reeled about the hillocks, knocked them on the head.

'But there was one crow, almost white, and said to be a century old, held sacred by the neighbors as an Egyptian Ibis. He walked almost undistinguished among the pigeons, by which association his nature had become tamed, and his harsh *caw* was at last modified into a melting *coo*. The neighbors had frequently said, 'VANDERDONK, don't shoot that bird,' and HONNERS religiously obeyed the mandate, and regarded his guest with a partial eye; for he had been told that ill-luck would be sure to attend him the moment that he meditated the destruction of the crow. The sentiment of superstition is not the offspring of stolidity, but he resolved to be on the safe side, while his wife treated the bird with a religious respect. This ancient visitor, whom the very king-birds forbore to pick at, out of veneration, was known by the familiar name of JIMMY, and happy was he who in a cold winter would put in his way a few liberal handfuls of corn.

'One day, DERRICK, in one of his wild moods, took the long gun from the corner of the kitchen and strayed away. He did not return at high noon to get his dinner, but toward sun-down, just as the old woman had come from milking the cows, he burst into the house with a loud laugh, violently struck the butt-end of the gun on the floor, rammed his hand into his pockets, filled with mottled feathers, and threw the dead JIMMY into his mother's lap. The good wife lifted up her skinny hands, while the very borders of her cap stood out with horror. Petrified for a moment, she sat still in the high-backed chair; then spilling the bleeding bird out of her lap, and rising in a rage, she pointed with her finger alternately at the victim and the guilty DERRICK, as HONNERS, returning from his evening work and seeing what had been done, crooked his right arm, partially closed his fist, and aimed a violent blow at his son's ear.

'When the people had been informed of the massacre accomplished by DERRICK, they exclaimed, 'O Bub! what have you done! You have shot JIMMY! We would not stand in your shoes for all the coin that your mother has in her stocking; no, not for Crow-Hill!' But DIRK only grinned and giggled, and appeared pleased with his exploit.

'As for VANDERDONK, on the occasion aforesaid, so soon as he had somewhat recovered from his excitement, he took up JIMMY by the legs, dug a deep hole, and buried him in the garden, exclaiming, as he resumed his seat and re-loaded his pipe, 'Bad lug! bad lug!'. In fact, that very night the worthy couple had scarce retired, when a loud *cawing* was heard through the house, and soon after, to their inexpressible horror, they observed by the light of the moon the old crow perched upon the bed-post. VANDERDONK rose from his bed and attempted



to reach him with the handle of a broom-stick, but only struck the unresisting air. The image still remained, and it repeatedly opened its mouth, crying pathetically, 'Caw! caw!' while the ring-doves and pigeons under the eaves uttered all night an ululating lamentation. 'Bad lug! bad lug!' repeated HANS, covering up his head with the clothes. And assuredly bad luck presently overtook him. The next spring, soon after he had planted his crops, it was announced to him one day that all the crows in the neighborhood were pulling up his corn, without any regard to his signals. He went out, and with one discharge of his long gun drove them all away. Soon after, DERRICK was missing, and he went out with a stout stick to thrash him on his way home. In vain he sought him at the road-side ale-house, and at all his accustomed haunts. Then he wandered over his own domains, and just as he had ascended a peak of Crow-Hill, a singular omen met his eye. He saw DERRICK running out of the woods, his hat off his hair streaming in the winds, hotly pursued by a whole flock of crows. They hovered about the boy's head and picked at him in the rear. VANDERDONK flew to the rescue; he laid about him furiously with the stick which he had taken to whip DERRICK, but was obliged to give up the attack and join the boy in his flight. They hurried over the fields; they leaped the fences and emerged into the highway, taking the nearest path to their home. There all the little boys, rushing out of school, flung their caps in the air, and joined in a hue-and-cry: 'There they go! See 'em! see 'em! Caw! caw! VANDERDONK! VANDERDONK!' and all the windows were thrown up, and the old women lifted their hands and exclaimed, 'My sakes alive!' Arrived within-doors, the fugitives sat down breathless, well-nigh frightened out of their wits, while all the noisy flock continued to pick at the windows and invest the house. From this time HONNES hardly held up his head, but became dogged and morose to the end of his life, still grunting at intervals as he shook his head, 'Bad lug! bad lug!' In the garden where he had buried the bird, stramonium, and burdock, and villanous weeds grew up, with inconceivable luxuriance and rancor. Wherever he planted any thing, white JIMMY led on the hungry harpies, and neither scare-crows nor his long gun availed him any thing. As to DERRICK, he screamed habitually in his dreams, and the spectre of the murdered bird continued to reappear. Whether the house was ever exorcised by the visits of the Dominie, has not been handed down; but a reverence for old age is to this day inculcated in the school-houses of Crow-Hill by the Legend of VANDERDONK.

'P. W. S.'

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CONTROVERTED AUTHORSHIP. — 'The veritable 'BON GAULTIER,' is THEODORE MARTIN, an Edinburgh lawyer, who recently married HELEN FAUCHT, the English actress. He removed to London from Scotland, on his marriage, and practises there as a Parliamentary Agent. He is about thirty-five years of age; his wife some years older. The lines on the Marquis of ANGLESEA's leg, *attributed* to CANNING, were written by Mr. THOMAS GASPEY, author of a once popular novel called '*The Lollards*.' He claimed them in CANNING's life-time.' So far one correspondent, who says he 'speaks by the card;' but another correspondent, who tells us that he 'knows whereof he affirms,' avers that 'BON GAULTIER' is AYTOUN, of Edinburgh; and that the lines on the Marquis of ANGLESEA's leg *are* by CANNING, and were published in a collection of his writings during his life-time. Who shall decide?

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — We trust that in the perusal of the following essay none of our Scottish readers — among whom we number many warm, generous and genial friends — will imitate certain of our Irish contemporaries, by assuming offence where none was intended. 'With these few remarks,' we offer a second instalment of

### The Century Papers.

#### ON THE HABITS OF SCOTCHMEN.

'I found it by the barrenness, hard, in the palm of the hand.'

SHAKESPEARE.

'Quid immerentes hospites vexas canis?'

HORACE.

'SCOTLAND, or North Britain, is a vast country, not quite so large as Ireland. In length the kingdoms are about equal, but Scotland is less broad, being exceeding narrow in some parts. In this respect a Scotchman is a fair epitome of his country. His shibboleth, however, is sufficiently comprehensive for mercantile purposes.

'The reason why Scotchmen admire their own language, is because they are Scotchmen. 'I do not know,' says a friend, 'a more remarkable instance of self-complacency than that of a Scotchman priding himself upon mispronouncing the English tongue.' This opinion is invidious and incorrect, as will be seen by reasons which follow :

'It must strike every one acquainted with this sagacious people, that the chief national characteristic is absence of all pretence. Hence arose their zeal in the cause of the PRETENDER. For it is a common proof that men are apt to admire in others those qualities which they possess not themselves. How else account for those Jacobin spasms, those musical manifestations from flatulent bag-pipes, which welcomed 'ROYAL CHARLIE,' the Papist, among the blue-nosed Presbyters of the land of KNOX? Had they not been sufficiently roasted, toasted, grilled, seared, branded, and devilled by the STUART sixty years before? Was there no elder remaining whose memory could reach so far as the days and deeds of CLAVERHOUSE? None whose taste for music had been seriously impaired by the demands levied upon their auricular organs by that fascinating cavalier? It is impossible to solve the problem, except by the above reason.

'I admire this warlike nation. None love so much to breathe the sulphurous clouds of war as the Scotchman. The smell of brimstone reminds him of home. He comes from his glorious mountains, and goes into the fight bare-breeched. Simple in his diet, he finds content in a manger; and his admiration of the thistle is only emulated by that patient animal so touchingly spoken of in the Sentimental Journey. '*Nemo me impune lacessit*: touch me not with impunity: if thou dost, thou shalt scratch for it,' is his motto. Wrapped in his plaid and his pedigree; revelling in kilts and kail brose; alike ready with his claymore and usquebaugh; with much in his skull and more in his mull; in Highland or Lowland; whether on the barren heath or the no less barren mountain, who can help loving SAWNEY, the child of poetry and poverty? COLERIDGE loved him, CHARLES LAMB loved him, DR. JOHNSON loved him, JUNIUS loved him, SYDNEY SMITH loved him, and I love SAWNEY, and my love is disinterested. Bless his diaphanous soul! who can help it!

'Scotchmen differ from their Celtic neighbors in some respects. PAT is a prodigal; his idea of a friend is 'something to be assisted'; a joke is the key to his heart. SAWNEY, on the contrary, is *vera* prudent; a friend means 'something from which to expect assistance'; and a joke with him is a problem beyond the Œdipus. An Irishman's idea of a friend is something to hit; a Scotchman's, is something to be scratched. I do not know of such a thing extant as an Irish or Scotch Jew. Thriftless PADDY with thrifty MORDECAI would make a compound bitter as salt; but a Scotch Jew, I fancy, would be a hard hand to drive a bargain with.

'Who has not heard of Scottish hospitality? Did you, reader, ever have a Highland welcome? If not, I will tell you what it is. It is a tune upon the national violin; the only thing a stranger gets and carries away from the land o' cakes.

'There is a great difference between the Highland and the Lowland Scot. This, however, is not so evident when they migrate, and get their local peculiarities worn away by attrition with civilized life. Yet there is, and always has been, a difference between them. We, who live amid a population more checkered than the most elaborate specimen of tartan plaid, care very little whether a man's name begin with a 'Mac' or not, that being interesting only to the direc-

tery-publisher, and not bearing at all upon social or fashionable life. But the question assumes a different aspect when Mr. FERGUSON recognizes in Mr. McFINGAL a descendant of some former McFINGAL, who, in a moment of playful levity, came down from Ben this or Ben that, with his kilted Kernes and Gallowglasses, in the manner so beautifully described by young NORVAL, and at one fell swoop carried off all his (Mr. FERGUSON'S) ancestral FERGUSON'S owson and kye, his Eryholmes and Ayrshires, his lambies and hoggies, yowes, and whatsoever else of farm-stock and implements lay handy and convenient, without so much as leaving his note-of-hand for the same.

'Nor does Mr. McFINGAL feel a throb of joy at meeting a descendant of that FERGUSON who, with a sma' band in hodden gray, burked his ancestral McFINGAL, when in all the glory of clan-plaid and sporran the old gentleman was looking very like a male BLOOMER without pantalettes, and reminded him of previous little familiarities by hanging him to the nearest tree, (if he found one large enough,) for fear he might never get another chance. These trifling family bickerings, however, rarely disturb the outward manifestations of courtesy: Mr. F. meets Mr. McF. with the utmost apparent cordiality; although, I fear, each have a secret impulse which had better be left hidden in the Scotch mists of dubiety.

'One faculty peculiar to Scotland is the gift of second-sight. A remarkable dilation of the pupil when a Scotchman sees a shilling makes it appear in his eyes as large as two shillings. This is second-sight. To it may be ascribed his wonderful abstemiousness. A red-herring in his ecstatic vision becomes glorified—it rises to the majesty of a silver-salmon; a spare-rib expands to a sirloin, and a bannock o' barley-meal enlarges to the dimensions of a bride's-cake. 'You never see,' says Mr. STRAHAN to Dr. JOHNSON, 'you never see people dying of hunger in Scotland as you often do in England.' 'That,' replied the Doctor, 'is owing to the impossibility of starving a Scotchman.' This anecdote, which I give upon the authority of JAMES BOSWELL, Esq., Laird of Auchinleck, will be readily understood, if we accept the above postulate.

'That second-sight is a source of great gratification to Scotchmen is unquestionably true, but there is one exception. Very few of that 'volant tribe of bards,' I take it, covet much a second sight of their own country. In support of this opinion, let me mention a circumstance which occurred some years ago in England. A Scotchman, for some offence, was sentenced, in one of the criminal courts, to be hanged; but his countrymen, in a petition as long as his pedigree, besought the KING to commute the sentence, to which HIS MAJESTY graciously acceded, ordering him to be transported instead. When SAWNEY heard of this little diversion in his favor, in place of expressing any signs of joy, he turned, with misery written in every lineament of his face, and asked where the KING intended to send him. 'To Botany-Bay,' was the answer.

GUD bless his saul!' said SAWNEY, brightening up at once; 'I was afeard I was to be sent hame again!'

'I look forward to acquiring a taste for Scottish poetry as one of the pleasing accomplishments of my old age. What I mean, is that written in the melodious dialect of the land of HOOD. Scottish prose, I regret to say, has scarcely an existence, owing to the fact that every scholar in North Britain endeavors to learn English as speedily as possible, in order to fulfil his destiny; for to write a *History of England* seems to be the height of Scotch literary ambition. It is a singular fact, but for the disinterested labors of their brethren in the North, Englishmen would scarcely know any thing of their own country.

'Pride of birth is another happy attribute of SAWNEY. No matter how unkindly the north-wind may whistle through his tattered breeks; no matter if he have not a bawbee in his loof, nor parritch in his pot, he looks back through the haze of antiquity, and beholds his illustrious forbears, like a string of onions reversed, with the biggest ones on top and the little ones following at a respectful distance.

'There is something so naïve in TENNANT'S life of ALLAN RAMSAY, that I cannot help bringing it in here, by way of an episode:

'His step-father, little consulting the inclination of young ALLAN, and wishing as soon as possible, and at any rate, to disencumber himself of the charge of his support, bound this nursing of the Muse apprentice to a wig-maker. Lowly as this profession is, it has been vindicated by one of RAMSAY'S biographers into comparative dignity, by separating it from the kindred business of barber, with which it is vulgarly and too frequently confounded. RAMSAY was never, it seems, a barber; his enemies never blotted him with that ignominy; his calling of 'skull-thacker,' as he himself ludicrously terms it, was too dignified to be let down into an equality with the men of the razor. Thus from the beginning his business was with *the heads of men!*'

'If this be not getting cleverly out of a bad business, I do not understand Scotch. Having vindicated the young 'skull-thatcher' from the sharp practice of men of the razor, it will not be out of place to lift him a notch higher by another quotation from the same book: 'His mother, ALICE BOWEN, was daughter of ALLAN BOWER, a gentleman of Derbyshire, whom Lord Horz-

town had brought to Scotland to superintend his miners. In his lineage, therefore, our poet had something to boast of, and though *born to nae lairdship*, (he means 'not worth a rap,') 'he fails not to congratulate himself on being sprung from the loins of a DOUGLAS.'

'In the South there are certain porous vessels through which fluids, no matter how impure, distil in bright drops, without showing any taint of the offensive contact. In like manner, it is easy to imagine the blood of a DOUGLAS percolating through the clay of a wig-maker, and descending to a late posterity in all its original splendor. Methinks I see it centuries hence, running its devious course through paupers and scavengers; through poets and pick-pockets; rusting in gaols and stagnating in almshouses, but finally blazing out in pristine lustre; flashing on panels, glittering on harness, blazing in plaids—the same old feudal blood of the RED DOUGLAS, which throbbed in the heart of ALLAN RAMSAY, the skull-thatcher, and author of one of the sweetest lyrical dramas in the language!

'With this grand flourish of bag-pipes, I drop the curtain. In the words of my old friend, 'May ye be as wise as a serpent, and as cannie as a dove.'

Owing to the large amount of matter 'brought over' from our last number, and the pressure upon the pages of this department in the present, we are compelled to postpone the graphic sketch of '*The Benevolent Man*,' from the 'Century Papers,' until our next; by which time, perhaps, the 'Habits of Englishmen' and the 'Habits of Yankees' will have been duly considered. Speaking of 'benevolent men,' a western correspondent describes a model in this kind. When his son, a hard-working youth, visits the homestead at the end of his week's labor, his father makes him bring corn to feed his horse, and pay for what he consumes himself over Sunday! Precious sort of '*Old Folks at Home*' these, are n't they! - - - UNDER the appropriate head of '*Much Ado about Nothing*,' 'VERITAS,' a western correspondent, sends us the following: 'Looking over the KNICKERBOCKER for October, 1848, I found a poem entitled 'WALLENSTEIN, the renowned conqueror of GUSTAVUS VASA,' by J. E. Dow. If J. E. Dow possessed any historical knowledge, he (or she) would know that it was impossible for WALLENSTEIN to conquer GUSTAVUS VASA, for the following reasons: GUSTAVUS VASA was born about the year 1500. I say 'about,' as the first authentic date I am able to find is of the year 1518, when he was sent to Denmark as a hostage. WALLENSTEIN was born in the year 1553. The first mention made of him (WALLENSTEIN) in military affairs is in the year 1617, when he led a regiment of cavalry against the Viennese. So that, according to 'J. E. D.,' GUSTAVUS VASA must have been at least one hundred years old when conquered by WALLENSTEIN! That he did not live to that age, is proved by the fact that he was succeeded in the year 1556 by King ERIC XIV. 'J. E. D.' evidently intends to refer to GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS. To 'cap the climax,' J. E. Dow asserts that WALLENSTEIN was the 'conqueror' of GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS! GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, 'the invincible Lion of the North,' conquered by WALLENSTEIN, forsooth! I will prove that GUSTAVUS conquered WALLENSTEIN. GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS landed in Germany in the year 1630. In the autumn of 1631 he defeated TILLY, and on the eleventh of November, 1632, was opposed, for the first and last time, to WALLENSTEIN, at Lützen. The battle began. The KING was indeed killed, but his troops gained the day. In proof whereof, I subjoin the following extract from KOHLRAUSCH's 'History of Germany.' After relating the fall of GUSTAVUS and the rallying of the Swedes by BERNARD of Weimar, he says: 'PROCOLOMINI, already covered with blood, mounted his fifth horse, and PAPPENHEIM, who had fought nobly, fell mortally wounded. Many fled, and disorder prevailed. 'The battle is lost! the Swedes are upon us!' was the cry. WALLENSTEIN gave orders to sound a retreat!' SCHILLER, in his '*Geschichte der dreissig-jährigen Kriege*,' ('History of the Thirty-Years' War,' which I believe is allowed to be authority,)

thus speaks of the termination of that memorable action. I translate from the original German before me: 'Thither (to Leipsic) the Duke of Friedland directed his retreat' — very strange that the 'renowned conqueror' should retreat before the conquered — 'and there, on the next morning, the scattered remnants of his army, without standards, without artillery, and almost without weapons, joined him.' I am convinced that nothing but oversight on the part of the accomplished Editor of the 'KNICKERBOCKER' could have tolerated the insertion of such blunders in its pages. 'Thank ye,' Sir; but even an Editor does n't know every thing!

—  
'FRIEND after friend departs :  
Who hath not lost a friend ?  
There is no union here of hearts,  
That finds not here an end !'

'DEATH,' says Sir THOMAS BROWNE, 'is continually walking the rounds of a great city, and sooner or later stops at every man's door.' The 'grim Messenger' has but even now paused for a moment at the dwelling of an old and dearly-cherished friend; touched his warm heart with his cold hand; and 'changed his countenance and sent him away!' The sudden death of SAMUEL D. DAKIN, Esq. has been announced in the public journals; and the painful intelligence has been received with emotions of no common sorrow by all who had the enjoyment of his acquaintance. His was a noble, just, sincere, generous, gentle spirit. In manner he was dignified without being formal, and although sometimes apparently retiring into his inner self, he yet looked outwardly with a most kind and sweet allowance upon his fellow-men. In his habits he was genial, in his conduct unimpeachable, in his feelings warm and affectionate, to the last degree. A more tender, loving husband, a more affectionate father, or a more generous, steadfast friend, was never taken from mourning survivors to 'another and a better world.' We knew our departed friend intimately for nearly twenty years; and during that long period, we cannot recall a single act that does not justify every word that we have written. How many will grieve that he has been taken from us in the very prime of his life, the very vigor of his ripened manhood! Who can offer consolation to an afflicted family for the loss of such a husband, father, brother, friend! Sad and grievous indeed it is to realize that such a man has been taken away, and that we shall 'see his face no more!' We condense from a well-written obituary in the *Evening Post* the following passages:

'MR. DAKIN's disease was an affection of the heart. He had been ill but a few days, and on the day of his death was apparently much better. While partaking of a cup of tea in his apartment, he sank back in his chair and died, with the suddenness characteristic of the disease. We doubt whether any private citizen could have been named, whose death would have caused a sorrow at once so deep and so wide-spread. He was well known in the commercial world as the patentee of the floating sectional dry-dock, of which he had already constructed two for the government of the United States — one at Portsmouth, (N. H.) the other at Philadelphia; and was engaged with Messrs. GILBERT AND SECOR in the construction of one at Pensacola, and another at San Francisco. Indeed, his business transactions were of the most extensive and complicated nature, reaching from Maine to California; and whoever was brought into frequent contact with him became his friend and admirer

'It is too often the case, that men engaged in extensive pecuniary transactions become destitute of those kindlier qualities which serve to smooth the rugged pathway of human life. In the great struggle for property which characterizes the present age, the heart often becomes hard, and the gentler offices of life are performed in a business-like manner, which takes away half their merit and all their sweetness. But with Mr. DAKIN it was not so. Carrying on different kinds of business, which, from their extent and variety, would have overwhelmed any

ordinary man, and obliged, from the nature of his operations, to study profoundly the human character, he yet preserved a delicacy of sentiment and a warmth of feeling which seemed to quicken and exalt the humbler natures around him.

'The world does not generally sufficiently appreciate the ability which is often shown in the conduct of great business transactions. The talent shown in the composition of an oration, or the negotiation of a treaty, which gains its possessor a world-wide reputation, may be greatly inferior to that manifested in some vast commercial enterprise, which is passed by unnoticed. Circumstances had turned Mr. DAKIN's talents in this latter direction, and in it he had exhibited a strength of purpose and a grasp of intellect which, employed in politics or literature, would have marked him among the first men of his time.

'His whole mental and moral constitution was cast in a large and liberal mould. All his views, whether of business or domestic life, were comprehensive and generous. No difficulties were to him insurmountable, no obstacles too great to be overcome. Pursuing his objects with an activity almost marvellous, and an energy which taxed his body and brain to their utmost capacity, he yet preserved their fires pure and bright on the altar of his sympathies and affections. He had received a finished education, and had preserved all that delicacy of taste, that love for the beautiful in art and literature, which is so often crushed out by the rude jostling of active life.'

Mr. DAKIN wrote with force, polish, and ease, both in prose and verse, as former communications of his to these pages will abundantly attest. Even at the time of his death, notwithstanding the great extent and probable duration of his vast business enterprises, he was looking forward with pleasurable anticipations to the time when he could resume those literary studies which he had loved in his youth, and honored in his riper years. He had formed the design of writing a history of the progress of civil liberty, from the earliest ages, the scope of which possessed those qualities of comprehensiveness which characterized his mind. We well remember the delight he manifested, on one occasion, at finding that, contrary to a temporary fear he had entertained, his plan had not been anticipated. 'A man of such abilities, such energy, such practical knowledge of the world, and such exaltedness of soul, could not have failed to produce a work instructive to others and honorable to himself. Only fifty years of age, he bade fair to be able to complete all these plans. He has been stricken down suddenly in the full strength of his manhood; and while his loss falls with a crushing weight upon his family; while it shrouds in grief and gloom all connected with him; it also deprives the world of one of that class of men, few in number, who exhibit the combination, so rare and so precious, of a great head and noble heart.' - - - No pen, except the pen of the not very 'ready writer' who sent the enclosed letter to our editorial contemporaries of the '*Nashville (Tenn.) American*,' can do justice to its inimitable chirography. The editors aforesaid have sent it to us for insertion in the 'Gossip;' and we print it verbatim from the original 'copy:'

'A. H. MOSS.

'STATE of Tennessee Jackson County October the 25 1852

'Sir: Mr. E. G. EASTMAN & THOMAS. BOYERS. Editors of the Amera Gentle men please Inform mee to sum of the Grocery Keepers in your City I Will bee very Glad to keep Grocery and if there is any vaconey I Would Bee very mutch pleased to get in I am a young man 20 years of age I delight in it wary mutch I Want to be in a Place where i Can get 5 cents a minute if any man wants a Boy they can Write to mee upon What terms that they Will take mee in an if it Soots mee I Will come down ena Steembut to Nashville tennessee I can Play the fiddle sum can work sum in arethmatic Slender form & if there is no Chance for to Sell groceries interduce Mee to Captain I. W. PAGE or some other Boat to Learn to Bee a pilot. if a boy is Wanted they can let mee no What is the condition there is a gread eale of sickness in Jack son mesels is ragin fever an agur Some Deths  
'so nothing moor at present But Remain yours affection friend and When you Write to mee Direct your letter to Whitleyville Po Jackson County Tennessee  
'My name is ANDERSON. H Moss his hand an pen

'A. H. MOSS

'Wright to mee as soon as yo can

'Direct your letter to A H Moss

1852'



'THE world,' says some master of verse, 'is full of poetry;' and we are every day more and more convinced of the fact; of which another proof has recently been furnished us by a friend, in the shape of a volume of two hundred and sixty-four pages, including a list of 'patrons' to the same, whose charity enabled the author to 'get it out.' It bears this title: '*Sacred Poems: Poems of Love and Romance: Humorous and Narrative Poems.*' By ALBERT WHITE, M.D. The book is 'embellished' with a 'portrick' of the writer, a dingy lithograph, representing a man with a narrow head, sheared to the skull, with forehead and chin shaved at top and bottom, little gimlet-eyes in a 'fine frenzy' rolling, a pinched-up nostril, a 'perky' mouth with an expression of BUNSBY 'wisdom' that makes you laugh; a 'white choke;' a gorgeous-figured handkerchief in one hand, and a pen suspended over a virgin sheet of paper in the other; *that* pen which recorded the brilliant thoughts that follow this most appropriate introduction. But let us give a few of these, so that our readers may 'drink at the well of pure English 'poetry undefiled.' Our extracts will be brief but consecutive, and chosen as well with a view to variety as to styles of composition. '*The Nature of Friendship,*' a kind of satirical lyric, affords us this fine stanza:

'THE rich, amidst their luxury,  
FRIENDSHIP incessant courts;  
The poor, oppressed with poverty,  
She seldom to resorts.'

Admire, please, the inversion and the grammar of the foregoing 'specimen.' As a descriptive bit, take this gem from '*Reflections on Mount Holyoke:*'

'HE never sought, Connecticut!  
On all thy banks, this valley through,  
No mansion but his lowly hut,  
No steam-boat but his birch canoe:  
He gambol'd o'er these rugged hills,  
And on thy river banks would go;  
Caught trout and salmon, pikes and eels,  
And on these mountains slew the roe.'

'No steam-boat but his birch canoe' is a decided figure of speech and the 'utterance' of a WHITE man, though it would better befit one of CHRYSTIE's sable jokers. The domestic and affectionate poems must be represented by the following, from '*No Place Like Home,*' which is as original in its character as in its title:

'MIDST pleasures and palaces,  
And there I have been some,  
I have not such calluses,  
But I can think of home.  
'Home! sweet, sweet home! etc.

What would poor JOHN HOWARD PAYNE have thought of *that*, had he been living! In the '*Lines written while Away from Home in a Violent Storm,*' we have great simplicity. Indeed, one seldom encounters any thing so *very* simple. Voild:

Blow softly there! lest thou should raise The 'pa and mother cry; And cause the waking mother's lays, 'Hush! children, lullaby!'	'For father he is far from home, And cannot hear you say: 'Papa do n't sleep till I have some:' No! father's far away!'
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In rendering into blank-verse WIRT's story of 'The Blind Preacher,' we cannot but admit, in 'justice' to our author, that he has made an entirely different thing of it. Why, after such success, might it not be advisable to 'rhymify' some of SHAKESPEARE's blank-verse! Mr. WHITE could make the sweet Swan of Avon cackle like a goose, if he were to set about it. Uncommonly blank-verse is the WHITE version of the 'Declaration of Independence;' but where all is so felicitous, extracts are difficult: *l'embarras des richesses*. We must subjoin one



example, however, of our poet's 'blank' style. Our excerpt is from '*The Broken Vow*.' It illustrates a family quarrel, where an unkind husband wanted his wife to go to Texas with him, and she would n't do it:

'SHE warned him, if he went,  
That he must go alone, though hard to part!  
But he determined, stubborn as a mule,  
To have his way and say once in a year;  
Though it was said his will he ever had.  
And now, as if there was no other way  
To cross her feelings, and to glut his own,  
Seized on this course, as on a last resort,  
To let her know that she must follow him  
Submissive, though into a serpent's den.  
He asked her, will you go? She told him no!  
And so had told him often, kindly though;  
When he, enraged, took from her his effects,  
Decried her credit, and denied a home  
On his account.

'He asked her then to go;  
She answered no! Abruptly he broke out,  
'Go to the d——l then, if you will! I'll go  
To Texas, d——n it all!'

'This was man's love!'

'*My Childhood's Home*' is rich in 'specimens,' a regular 'placer' of poetical treasure; but there is too much natural feeling in it for '*these* diggings,' and we pass it by. The parents who 'are dead and gone, their singing done,' and the familiar sights and sounds of the old homestead, shall remain intact from any pen-stroke of ours. Our last extract is from a very long 'narrative-tale,' bearing the euphonious title, '*Touch of Kindred Ties*.' It is a story of love that didn't run smooth; of a separation; of going to New-Orleans to 'make money;' of making it; and coming back, and 'getting married' to HELEN. These stanzas must 'satisfy the sentiment:'

'Now any longer, God forbid  
The cause of discord I should be,  
Your mother and sisters have had  
Since I've been in your family.  
Respect I for your father had,  
And, HELEN, for my love to you,  
I've borne the treatment as I did;  
To bear it longer will not do.

'Into the world in hopes I go,  
A fortune I may yet acquire;  
And tell me, HELEN, if I do,  
And come again, may I aspire?  
Oh I will love you still, said she,  
Him interrupting at aspire;  
O CHARLES! I always shall love thee,  
Nor other's love shall I desire!

'Farewell! said he, and then a kiss  
On her sweet rosy lips impressed;  
Then tore him from this scene of bliss,  
And from the angel he would blessed  
Another hour, that house he quit,  
Where he so many years had spent  
Happy with HELEN, hoping yet,  
And out upon the world he went.

'Twas near the closing of the day  
Of a mild summer evening, when  
A steam-boat at New-Orleans lay,  
With crowded decks of stranger men,  
Each eager for to tread once more  
Upon the land, they sallied forth.  
Among the last that stepped on shore  
Was a tall young man from the North!'

And now Dr. WHRRZ may like to know what we really think of his volume. We will tell him. We think, that to compare it with a bottle of very small beer, would be greatly to belie that fluid. There is not a line in it above mediocrity; and how any man, three degrees removed from a zany, could have written and printed such a volume, passes our poor comprehension. Those of his 'patrons' alone who forgot to pay him could have 'got their money's worth.' His other subscribers have our sympathy! - - - SEVERAL years since, there resided in the town of W——, (Mass.,) two very worthy maiden ladies, having a sister, supposed to be in a deep consumption, living in the State of Pennsylvania. One day a letter was received by these ladies from a friend, at whose house their sister was visiting. The Rev. Dr. K—— was immediately sent for, to sympathize and condole with them on the death of 'Sister MARY.' The next

Sabbath, the bereaved pair made their appearance at church, clad in habiliments of woe, their faces expressing deep and heart-felt grief as the clergyman gave out that 'members of that congregation desired prayers, that the death of an absent sister might be sanctified unto them for their spiritual good,' etc., etc. A funeral sermon was preached, in which the speaker descanted upon the many virtues of the deceased, and entreated his hearers to take the solemn lesson to heart, as *they* too might soon be called from earth, and perhaps without that preparation for the great change which he trusted their departed sister had experienced. On the following week, 'calls of condolence were received from friends of the family;' among others, Dr. K——, who wished to learn the particulars relating to the death of one whom he had known so well. 'Really,' said one of the sisters, in reply to his question, 'we were so much affected on learning the sad news, that we did not conclude the letter, nor have we felt like looking at it since. But I'll get it, that you may read it to us.' With a very grave countenance, (as befitted the occasion,) the worthy divine read on till he came to the following: 'It is my sad duty to convey to you the intelligence of the death of our poor *Mare*. She died last night of the disease from which she has been suffering so long a time, the *botts*!' You can imagine the sudden change that spread over the lengthened physiognomy of the reader! It is needless to say, the sable suits of the sisters were laid aside for another occasion. 'Poor *MARY*' did not shuffle off the 'mortal coil' until several years after. - - - From the same source whence we received the description of 'JIMMY,' the *Yankee* 'Parlor-Orator,' in our last number, we derive the subjoined gossiping and acceptable note:

'LAST Fourth-of-July was a beautiful day in our town, but the streets were rendered unpleasant by crowds, Chinese-crackers, and frightened horses: so I, with two or three friends who had escaped for a day from your great city, placed chairs under an old garden pear-tree, and with books, papers and cigars indulged in tranquil pleasure. All of which is not related for the purpose of startling the world, but merely for the sake of saying, that from that day dates my love for the 'KNICKERBOCKER.' I was turning over its pages rather lazily, when my eye happened to fall on a letter from 'Up the River,' (the first of the series, I believe,) on that particular passage in which the writer made known to the country that he was anxious to procure a hen of the Shanghai breed. That letter pleased me immensely. I compelled my friends to lay down the 'Tribune' and 'Times,' and give their undivided attention to a production of more moment. 'There is news enough,' said I, 'at any time, but here is something out of the common course of things.' They were sensible companions, and agreed with me. That Shanghai hen was running in my head for the remainder of that glorious day. In the evening—when the old elms on the 'Green' were lighted up by flashing fire-works, and thousands of eyes followed whizzing rockets far up into the sky, or watched the clusters of gold and crimson stars as they slowly fell to earth—I was still speculating on the probable result of that appeal for a Shanghai hen! Your 'Up the River' friend has since elevated and immortalized that ungainly race of fowls; and I think it no more than right that the Shanghais should call a mass convention, and appoint a deputation to visit that story-and-a-half house up the river, and then and there to crow their everlasting thanks.

'Your correspondent says he is not an artist: it is a mystery to me how he can *help* being an artist. He makes rare pictures with a pen, at any rate. Whether he describes a rustic gate, a rat, a robin, a squirrel, a misty morning, a hen's nest, or an ice-storm, it is always just the thing. His animals seem to me as true to nature as if painted by LANDSEER; his birds, as if done by AUDUBON; inanimate things as perfect as beer-jugs and pipes in paintings by OSTADE; landscapes as beautiful as if put on canvas by CLAUDE. If that is n't good criticism, it must be attributed to the fact that I never had a chance to see the works of any of the painters mentioned. But to come down from painting to poultry.

'My old game-rooster is in a shocking bad way. He used to be lively and lustrous when he had a harem about him, but having lost his family by disease and decapitation, he now staggers about with no definite object in view. He is, moreover, afflicted with a complication of disorders—pip and spring-halt, I should imagine—which make a complete puppet of him, and

continually frustrate any little journeys he may undertake; bringing him up, disgusted and discouraged, in undesirable corners. He still attempts to herald the morn, and respond to challenges thrown out in various directions; but on account of an impediment in his voice, he is either cut short at the start, or obliged to continue when he is conscious that he is making a total failure of it. He will soon join that chanticler of yours in some chicken-paradise where pip and hen-coops are unknown, and where celestial corn is scattered in great profusion—for all that I know to the contrary.

'We had a Burns' Festival at the 'Tontine,' which 'JIMMY' attended. It was nearly a new thing here; JIMMY thought it a good thing; JIMMY wished to make it an annual thing for all coming time; and, therefore, gave it his countenance and support. When the night was somewhat advanced, and sentiments of equality, liberty and fraternity were somewhat popular, a young orator was about winding up his speech with the usual self-deprecatory remarks: 'But, gentlemen, there are others here more eloquent than myself,' etc., when JIMMY, who sat directly opposite the speaker, rose, and in a patronizing and pleasing way, said: 'Go on, Sir, go on; you're doin' no harm; your intentions is good; you do n't mean any thing out the way!' Which having said, JIMMY resumed his seat. Was not that young man ungrateful! He didn't even *thank* JIMMY.'

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Among the new representatives of the people who will enter the House for the first time at the next term of our National Congress, will be Hon. MICHAEL WALSH, of this city. That he will 'rise with the occasion' is the opinion and the hope of those who are acquainted with his talents and his fearless honesty of purpose. Ardent and impulsive though he may be, he will seldom be found to offend against the courtesies of debate; while as a speaker he will prove impassioned and entirely original. Some idea of his impressive manner may be gathered from the following passage, taken from an impromptu speech delivered some ten years ago at Tammany Hall. It is an illustration of the speaker's argument for down-trodden MAX, who lacks not the merit but the opportunity to rise:

'When a man is placed in a false position, the very traits of his character that would be virtuous in a true one are looked upon as faults, or denounced as vices, by those who attempt to form an estimate of his character without possessing instruments to take the altitude of his mind. When the temple of MINERVA was finished, at Athens, two rival sculptors of that city were employed to decorate its summit with a statue of the goddess. Each labored in secret, and followed the conceptions of his own mind, with a view to the production of a master-piece of art. On the day that the merits of the statues were to be decided upon, and the hour for so doing had arrived, a few of the self-constituted judges gathered in front, while thousands remained behind who could see nothing. Those in front passed judgment upon the production, like the leaders of our party, and the thousands who could see nothing hurrah'd and responded to the decision. One statue was of the size of life, finely sculptured and of most exquisite workmanship; the features beautifully chiselled, until life seemed starting from the marble. The other was of colossal size, with huge and apparently unshapely limbs, and features that looked to the immediate observer more like unmeaning protuberances than any thing else. When the judges gave a decision in favor of the small but beautiful statue, it was gradually raised amid the shouts of the multitude, and became dimmer and fainter as it receded from their view; and when it finally reached the pedestal, it resembled nothing human or divine, but seemed to have dwindled to a mere point. The applause gave way to murmurs and disapprobation, and it was then lowered, to make room for its rejected rival, which was very reluctantly hoisted in its stead. As it receded from the earth its deformities lessened, and gave way to an appearance of symmetry and beauty, which increased with its distance from the earth; and when it finally reached the pinnacle from which the sculptor, from his knowledge of perspective and proportion, designed it should be viewed, then it looked as if the Divinity herself, so beautiful was its aspect, had descended to receive the homage of her worshippers. So is it with men. GOD ALMIGHTY moulded the characters of men according to the station which he intended they should ultimately fill; and when a man is placed by circumstances in a position lower than that in which he was created to move, his virtues become vices in the eyes of those whose vision is too short to view him as a whole, and who therefore reject him as unfit for elevation.'

We know not how this may strike others, but to our poor sense it is one of the most beautiful and truly classical similes we ever encountered, expressed in language of the utmost purity and simplicity. Apropos of Mr. WALSH: his keen sense of the ridiculous sometimes leads him to the perpetration of legislative jokes, which would perhaps hardly do in so dignified a body as the American Congress. When in our State legislature, last winter, he suddenly 'rose to a point of order' in the midst of an exciting debate. When requested by the

speaker to 'state his point of order,' he replied, without the change of a muscle: 'I wish to know whether the members of this House of Assembly, elected and sent here by the people, are to be ousted from their seats, during our deliberations, by outsiders and strangers? Now, Sir, I see such a person in the seat of the gentleman from ———, who has not asked leave of absence, and whom I have good reason to believe to be at this moment in the city. I move, Sir, that he be taken into custody by the sergent-at-arms, and expelled from the seat he has usurped!' All eyes were turned to the intruding 'outsider,' who was none other than the rightful occupant of the seat, yet scarcely recognizable by his friends, for the reason that that very morning he had for the first time covered a head which until then had been as bald and shining as an ostrich-egg, with a full-flowing wig; and it was to this transformation that Mr. WALSH was desirous to direct the especial attention of the House. - - - The following incident 'came off' in a certain poor-house in New-Hampshire. A young clergyman visiting the establishment seated himself by the side of a deaf old woman, when this conversation ensued: CLERGYMAN (*shouting*): 'How old are you, my good Madam!' WOMAN: 'Eighty-eight year old, come last May!' CLERGYMAN (*in a sad tone*): 'Eighty-eight years old! Before eighty-eight years shall have passed over me, I shall be food for worms!' OLD WOMAN (*horrified*): Worms, did you say? *Are you troubled with 'em?* I never know'd grow'd-up men-folks to have 'em bad!' The clergyman was observed to come away very suddenly after *that* question and answer! - - - Some more 'things' about the 'little folk,' which we always hear and record with pleasure: 'A little girl, by name ABBY B——, went recently to pass the night with KATE C——. Now ABBY was taught, what KATE was not, namely, to say her prayers on going to bed at night: so after they had retired, ABBY repeated the LORD's prayer, until she came to 'Give us this day our daily bread,' when KATE interrupted her with: 'O ABBY, why don't you ask for *toast*? I like toast a great deal the best!'—— 'IN reading,' writes another correspondent, 'with charmed eagerness Mr. SHELTON's *true* history of the 'Rector of St. Bardolph's,' I met with a sentence which reminded me of one of those strange and striking utterances of childhood which form so *vraisemblable* a feature of the KNICKERBOCKER 'Gossip.' Quoting a 'wise saw,' he remarks: 'What a capital old proverb is that! I wish that I had made it!' My little girl, of something under five years, while gazing a few mornings since at the broad, fiery disc of the rising sun, suddenly exclaimed: 'Mamma, I wish God had n't made the sun!' 'Why, my dear!' 'Oh! it's so beautiful, I wish I had made it myself!'—— AND thus a third contributor, in a letter to the EDITOR: 'BOBBY,' a three-years old little fellow, sitting at table the other day, some one remarked to him: 'BOBBY, you'll be a man before your mother, yet.' 'BOBBY's' eyes expanded, but he nibbled away at his pie, and said nothing. The pie and his reverie coming to an end together, 'BOBBY' thus transfixed his interrogator: 'Womans do n't be mans, be they!' Who can tell what throes preceded the delivery of this profound inquiry! And who in this day of BLOOMERISM and 'woman's rights' could conscientiously reply with 'No?' - - - WE have received a letter from Mrs. MARTHA NEPPLES, 'expoging' a successful attempt to 'take her in' at an oratorio, and enclosing us a 'pome' in hexameters that had been sent for insertion in the '*Quog Ladies' Literary Gem*,' by one K. N. PEPPER, Esq. These 'bide their time.' - - - IN answer to a correspondent, who inquires, 'Who is Mr. NORTH, the author of that splendid piece of versification, 'Blondine,' in one of your past numbers?' we reply, that he is a young man,

an Englishman by birth, but a republican in sentiment; a cousin of Lord North, Earl of Guilford, who when quite young studied at the universities of Bonn and Berlin, and at the age of seventeen wrote in London 'Anti-Coningsby,' in reply to D'ISRAELI, a work which met with decided success; and soon after published a novel called 'The Impostor:' he also translated Prince PUCKLER MUSKAU'S Travels in Egypt, and LAMARTINE'S 'Poetical Meditations.' An original political satire followed, called 'Free Trade in Souls,' which was succeeded by a very remarkable work, which we have read, entitled 'The Infinite Republic.' He was a contributor to the leading periodicals of England and Scotland; and since his arrival in America, articles from his pen, in prose and verse, which have been widely copied and commended, have appeared in the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER, and in many of the best magazines and journals of the country. - - - 'As I was passing through one of our villages a short time since, on 'a public day,' writes an Oxford (Md.) correspondent, 'I made a halt at one of the hotels; and having seated myself in the bar-room, one of the devotees of BACCHUS accosted me by announcing his democratic principles, and asking my sentiments. Whereupon I informed him that I was a republican. 'Wal,' said he, 'I 'spect your politics is kin to mine: won't you take a drink!' On answering in the affirmative, and going up to the bar, I called for 'ADAM'S ale.' At first he did not know what I meant, and on learning what 'ADAM'S ale' was, he emptied his purse, which had contained three shillings, and swore he wouldn't drink that 'cussed stuff' as long as he had any money. Then taking his drink, he whirled round to one of his 'brother chips,' and said: 'He must be one of them blasted *red-headed republicans!*' - - - 'THE touching story of 'little FLORENCE' in your last number,' writes 'BEVERLEY,' of New-Jersey, 'awakened sweet memories of another darling of the household, who, last summer, 'angel-hearted,'

— 'started  
On Life's evermore'

Never will the memory of his departure be effaced. The gloom of that first bereavement throws its sombre shadows every where. The nursery that echoed to the music of his voice, and that was lighted by his smile—a smile 'more sunny than the first entrance of sun-beams into the room'—seems now all desolate as the grave. The broken toys, the empty chair, the half-torn leaves of the pictured book, all are there as they were wont to be; but now, alas! mute witnesses of the companionship and associations of the past, at the same time bringing forward in bolder relief the crushing loneliness of the present. It was a lovely afternoon, on the sea-side; a group of merry children were gathered on the beach; and loudest in that happy throng rose the ringing voice of their little play-mate, a fair child, with large blue eyes, and high pale brow. Even the noise of the trampling surf on the hard sea-sand could not drown the sound of that merry, ringing laugh. Little did fond hearts then think how near that little voyager was to the great ocean of eternity, of which the one on whose shores he sported is but the emblem! The children had gathered for him the pure white stones, and blue-veined shells, that lay scattered along the beach, to fill his little basket; and as they each came forward to present their stores, it called forth the perfect ecstasy of delight that made his laugh ring forth so loud and clear. 'These play-things of old ocean' were to him his last sport in this world. That wee basket, with its round white stones and dimpled shells, is now the priceless treasure of a mother's heart; a sacred thing in the home left unto us desolate. That night the mark of the DEPARTURE was upon

the high pale brow. A few days—days of earnest prayer, deep anxiety and suffering—and the cherished one faded from our sight,

‘LEAVING traces of his spirit  
Only pure and white.’

A little white head-stone, in a quiet country church-yard, tells that the little play-mate is now

‘RESTING sweetly elsewhere ;  
Through our hearts he made a pathway  
To the entrance there

The simple inscription,

‘ACCEPTED IN THE BELOVED.  
THIS FOLDED LAMB RESTS IN THE BOSOM OF JESUS,’

commemorates at once our faith and our consolation.’ - - - ‘Not far from this place,’ writes a correspondent from Ridgefield, (Conn.,) ‘lived a small Connecticut farmer, who owned some thirty or forty acres of rocky soil, a pair of shrivelled oxen, three or four feeble cows, a flock of chickens, and a pig. He also had a wife, who, unfortunately, sickened and died at this stage of his prosperity. Under this bereavement, his sorrow seemed almost immoderate, and his neighbors were giving him their kindest sympathy. ‘Your trials are heavy to bear,’ said Mr. S — ; ‘your loss is very great.’ ‘Yes,’ returned the sorrowing man, the tears trickling from his eyes ; ‘I would rather have lost *two of my best cows !*’ In the same neighborhood, ‘the parson’ and his lady were one day making friendly calls on some of their more remote parishioners. They drove up to a small house where there happened to be at home only a lass of seventeen, who had been ‘in the suds’ all day, and a brother, making shoes in the garret. The girl came running down the stairs in her soiled habiliments, and apologized for her appearance thus: ‘Hope you won’t be skairt: I see you gittin’ out o’ the waggin, and I told Jo I was comin’ jest as I was, for I was too tired to *strip !*’ Another resident of the same neighborhood had left her jug at the store to be filled with the juice of cane. On her return, she said to the store-keeper, ‘Mr. SMITH, are those melasses ready?’ - - - THE correspondent who inquired, in a recent number, ‘*Who was the Great Unwashed ?*’ has thus been answered by another contributor:

‘THE Great Unwashed ! — the Great Unwashed !  
The daily papers say,  
Were out last night in all their force  
Pray who and what are they ?

‘The Great Unwashed ! — whence is their power ?  
Go ask the storm-vexed sea  
Why break upon the rock-bound shore  
Its billows wild and free !

‘The Great Unwashed ! — the pride of France  
Sank ‘neath their heavy tread :  
In buff they met the shirts of mail,  
The helm in ‘bonnet red.’

‘What though their bare feet press the land,  
Their garb a JOSEPH’S coat ?  
Their strength is in their brawny hands,  
Their music in their throats !

‘Their banner is the starry zone,  
Their tent the shades of night ;  
Their cannon-shot the paving-stone,  
Their bayonet the pike.

The Great Unwashed ! — speak not their name  
In scoff or idle jest :  
Few hands their headlong course can stem —  
‘They’re safest when at rest !’



A MICHIGAN correspondent is responsible for the following: He is speaking of a minister who, in taking a view of his audience during a somewhat protracted sermon, found some who preferred being enfolded in the 'arms of MURPHY,' rather than the true folds of his faith. Whereupon, raising his voice, he coolly remarked that it was usual to charge for lodging in public houses, and he hoped the brethren would raise no objection if he asked of them the shilling fee. On another occasion, the same worthy divine, in the midst of an exciting sermon, untied his cravat and threw it from him, with the remark that he 'believed the devil was trying to choke him to death!' - - - Some wag of a newspaper editor has issued the following advertisement:

**WANTED:** A respectable middle-aged 'DEVIL' for this journal. One who lives with his mother preferred. References given and required. Inquire at the office any day but Sunday.'

AN Irish servant observing her mistress feeding a pet female canary, asked 'how long it took them craters to hatch!' 'Three weeks,' was the reply. 'Och, sure, that is the same as any other fowl, except a pig!' A veritable fact. - - - OUR learned friend, Professor G. SPHINX, in the present paper recordeth a shrewd satire; also his own demise, and the speech which he made at the funeral 'obstacles:'

### Nobæ Fabulæ.

BY GILBERT SPHINX, MASTER OF ARTS, AND LATE DIRECTOR OF A PLANK-ROAD COMPANY.

#### Der Fuss-und-Federig Gobbelturkel:

OR THE PORTENTOUS GOBBLER.

'A FARMER had a large and populous poultry-yard, and in it were fowls of high and low degree, from fighting-cocks and Shanghais down to goslings and lame ducks, ridiculous to behold. Among these fowls was a certain gobbler of a billous and cynical constitution, which was addicted to philosophy more than is the wont of bipeds occupying his social position. The same went rambling around the yard in the most eccentric manner, driving his bill into every unlucky son of a duck that came in his way, twinging the combs on the roosters' heads, and even exchanging clips with the fighting-cocks and tumbling the Shanghais upon their backs without scruple or apology. He had a shrewd eye for mares'-nests, and often discovered that the deuce was to pay long before any body had suspected it. Did he happen to see a red rag fluttering on a goosebury-bush? Whew! Down went his wings, up went his tail, black grew his face, and off blew the steam, 'To-hoot! to-hoot! to-hoot! O ye hide-bound fowls, see you not yon scarlet portent streaming bloody-ominous in the vanguard of Doom? How stand ye in the conflux of two eternities scratching on dung-hills, intent mainly on the welfare of your gizzards, and trusting to the gospel of Popped-corn, while the constable of the Destinies is already heating his gridiron? Ah me! a most incredible and altogether mournful aspect of affairs is this! To you that scarlet portent is nothing; to me, on the other hand, it is much; grim-black, in fact, and wholly truculent and portentous!'

'Did the whole populace run down to the goose-pond to applaud a gander that had poked his head between the pickets to hiss at a mastiff? Down went the quills again. 'These be your gods, O generation of flunkies!' he gobbled. 'Lo! a generation that seeks its heroes in a goose-puddle, and finds its Könning-Can-ning, or Able Man, in a poor addle-brained male goose: plainly a huge fact, and to me significant of much!'

'Did the multitude run to the gate and stand agog with wonder when the farmer's little daughter brought there her parrot and mocking-bird, the one to call 'chick-chick-chick,' and the other to mock the various dialects of the yard? Off flew our gobbling peripatetic again. 'From Psalms of ASAPH and odes of TYRTÆUS, then it has come to this, a goggle-eyed, crook-billed, croaking tropical fowl, playing clown to all Cackledom, and this marvellous mocking-bird quenching its inborn melodies to imitate Guinea-hens and scared ducks! Thee, O green-



feathered, tropical fowl, I judge to have been born with better aptitudes than this ; fitter, indeed, to drill devil's-regiments of crows out of chaos, than in this imbroglio of inaptitudes to stand tickling all Cackledom into an explosion of dissonances !'

'Such a truculent philosopher could not of course exist without making his mark on the times, and before long it became the ambition of the younger fry to spout on all subjects after the pattern of the great *Fuss-und-Federig*. Here was a six-weeks' rooster squalling a latter-day pamphlet from the top of a barrel ; and there was a small turkey in the burdocks piping at those 'tall walking respectabilities,' the Shanghais, like a veritable SAUERTIO. It was even said that a gosling at the other end of the yard, while paddling in the puddle, called his grandmother a 'wind-bag' — an 'utterance' which cost him half his tail, and a most awful castigation in the corner of the fence from his offended ancestor.

'Wonderful development of talent among the young folks !' said a sanguine old hen to a fighting-cock of a somewhat abrupt style of speech. 'Do you really, my dear Colonel, feel quite at your ease among them ?'

'Quite at my ease, Madam, quite at my ease,' the warrior replied. 'I remember too well when they were six dozen eggs in a chip-basket to feel a proper degree of awe. And, furthermore, although I have no fault to find with our billous friend of the red neck-tie, but consider him, on the whole, a pretty sensible old fellow, I yet think that one portentous gobbler in a generation is quite as many as is wholesome ; and if every little slobbering he-turkey, and rooster, and gosling, is going to set up for a portentous gobbler, the sooner they all go into the dinner-pot the better.'

#### DOCTOR SPHINX'S APOTHEOSIS

'DOCTOR GILBERT SPHINX having lived to an advanced age, and uttered many hundred fables, apophthegms, and deep sayings, greatly to the profit of mankind, died of starvation, and was sulkily thrust into his grave by his fellow-townsmen. For they very truly said : 'If any man starves to death in this land of plenty, it is a sure sign he is lazy, or else destitute of business-talent. Beside, there was the poor-house. Why should he call on us to leave our shops and merchandise to bury him ?' Hardly, however, was the old pedagogue out of sight, before the world suddenly found out that he was a man of prodigious understanding, worthy, in fact, of ranking with those three men of pith, SOLOMON, ÆSOP, and BACON. Thereupon all mankind assembled at the grave of the departed, to erect a monument to his memory. After orations, and poems, and a vast deal of other gabble, they put up the monument — a heap of marble as high as Babylon, surmounted by a statue, whereon posterity was admonished, in the best Latin which the universities could furnish, of the numerous virtues of the late Director of a Plank-Road Company. 'Ah !' said the people, 'how good it is in us to do so much for the old Doctor ! How grateful he must feel to us ; how he must stretch forth his arms, as it were, and hug us all individually and collectively !'

'At this, greatly to the wonder of the multitude, the defunct fabulist himself appeared on the speakers' platform, clad as he was wont to be when living, and said : 'I pray you now, dear friends, go to your homes and refrain from farther gabble, either metrical or non-metrical. Having some time since said my say on earth, it was fitting that I should die ; and whether death came from starvation or any other cause, is now manifestly a matter of small consequence. But yet, why should you call me up to thank you ? I thank you not. I asked for bread. Ye have given me a stone. Neither will I blame you. Go to your homes. What I crave is peace. Pray close your mouths. I shall lie ill enough at ease with this great heap of stones on my stomach, but that will I gladly bear, so that you refrain from farther gabble. Wind, though dear to the living, is hateful to the dead.

'The illustrious deceased then disappeared, and the multitude went home in silence.'

It is not always that you find a man willing to relate a circumstance which 'tells upon himself ;' but a friend of ours mentions an incident, with the utmost frankness, that turned the laugh against him completely. When DANIEL WEBSTER delivered his speech before the Historical Society at NIBLO's, an aged man, with long white hair and trembling limbs, was assisted upon the platform by two persons, and seated near Mr. WEBSTER : 'Can you tell me, Sir,' said our friend, to a gentleman with two ladies on his arm, 'who that old man is who has just taken his seat upon the platform ?' Thus addressed, the 'gentleman' took a glance at the platform, and replied : 'I am not certain, but I think it is General WASHINGTON.'

ron!' The ladies smothered a laugh; our friend looked at his companion, and then at the speaker, to whom he said, in a sarcastic tone: 'Thank you, Sir, for your courtesy: you may possibly want some information from *me* at some time or other.' 'No—*guess not!*' was the cool reply. 'I stood still for a minute or two,' adds our informant; 'but I saw another part of the house that I thought would be more comfortable!' - - - 'My Eyes!' what an OWL we have just liberated from a box sent by express from a friend in the interior of the Empire State! He flew from his place of confinement, and mounted upon the top of a bust of HENRY CLAY, (whose searching eyes his own resembled,) and opened those great orbs of his, which, when he winked, shut off what might have been a view of Africa, so far-piercing was his gaze! 'He tells us,' says our friend the donor, 'that his mother knows the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' by heart, and that his father, who died toward the close of last autumn, lived in 'The Tempest,' with PROSPERO and CALIBAN.' At 'this present writing,' he is awaiting a cage at ARCHIE GRIEVE's, where he is well fed and cared for. He will soon preside in the sanctum, the bird of wisdom, 'the SOCRATES of meditation.' - - - THEY have some odd specimens of the *genus homo* 'out in Wisconsin,' if we may trust the report of a correspondent at Madison, in that flourishing State: 'An anecdote is related of a somewhat noted politician hereabout, who was at one time a candidate for Judge of the Circuit Court. A gentleman inquired of another if he intended to support the candidate in question. 'No,' said he, 'never! I'll never vote for a man for circuit-judge who spells God with a small j!' A capital 'J' would probably have removed his objection. - - - We mentioned in a late number a painting by Mr. HENRY J. BRENT, now of Rochester, of the great rail-road bridge and falls at Portage on the Genesee, painted for SILAS SEYMOUR, Esq. We have before us a daguerreotype of this picture; and a most admirable work, both as a painting and daguerreotype, it unquestionably is. If the coloring is as good as the composition, it must be preëminently beautiful. A daguerreotype of another picture by this distinguished artist, which he calls 'The Swollen Stream,' has also been sent us. It is of a very different character from the first: a calm expanse of water, with picturesque groups of trees, cattle, and jutting points of land, with hazy mountains in the distance; the whole forming a charming and effective picture. - - - THERE is a movement going on in this metropolis, which interferes with boys' 'vested rights,' and which we commend to the attention of our wise legislators at Albany. The kite-season has opened briskly this spring, and the city-sky is full of them. The telegraph-wires have worked 'much annoy' to the boys, and occasioned great mortality among their ærial friends; and now a new evil threatens them. We allude to the '*Slinging of Kites*,' an offence which calls for the interposition of the courts. It is done in this wise: a kite, high in air, whose antics are watched with intense solicitude by its owner, suddenly descends some distance, and presently the lad finds nothing but a short piece of twine in his hand. A mischievous boy has tied a stone to a string, thrown it over the kite-twine, hauled it down, 'severed the connection,' and made off with the kite. A meaner larceny could not be committed; and we give fair warning, that whenever and wherever we see this trick attempted, we shall immediately hand the offender over to justice, to suffer the 'extreme penalty of the law!' Our boys must be protected in their 'vested rights.' - - - MR. HENRY E. RIKL, of this city, a well-known virtuoso, has in his possession a watch originally belonging to General WASHINGTON, bought in London for the PATER PATRIÆ by Dr. FRANKLIN; a massive machine, of pur-

gold, that strikes the hours like a clock. The seal to it is a 'WASHINGTON penny,' set around with diamonds; a coin which WASHINGTON stopped at the mint the day they began to coin them. Mr. RIELL has also a watch worn by the lamented HENRY CLAY, with a fac-simile of his autograph on the back. He has also three English 'golden guineas,' so ancient that the annual interest upon them would now amount to more than half a million sterling! - - - 'PERMIT me to state,' writes a Providence (R. L.) friend, 'the exact truth as to what happened in my office yesterday. I had written to Mr. T——, requesting payment of a note, nearly outlawed. His habits of putting far off the day of payment are even beyond mine; so I stated to him, immediately on his calling, that the note must be paid immediately, or payment must be guaranteed by a responsible endorser, or I must sue it. I was immediately told to 'go to a very disagreeable place amongst the rogues,' to which most persons have a decided objection. He then doubled his 'bunch of fives' and, shaking it at me, went backward toward the door: his muscles trembled, his face flushed, and the stopple of his ire flew out: 'I gets no man to *gulentine* my paper; and if you sue me, you don't catch me on the alert, now I can tell you!' - - - A DEAR little boy, the son of esteemed friends on the Hudson, had been ill for several weeks of some disease which his physician was unable to classify, much to the annoyance of his faithful nurse, whose heart was almost as much bound up in her charge as was his affectionate mother's. One day, while the doctor was visiting his little patient, the nurse came down, her face all aglow with excitement: 'Oh! Ma'am,' she exclaimed, 'the doctor has found out what is the matter with little P——: he says it's the *Sui Generis*! It can be cured, can't it? 'Tisn't catching, is it? Little R—— won't get it, will he?' - - - 'A CERTAIN man in this region,' writes a new correspondent, 'looking the other morning at a picture of CUPID on a 'valentine' hand-bill, asked, 'Who is that a portrait of?' 'Of CUPID,' was the reply. 'Humph!' was the rejoinder: 'it must have been taken when he was very young!' Apropos of this, is a 'CUPID'S Address,' which was sent to us on St. VALENTINE'S day, one verse of which is worthy of being remembered, alike for the sentiment and the style. Both will 'satisfy:'

OH! sweeter and fairer  
Were the fruits and the feedin',  
When a female was sharer  
Of the Garden of Eden!

WE have great pleasure in calling attention to the presence among us of Mr. L. T. BROECK, formerly Secretary to Kossuth, and his companion while imprisoned in Turkey. Mr. BROECK is an accomplished teacher of the ancient and modern languages, mathematics, theoretical and practical, scientific and constructive engineering, etc., etc. His accomplished lady also gives lessons upon the piano, and teaches music in French. His evenings are Saturday and Wednesday of each week, at his residence, Number 321, Twelfth-street, near Second-Avenue. Letters to us from Turkey speak in the highest terms of Mr. BROECK's learning and personal character.

'Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,  
And, raging, bend the naked tree!'

WINTER is following BURNS' advice as we write. Outside the warm and pleasant sanctum, the naked trees in the street writhe in the blast that howls along the thoroughfares, and goes on ravaging over the stormy waters of the Hudson! Walking up to-night past Hudson-Square, it seemed as if all the snow-laden

winds, revelling in the tree-tops, were roaring and whistling through the cordage of a thousand ships! How exciting it is to brave the peltings of such a pitiless storm; facing it, and letting the winds 'crack their cheeks' and rage! Perhaps it is because we were a child of March, but we *do* love a wild winter-storm. - - - DURING the present month of March will appear from the press of the Messrs. APPLETON, '*Prismatica*, by Richard Haywarde;' a beautiful book and a rare; superbly and profusely illustrated, from designs by several of our most distinguished artists, and filled with articles as choice and delicate as its engravings. We confidently predict for the work a wide popularity, both on account of its matter and its manner. - - - THERE is a young fellow 'up-river,' who went to Liverpool as fireman on board the Pacific. When he returned, he was asked how he liked the government of the country. 'Oh,' he said, 'first-rate; it doesn't *snow* there near so often as it does here!' - - - A FRIEND (whom we '*knew* we knew' before) writing from Florida, where he is 'running *saws*,' not on his 'fellow-mortals,' but through the pitch-pine trees that abound in that region, and where, moreover, he has had 'the shakes' so badly that his *lumbar*-region is decidedly affected, sends us an advertisement of a shoemaker in his vicinity, that is decidedly 'rich.' He offers for sale 'SCOTT, TARNALL, and O'BRIEN Boots,' with an assortment of fancy slippers 'made from the skin of the '*Rattle-snake*!'—a beautiful article!' This article, however, is not so repulsive, after the announcement of 'BEAURIVAGE,' that in that quarter 'rattle-snakes and copper-heads are as gentle as kittens.' Ugh!—git eöut, you p'isen sarpents!' - - - A CORRESPONDENT in Detroit, Michigan, (whom well we remember in 'days long vanished,') desires to know who is the author of, and where may be found, a poem entitled '*Napoleon's Prayer*,' of which this is the first stanza:

'OH! bury me deep in the boundless sea,  
Let my heart have a limitless grave;  
For my spirit in life was fierce and free  
As the course of the tempest wave.  
And far as the reach of mortal control  
Were the depths of my fathomless mind;  
And the ebbs and flows of my single soul  
Were *tides* to the rest of mankind!'

Now we have a faint remembrance of the *whole* of this poem; but who wrote it, or where it is to be found, 'this deponent,' not being *able* to say, 'sayeth not.' This, however, we *can* say, 'and we say it boldly,' that if the entire production be equal to the 'sample,' the person who can exhume and restore the poem will be doing good service to all lovers of 'strong-minded' poetry.' - - - OUR old subscribers will remember the 'QUOD CORRESPONDENCE,' begun in the KNICKERBOCKER in 1841, and running through several numbers. It was published in two volumes in 1842, and has been long out of print. Our publisher will shortly issue 'THE ATTORNEY' in one neat volume, revised and corrected by the author. It is a work of the most thrilling description. - - - SEVERAL new books, recently received from publishers in our own and our sister cities, await the adequate notice which, earlier or later, they shall receive. Not a few of them are of rare interest. - - - MORE than half our present 'Gossip' is 'brought over' from our last number; 'which same fully accounts' for the omission of the capital budget of our esteemed correspondent, 'E. R. C.,' of California, 'Modern Improvements,' by 'E. M. W.,' 'Queer Jurors,' by 'O. N. W.,' and the kindred favors of some half a hundred more. - - - 'NUF SED.'

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## SHIPWRECK IN AUSTRALIA.

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BY HARRY YOULDEN.  
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THE recent discovery of rich deposits of gold in regions which had hitherto been only occupied by the wild beasts of the forest, or by men yet more savage, has excited a spirit of adventure among the ardent and ambitious of all nations. Not certainly with any view of discouraging this spirit, which has its uses, and which is in many respects so laudable, but to prepare the adventurer for moments of trial, when safety depends not on courage only, but upon familiarity with danger, I am tempted to narrate my own experiences on the shores of Australia.

I was born at Brixham, a small town in England, on the sea-coast, famous for its turbot-catchers. From my earliest boyhood I was employed in fishing-smacks along-shore, and for five years afterward, as I grew older, in the more distant fisheries.

In October, 1835, I shipped in the ship Samuel Cunard, bound to Port Jackson, in New-Holland. It was upon the understanding that the crew were there to be paid off, should the captain be able to make a satisfactory sale of the vessel. We reached our port of destination after a passage of one hundred and twenty-four days. The cargo was discharged, and I remained by the ship till the captain effected a sale of her, and then shipped in a large brig named the Stirling Castle. The wife of the captain was on board, and on her account eight of the men had deserted. She was a very vixen; but as I do not feel she is worth the ink, to say nothing of time and paper, I shall only add, she was a terrible liar, and the most profane, artful, wicked woman that ever lived; indeed, coming very near my idea of the Devil.

We were bound to Singapore, in the East Indies, and sailed May, 1836, on a Sunday. The Saturday night following was as fine a night as one could wish to see, bright and clear; the wind was strong and steady, and our lower and top-mast studding-sails were set. Being on the watch below, I went to my hammock at eight o'clock, and fell asleep. Two hours

later, I awoke with a sensation of alarm, and collecting my senses, felt convinced the vessel was striking. With all speed I gained the deck, and midst the confusion, found the officers injudiciously, as it seemed to me, cutting away the grips of the two boats, which lay one in the other amid-ships. The carpenter had that very morning removed some of the planks of the long-boat for repairs, and had not replaced them, and neither boat was in condition to float. But had they been, the sea was running and breaking over us with such fearful violence, we should have lost them the moment they were over the side. The second sea that struck the brig after she grounded, tore the rudder off, and washed away the stern-boat. We cut away the main-mast, and that in falling carried the foretop-mast over the side with a crash into the sea. We endeavored to secure the boats, which were rolling from one side of the deck to the other, as the vessel reeled and thumped, but did not succeed till they were much damaged, and the keel of the long-boat broken off the length of the main-hatch combings. This accomplished, we prepared, with brave hearts, to meet our fate, and clinging to the ropes, to wait patiently for day-light. Our fear during the night was, that we had struck on some solitary rock; that some heavy wave would force us off into deep water; that we should suddenly sink, and no one be left to tell the story. The vessel's bottom was soon broken in, and our only place of refuge was on the stern, which, by the sea that struck the rudder off, had been thrown up the reef. The decks soon started, and the sides spreading, they were only kept together by the iron knees running up the sides and along the deck-beams. The brig listed toward the sea, and the bilge being knocked in, the deck was almost perpendicular.

Day-break at length came, and as far as the eye could reach, in the growing light of the morning, we were surrounded by reefs and breakers. In sober sadness we went to work, rigged the cutter, and supplied the place of the missing planks and broken keel of the long-boat with such rough boards and other material as we could find, and fastened them in place with strips of leather which we cut from a pair of old boots, and tacked to the boards. In these frail barks was our only hope of reaching shore, which at its nearest point was one hundred and twenty miles distant. By four o'clock in the afternoon the two boats were ready to be launched, but the vessel listing to the sea, to hoist them over the upper rail into smooth water was no easy task; and indeed, in the operation both got bilged. The long-boat leaked so badly that two men were kept constantly employed with a deck-bucket in bailing, to keep her afloat. For three days and three long nights, winding about among reefs and breakers, we sailed anxiously on, in imminent jeopardy of being dashed to pieces against the rocks. Reaching a small island, twenty miles from the main land, we went ashore for three days to rest, and to put our boats in better plight. But with all our tinkering, the long-boat was but a lame affair, and having had hard usage, was somewhat like the musket famed in Irish story, which had neither lock, stock, nor barrel.

We had lost all our provisions in the wreck but two or three pieces of beef and pork, and a small quantity of bread. The water-casks had all been stove, and we found but little water on the island. We touched at various points along the shore for water, but with no success, and we



feared to go far from the boats, lest the natives should attack us, for by some unaccountable oversight we had brought no weapons from the wreck. Some few days later, at early morning, we discovered an island to windward, and the cutter being the better sailer, we concluded to send her there to search for water, there to wait till we should join her. We divided our provisions, now so much reduced that the whole would have barely satisfied the cravings of one of our hungry party, and she sailed away rapidly. Little did we then think we were parting for ever; but so it proved, with one solitary exception. When we reached the island, neither cutter nor ship-mates were to be found.

After long but fruitless search for them, we again set sail, with heavy hearts, empty stomachs, and parched tongues. At night, by a favorable start of wind, we were able to keep along shore. This was encouraging, and had a very perceptible effect upon the depressed spirits of our party. It ended, however, in disappointment; for as we were congratulating ourselves upon the distance we had made during the night, to our great mortification we discovered we had run up a deep bay, and must retrace our course. This happened more than once as we proceeded. Forlorn as we were, there were occasional gleams of sun-shine; and we were grateful indeed when we found on a rock a few fish left by the tide, and secured a bucket-full. Discouraged by the bays which so often deceived us, we kept off shore till the land dipped, and we saw only the tree-tops. Near three small coral islands, we were fortunate enough to find a few oysters. We ate all we could find, and when we sailed away, were utterly without refreshments of any kind, wet or dry.

We now experienced, in addition to our other trials, a most violent gale, and, in our shattered bark, were in constant expectation of going down; but by God's help we lived through this, and much more that was in store for us. We buffeted the waves without a morsel of food for seven days; and when the storm abated, and we were able to get again near shore, wet, exhausted, and in despair, we longed for a dry spot to lay our heads upon and die. Counsel was held to consider what it was best to do. To remain longer at sea was to perish slowly from starvation; while, feeble and unarmed, ashore we might reasonably expect to be massacred by the savages. Any change seemed desirable, and we determined to throw ourselves upon the mercy of our fellow-men, savage though they were, and headed toward shore. As we approached, we could see a number of black, naked natives, armed with clubs and spears, moving in the direction of the point to which we were steering. The sea was breaking with terrible force upon the beach. Whether the breakers or the people ashore, who beckoned us to come on, would prove most treacherous, a few moments were to decide. With throbbing hearts, we were tossed over that disturbed ocean, to be cast, as it were, into the very jaws of destruction. There was a solemn stillness in the boat; not a word was spoken. We were soon in the midst of the breakers. The poor, shattered, hard-pressed bark shivered and staggered in the boiling surge, struggling for very life in the agony. A sea dark as night came rolling in, and covering us with spray, dashed us high up the beach. To spring out and cling to the sides with all our energies, to prevent her being washed away by the under-tow, was the instinctive thought and act of all of us.



It was now thirty-two days since we left the wreck. The natives were shy at first, and would not come near us ; but if we moved ever so short a distance from the boat, they were very sure to carry off all they could lay their hands on. We fortunately found near the beach a small spring of water, trickling down the side of a rock. The natives brought us a few small fish, that were very stale and forbidding ; but hunger like ours is never dainty ; so putting them on the fire, we ate them, half-cooked, with much relish. Five of us started, soon after landing, for the southern settlements, with no very definite idea of distance or direction, but intending to follow the coast. We took with us light bundles of fancy shirts, and similar articles suitable to trade for fish, but had not gone far before the natives, by force or artifice, had helped themselves to our whole stock in trade, without any equivalents. Not that they seemed particularly to value the shirts, or knew how to use them. They tore them into strips, and bound them as fillets round their heads, or wore them as girdles or bracelets, by way of ornament. But soon tiring of them, as children of toys, they were thrown away. And, indeed, it was the same with gold ; for one of my companions had some sovereigns he had brought from the wreck, of which they took possession, but soon these also were carelessly cast upon the ground as valueless. A small strap of dog-skin round the neck of the women, from which is suspended the basket which they use in gathering roots, and a narrow girdle the maidens wear till marriage, were all the dress we saw among them, unless as such may be considered a curious net-work of ridges produced on their bodies by cutting the skin, and healing it in some peculiar manner. We soon noted another peculiarity. The last joint of the little finger of one hand seemed missing in all the women, and I never could discover the significance of this strange custom. We kept our blankets very well the first day, but meeting fishermen the next, we went with them along the beach to their camp. Making signs, we asked for food, but they brought us nothing save water. At last one of them very deliberately took possession of our blankets, lying by us on the ground, and carried them off. Not pleased with this proceeding, and satisfied that the company was not good where such things could be, we made all haste to the beach. The whole tribe, old and young, men, women, and children, followed, pelting us with stones, which often hit hard ; and the aged women, hideous to see, seemed most eager to hurt us. I advised my companions, if hurt, not to betray it, and perhaps the savages would desist. My especial mess-mate was a Scotchman, who had been a mate of a vessel. He had a quadrant he particularly valued slung across his shoulders. A savage, tempted by the supposed treasure, struck him over the face with a blow from a heavy club, and felled him to the ground. We gathered round to protect him, but they took what they fancied and left us. McTregor was stunned, but soon recovered, and we went into a wood near by, and laid down. We missed our blankets sadly, and laid that night very cold.

Next day we met a tribe who plundered us of what they liked, and sent us on with two of their number to another, who, having treated us in the same way, passed us on to a third, and so from one to another all that day. Vexed and tormented, forbearance ceased to be a virtue ; and when the savages were off their guard, I made a spring at their spears,

which they had stuck in the ground, and throwing one to each of my companions, who were seated round, sad, famished, and in despair, I shouted: 'Up and fight! kill or be killed! there is nothing else left us!' Their feelings had taken a different turn, and they preferred submission, doubtless the better policy. Provoked at their want of courage, I rushed alone, spear in hand, upon our tormentors, who knew better how to avoid the stroke than I to make it; and soon, discomfited, though not subdued, I was compelled to give up the unequal contest. Finding us thus troublesome, they were glad to get rid of us, but not till they had stripped us of all we had, save our drawers, a shoe, and a razor, which last I carefully concealed, lest the natives should use it to our prejudice. They seem to possess no cutting implements of their own, save stones ground to an edge, and their spear-points are but the wood sharpened. This spear, the waddy or club, and the boomerang, a remarkable weapon, peculiar to New-Holland, and which they throw with great accuracy of aim to great distances, are their only weapons.

Fish is the food of the New-Hollanders residing along-shore, as kangaroo is of those more inland, and we soon met fishermen returning with fish to their families. Telling my companions it were better to trade our drawers for fish than have them taken without equivalent, as the Indians were not likely long to tolerate this invidious distinction, I offered my own to one of the fishermen for two fish he had, and after some chaffering by signs, the bargain was struck. My ship-mates did the same; and there we then were, black and white, all mixed together, naked, and I am sorry to confess we cut much the most pitiful figure. I had slipped the razor down the throat of one of the fish, and the Indians removing, I prepared for our repast. When the fire was kindled, and the fish cooking, they returned, and were much surprised at the manner the fish had been cut with the razor, which, as I saw them approaching, I had hid in the ground, and made myself very busy about my cooking. Fearing, if cooked too daintily, our friends uninvited might take a fancy to devour our fish, we tore them apart with our fingers, and to remove the temptation, dispatched them with all celerity.

A violent storm now came upon us, and the wind blew and the rain pelted on our naked bodies with such cutting severity, that it was hard to bear. Our fire-brands — the Indian mode of carrying fire — from ignorance of what wood to choose, went out. We ran, but were soon exhausted, and crying a halt, descended into a little valley, and for shelter dug a hole in a sand-bank. Placing boughs so as to break the force of the wind, we sat all five close together, shaking and shivering all night, the rain pouring upon us in torrents. If ever poor human creatures longed for deliverance, even at the cost of life — which, it must be acknowledged, under circumstances so unpromising, was not of much value — it was our cold, famished, and disconsolate party, under that Australian sand-bank. Had it been all gold-dust, ransom for an empire, (and perchance it was,) we would have gladly exchanged it all for one moment's cessation from suffering. The night ended, but not the storm; and it soon drove us back, after every attempt to go on, to our comfortless home, where, enlarging the hole and gathering grass, which was pleasanter to lie upon, though wet, than the cold sand, we passed another day in wet and wretchedness.

We awoke to a beautiful morning, and though the sun at times fell scorchingly on our bare heads and naked bodies, we made, that day, good progress, with comparative comfort. We reached at dusk a deserted camp, some of the huts standing, others in ruin. The construction of the native hut is very simple. Flexible stakes, six feet long, are stuck upright in the ground, and the inner bark of the tea-tree, as the whites call it, strong and water-proof, but thin almost as paper, is fastened over the sides, and forms the roof, which is rounded, but slopes from the doorway. Like a horse-shoe in form, they generally measure seven feet by eight, but are often larger. Here, naked and wearied, without food or fire, gathering loose fragments of bark for our bed, and piling them in the largest hut, we lay down. The night was cool, and we spread over us the larger sheets of bark. We were so stiff and sore, and our skin, which had blistered and peeled under the scorching sun on the beach, was so sensitive, that when one moved, the stiff bark hurt all, and provoked a chorus of bitter groans and lamentations.

We were glad to get on our feet again, though we felt bitterly the gnawings of hunger, and could scarcely crawl. At noon we met savages, who took particular delight in tormenting us. Some of my companions rather deserved it, for instead of defending themselves manfully, or breaking away, they actually remonstrated with the savages in good English, which, as not one word was intelligible to them, was all thrown away. At last, giving them the slip, we proceeded some distance unmolested, till we came to what seemed a river, two miles wide, but which was actually an arm of the sea separating us from the main land, for we were upon an island. As we stood gazing on the opposite shore, and wondering how we should reach it, other natives approached us. Fearing fresh annoyance, we entered a hut close by, to avoid them; but we did them injustice, for, to our very agreeable disappointment, they came forward in a most courteous and friendly manner, bringing fish and roots, which we most thankfully accepted. We staid here some days, and were joined by the long-boat party, who had experienced no better treatment than ourselves from the savages.

We grew impatient to pursue our journey. Two of the men attempted to swim across to the main land, and were drowned. Soon after, the steward crossed with the native at whose hut he was staying, and three others and myself went over with my own particular host in his canoe. This canoe was made of the bark of a tree, softened by steam, and tied up at the ends. It was twenty feet long. Sticks, placed athwart from gunwale to gunwale, kept it spread. It looked frail, but carried five of us very safely. The others preferring to remain, my mess-mate and myself started on, one little dog-fish, which we ate the first day, being our only provisions for the way. At night we lay down in a valley on the ground, having warmed our resting-place with sand scraped from under the fire, after the manner of the natives. We were detained here five days by a terrible storm. When it abated, we crept on three days, when the rain again began to pour. We had been now eight days without food. Life was nearly gone. I abandoned all hope, and felt convinced that a few hours more would put a termination in death to all my sufferings. While thus lying, lost to all outward impressions, I heard the voice of my companion, who said, 'Life, Harry, is too sweet to lose without one more

effort. Let us try our fortune, and if we obtain no relief, we will then lie down and give up the world for ever.' This recalled me to consciousness, and I made several ineffectual efforts to rise. At last, by the aid of a bush, I got upon my feet, blind and tottering. Kind PROVIDENCE had not deserted us. We soon met natives, and one who had seen us on the island. They gave us food, and we remained with them three weeks, generally on the move; sometimes for many days with food in plenty, and then for several together without any. During this period we acquired some knowledge of their language and customs. They seem to pay due respect to family duties. The mothers are devoted to their children, and attached to their husbands; and though polygamy is permitted, it is not of frequent occurrence. If a young man woos a maiden, he is expected to fight her brother, if she have one, before he wins her. It is the custom among them to commence hostilities with a war-dance. One night I awoke, and saw some twenty of the young men stooping down, and moving in a circle slowly to the music of a low, monotonous chant. While they were so engaged, I heard the whizzing sound of a boomerang, and they seemed much excited by it. One of them came to me, and led me by the arm to a sheltered spot, where the women and children were collected round a fire, and where we remained till morning. It was a hostile attack, but I could not learn the result of it. Their fights are man against man; they evince a good deal of chivalric feeling, and will not attack an unarmed foe. The countenance of the New-Hollander is generally repulsive. Some possess an expression of great intelligence, but they are never comely, according to our standard. Nor did I see at any age, or in either sex, much symmetry or beauty of form; while many are essentially and intensely ugly, and the elderly women perfectly hideous.

The steward here joined us, and, impatient to reach the settlement, we joined an old man and two women going south. At a camp of about twenty natives they left us, and two young men undertook to guide us. But they soon wearied of their task, for, coming to a stream spanned by the fallen trunk of a tree, they induced us to precede them, and while we were upon the narrow foot-hold, intent upon our steps, to our dismay we heard them scampering off. We saw a foot-path before us, which we followed to another stream, and there were joined by the two women who had been our companions the day before. They directed us to a camp hard by, which we found deserted, but heard voices of natives on the river fishing. They soon came up, laden with fish. Their usual salutation to whites is, 'Name yo,' the only English they seem to possess, and without waiting for a reply, they mention their own names. Selecting the native with the best lot of fish for my own particular host, I took modestly the most comfortable place by his fire, to the windward, away from the smoke. He was evidently flattered by my choice, hospitably shared his fish with me, and we broiled and ate, and for lack of other mode of conversation, looked at each other pleasantly. The laugh of the natives is very peculiar, expressive and contagious, ending with an abrupt explosion and a rapid restoration to gravity. First pointing to the west, and then with a sweep of his hand to the east, he invited us to pass the night with them, and wait another sun to continue our journey. Their village was two miles off, and when, my feet having been pierced

by the sharp stubble of the burnt grass, I stood still from pain, my kind entertainer, evidently a man in authority, and who alone had two wives, took me on his shoulders, and carried me to the village.

At early dawn they started to fish, and, true to our own proverb of speeding the parting guest, made unequivocal signs it was time for us also to be off. Upon this the poor steward began to cry; and when I explained by my best pantomime, and the few words I had caught, the cause of his distress, that we might lose our way, a generous young brave seized his spear, and volunteered to pilot us to the English settlements. We had not gone many miles, when, suffering excruciating agony from my bruised and battered feet, I told my companions they must go on and leave me. They at first positively refused; but when I assured them I could find my way back to the village, and that it was important to get tidings of us to the settlements, they consented. I was a little down-hearted at first, left alone in such bodily anguish so far from human succor, but had so often of late, in my extremest need, experienced the protecting hand of PROVIDENCE, that I had become very trustful; and crawling, rather than walking, at last reached the village, where the old men and women left in charge kindly received me.

I was seated early next morning by the fire, cooking some roots for my breakfast, when one of the women, uttering a shriek of alarm, seized a fire-brand, their habit when frightened, and rushed into the bush. An old man looked in the direction opposite to that she had taken, and then coming toward me, with an expression of kindness and sympathy, raised me to my feet. At the moment, two Englishmen and two natives entered the camp. Our greetings were very cordial. To my inquiry after my companions, they assured me of their safety, and that they had sent me clothes and food. I was too much overjoyed to eat, and as we had twenty-six miles to walk to their boat, preferred to continue in the free-and-easy costume of nature, rather than burthen my limbs with the trappings of civilized society. We started at eight o'clock, and I was told, though I can hardly credit it, we made over twenty-six miles in five hours. My companions, indeed, kept me generally on a dog-trot, and I was certainly light weight.

My ship-mates had learned from natives on their way, that an English officer, stationed at one of the penal settlements, was at an island not far off, with the commandant's boat, on a fishing and shooting excursion. They soon found him. The officer immediately dispatched two of his men in search of me, and was on the look-out, to greet me with a hearty welcome upon our arrival. My heart still swells with gratitude to that good Lieutenant, and the reader will pardon this tribute to his virtues, which, if enthusiastic, is still all merited. His considerate kindness, delicate and untiring assiduity to alleviate our sufferings, and by constant sympathy to lessen the sense of our forlorn situation, have left an impression never to be effaced from my memory. Of all my fellow-creatures whom I have known and had reason to esteem, I have met no one more highly endowed with all that is excellent in character and disposition. His generous heart was lodged in a very handsome person, and beamed out from a countenance of the noblest and most winning expression. Free from selfishness, affable yet dignified, it was easy to see he was an object of great affection to those about him, who respected without fearing him.



Coming from among savages directly into communication with one so highly gifted, it was perhaps quite natural that we should have been forcibly impressed with this noble specimen of God's handiwork. It is not probable this irrepressible expression of my sense of his kindness will ever come to his knowledge, if he should be yet in the land of the living, yet it may serve as some satisfaction to those who, sacrificing self, are true to the principles they profess, that there are some grateful hearts which never forget. Should it be that, by one of those strange coincidences that seem more than chance, this should reach his eye, he may rest assured that, to the end of my time on earth, there exists one who entertains for him the most respectful admiration, and the most fervent gratitude.

After our long nakedness, it seemed at first somewhat strange to be dressed, for I was soon fitted out. We were still forty-five miles from Morton Bay, the most northerly settlement on the east coast of New-Holland. I had become so feeble, that taking hold of the gunwale of the boat to spring in, as I had been accustomed, my feet and hands gave way, and I fell helpless as an infant into the water. Seven miles from the post the Lieutenant landed, and with a native to pilot him, walked the rest of the way, to make preparation for us, as it was already quite late, and all but the guard would be asleep before we got there. It was farther by water, and when we arrived, refreshments and beds were in readiness. The most simple food, after such long fasting, caused great suffering, and for some hours we were in no condition to appreciate our escape from so many perils.

We went next day to the hospital, and became objects of great interest to the whole garrison, who, indeed, would have killed us with kindness, had not the doctor prevented it. After three weeks we were pronounced cured, but great caution was necessary to save us from bodily torment for a long while after.

Boats were sent down the coast for the rest of the long-boat party. When found, the captain and chief-mate were dead. Both had perished of starvation. Intelligence of us having at last reached Port Jackson, the revenue-cutter was sent for us, and we found Hodges sole survivor of the cutter party. He denied that they had intentionally deserted us. Not finding water at the island where they were to have waited for us, they had proceeded to another, and so lost the run of us. They sailed by Morton Bay without knowing it, and stopped for oysters at a rock somewhat to the south of it. The captain's nephew was washed from the rock by a breaker, and drowned. They shortly after ran the cutter ashore, and continued down the coast. One of their party dropped dead from exhaustion, and they buried him in the sand. Another, too feeble to escape, was burnt from the hut catching fire where he was passing the night. The carpenter and boatswain here gave out, and were never heard of. Hodges and the cook, pushing on, came to an elevated point of ground, from which they perceived a small vessel entering the McClay River for red-cedar. On their way to her, they came to a stream, and as the cook could not swim, Hodges went on alone, promising to return with assistance. He was as good as his word, but the cook was not there. Probably impatient, he tried to wade, and was drowned. Hodges was carried into Port Jackson.

One circumstance more, which I feel it due to justice to relate, and I

will close. Our story excited so much sympathy at Port Jackson, that the Bishop started a subscription for us, and the money raised, about two hundred pounds, was paid over to the ship's agent. Under the pretence that sailors were not to be trusted with money, he gave notice that when we had shipped, and were ready to sail, our shares should be paid us. The amount paid was five pounds to each, in clothes or sea-stores, at extravagant prices. Where the rest of the money went I will not say; but if it will help his conscience at all who has it, I freely make over to him my share of it.

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A P O S T R O P H E T O A S K E L E T O N G R E N A D I E R .

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On a visit last autumn to the field of Saratoga, I procured, among other relics, a skull perforated by a ball which was still within. Some buttons found with the skeleton showed that their owner had belonged to the Twenty-first Regiment Royal Scotch Grenadiers, which was rather rudely handled on the seventh of October, 1777. I have also a piece of his scarlet coat, showing the color and texture perfectly, after a burial of seventy-five years. These are the text of the following lines.

---

STRANGE bivouac, old Grenadier!  
 You in my quiet study here  
     Have found at last:  
 While I, who Life's campaign begun  
 When you for forty years had done  
     Patrol the past.

Oh, had your hollow skull a brain,  
 Your bony mouth a tongue again,  
     I know full well  
 In *why's* and *how's* and *when's* you'd find  
 A Yankee of the bluest kind  
     Your sentinel.

I *guess* for many an hour we'd join  
 In talk about Sir JOHN BURGOYNE  
     And 'the whole boodle'  
 Who 'gan their game of brag in June  
 But on one bright October noon  
 Laid pride and guns down to the tune  
     Of 'Yankee Doodle.'

Just as old Dido ached of old  
 To be by brave ÆNEAS told,  
     'Quantus ACHILLES —  
 Quales' — but I can't quote it all,  
 So I am prurient to recall  
 How once our fathers pounded small  
     King GEORGE's follies.

I long for more about that day  
 When 'Rebels' met in grim array  
     The 'Regulars':  
 When trumpet clang, and plunging shot,  
 And shouting made the battle hot  
     About their ears!



When DEARBORN, POOR, and PATTERSON,  
And CILLEY, BROOKS, and LIVINGSTON,  
With hearts of steel,  
Met PHILLIPS, FRAZER, HAMILTON,  
Rolling the tide of slaughter on,  
And made them reel.

When MORGAN and his riflemen  
'Bearded the lion in his den,'  
And singed his mane;  
While ARNOLD — battle's thunderbolt —  
Flashed, like a comet on a colt,  
About the plain.

I'd ask what gallant FRAZER said,  
When bullet, from the tree-top sped,  
Its work had done:  
How stout old Earl BALCARRAS tore,  
When Yankees, 'true to freedom, swore'  
His twelve-pound gun.

How many inches, on that day,  
The visage of BURGOYNE, I pray,  
A length'ning went?  
Didst hear him say, as once before,  
That with ten thousand men — no more —  
He'd conquering walk from shore to shore  
The Continent?

But I forgot, old Grenadier,  
You never lived yourself to hear  
What others said;  
A luckless missile found you out,  
And (killing instantly, no doubt)  
It bored your head.

For seventy-five long years, old brave,  
You occupied your shallow grave —  
No drum to stir.  
At length, by plough, and not by drum  
Disturbed, your huge wreck has become  
My prisoner.

And now I'll keep you guarding there  
All of your coat the mould could spare  
And darkling worm;  
With the gashed ball by which you died,  
And buttons too, that lit with pride  
Your uniform.

To those infused with martial leaven,  
Of BEMIS' Heights in '77  
You'll tell for long;  
Aye, and perchance some bard may troll  
From out that ragged bullet-hole  
Another song.

## M O ' R E T R A N S C R I P T S

FROM THE DOCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF.

BY FREDERICK L. VULTE.

## A L E G A L M A R R I A G E

'My friend, I want you,' said I to a stranger who was standing among a crowd of persons engaged in looking at a military company drill in the Park one morning about eleven o'clock. The person I thus addressed gave no attention to my summons; at least he appeared totally indifferent to my want. And I had to repeat the words 'I want you!' in a somewhat louder tone, and in a more emphatic manner, at the same time requesting him to step aside, that I might announce to him my business.

'You want me! Vot you want mit me?'

'I have a writ against you,' I replied.

'You makes a mishtake dish mornin, I kess,' said he, with great assurance.

'I guess I don't mistake.'

'Vot ish te pizness 'pout? Wo you kot a writ akinst?' inquired he, boldly.

'The business,' I replied, 'is about a breach of promise of marriage, and the man guilty of the breach, as my writ says, is Gottlieb Hopping, and you are he.'

'Mr. Konestobble' —

'Stop there! stop there! my friend,' said I, interrupting him. 'We may as well start fair. I am not a constable. I know that your *fears* may have conjured up a devil with all the horrors of a constable, but your *hopes* might have invoked a being of a more gentle nature. I am the sheriff, Mr. Hopping,' continued I.

'Ah! you ish de sheriff,' said he, complacently; 'de sheriff ant nicht de konestobble. Wall, I says, you kit de unrecht pick bey de ear dish time; mein name ist nicht Hopping.'

'Ah!' said I, 'your name is not Hopping, and you say I've got the wrong pig by the ear.'

'Ja, mein name ish nicht Hopping,' continued he.

'What is your name, then?' I inquired.

'Johann Yones,' answered he.

'John Jones,' cried I with amazement, and giving way to a loud and uncontrollable burst of laughter. 'John Jones! ha! ha! ha! John Jones! i' faith, he must have heard of Burton's Guy Goodluck. John Jones! he must have studied Doggett's City Directory. That won't do, Hopping,' continued I. 'John Smith might. Johann Schmidt would answer; but John Jones never.'

'Mein name ist Johann Yones,' replied he, emphatically, 'and I knows you do wrong tings bey me, fon you took me by oder name tan Yones.'

'I am going to take you, any how,' said I, 'Jones, Yones, or Hopping;

either suits my purpose; and either, doubtless, so long as the person is right, would be entirely satisfactory to Wilhelmina Leid, the girl you have deserted, the plaintiff in the writ.' He saw I was unyielding, and not disposed to give credence to his denial of his name, yet he steadily persevered in the denial, for what purpose I cannot say, except to maintain the doggedness he began with, when first I accosted him. Still, had he his thoughts about him, he must have known that I would be able (if I already did not know him) to have him identified as the veritable defendant.

'Hopping,' said I to him —

'Yones,' interrupted he.

'Hopping!' persisted I.

'Yones! Ich bin Yones, ant notting oder,' replied he, passionately.

'Hopping or Jones, I don't care which, reiterated I, 'you must give bail in two thousand dollars. You have done a great injury to a worthy young woman, as I am told; and as it is expected of every one doing a wrong that they should 'suffer some,' I would say to you in all candor it would be better for you to make an honest, frank avowal that you are the true defendant here, and save yourself much pain, and myself some trouble.'

'Ich verstehen sie nicht. Was sagen sie?'

'You don't understand me, and you ask what I say?'

'Ja! Ich bin Yones.'

'Nein du bist Hopping das weisz Ich: I know you are Hopping,' said I; and finally dropping down to the plainest English, I made him comprehend his true position, that, Jones, or Yones, or Hopping, I would not still be stopping to waste my time on him. I forthwith told him that he must go along with me; he refused steadily, and expostulated with me, maintaining that he was not the person described in the writ as the defendant. But as I had had some experience in these matters, and was somewhat acquainted with the human character as demonstrated in my long experience and acquaintance with defendants, and the various shifts and devices they occasionally resort to in order to deceive the officers of the law, I was inexorable, and with a strong arm I seized him by the collar and proceeded to drag him along with me. It was a tough job, and I dare say I should have come off second-best in the encounter, had not my old and faithful friend THISON (who in times of my deepest trials always appeared like the 'genii of the ring' to succor me in my distress) come to my relief. TISE, while crossing the Park, had observed me expostulating with the defendant, and naturally concluding that some potential aid was required by me, ever swift to do me a service, came up as I collared my man, and as he was about to level a blow at my head, dexterously tripped him up, so that he fell sprawling upon the ground.

'Who's knocking people down?' said TISE. 'Shame! shame! Git up!' at the same time raising Hopping. 'Come, hai, hai, upsy ho! there you are, all up, all standing! What's the mischief? What's the matter? Well, I'm blamed,' continued he, laughing, 'it's too bad. You bean't hurt, be you?' addressing Hopping.

'Nix; but I tink mein clothes pe tore, notting more,' said Hopping in reply, at the same time looking at the old man with wonder and astonishment.

'Oh! that ain't nothin', if your skin's hull, nor no bones ain't broke; you see we'm rough customers when we git holt of rough customers. But God bless you! we'm the gentlest creturs alive, if we allers let sich as you have their own way.' And the old man chuckled at his adroitness both in limb and tongue.

'Take him along, TISE. Take him to the sheriff's office,' said I. 'There's work for you to-day.'

'Yes, Sir-r. And I'm in for it then; allers was; and I never shirked nothing,' said he, raising himself to his full stature, and bracing his limbs to give me assurance that there was mettle in him yet.

'Tise!' said I.

'Sir-r?' queried he, rumblingly.

'You understand me. Take this man to the office.'

'Yes, Sir; and what will you do then?' inquired he.

'You shall see, anon, funny things,' replied I; for I had made up my mind, from what I had heard of the affair, that this matter, though serious at this juncture to both plaintiff and defendant, should end joyously to all concerned.

'Tise,' said I, after we had arrived at the sheriff's office, 'I want you to go to Mr. Solomon Grinder's office in Centre-street, and request him to allow you to accompany a lady, whom you will find there, to see me. Mr. Grinder is the attorney for the lady, and will know who I refer to.'

While the old man was gone, Hopping, although he manifested ill-temper, was nevertheless exceeding nervous, and he exhibited great uneasiness. He could not fathom the object of Tise's errand, for I had spoken to him in a low voice, and doubtless from this fact he had conjured

*'Gorgons vast and chimeras dire.'*

He watched my every motion, followed me with his eyes every step I took. He turned and moved about in his chair as though he were sitting on pins. And I don't know to what condition he would have come, had not the appearance of Tise with the lady in question in his company restored Hopping to a seeming state of quietude, or at least to his former self.

Here then were the parties thus brought together. What emotions, what feelings they each underwent it is impossible for me to describe, but I can imagine only the deep distress that a faithful lover experiences when made to feel that all that is held most dear is faithless, and all vows of love and devotion are broken for ever.

Now has the crisis arrived, thought I, and now will I to a surety know whether (although I was pretty certain before) Jones was Hopping, or Hopping Jones.

'Do you know this man?' I inquired of Wilhelmina.

'Ja! Er'ist mein Gottlieb,' replied she in a very sweet voice.

'Cannot you speak any English?' I asked.

'Jes! I spricht leetle.'

'Oblige me, then,' said I, 'by speaking as well as you can. I want to know, Madam, if you have ever seen this person before; and if so, what is his name? Can you understand me?'

‘Jes, Ich have ihm gesehn. I knows him, ant he name ist Gottlieb Hopping. Excoose mine bat Engelsch, fon you bleese, mine goot Sir. Der mann Hopping dit bromis for marry me, und nun er will nicht.’

‘And why will he not marry you?’ I asked her.

‘Das weisz Ich nicht. I ton’t know. Sehen sie, mein gute Herr,’ said she. ‘I am fon gute familie, and I lofe Gottlieb Hopping, and he gif me dis ring (pointing to a ring on her finger) for mein lofe to him. Und,’ continued she, ‘here ist mine buch vot I pring mit me from mein land.’ And while she thus spoke to me in broken sentences, and in mixed English and German, she sobbed and wept as though her heart were broken. Poor, devoted, deluded woman! How I pitied her!

She showed me the book she spoke of. It was a collection of remembrances, written and embellished fragments, testimonials from relatives and friends, tokens of love, etc., which are usually bestowed upon those who design quitting their homes, perhaps never to return, according to a beautiful custom among the Germans. During all this time Hopping said nothing, when I turned and addressed him, and asked him what he could say in reply.

‘Ich bin Yones. Yones ist mein name!’ said he.

‘Will you persist in declaring your name to be Jones?’ said I to him angrily.

‘Jes! My name is Yones, unt Gott ver ——’

‘Stop! stop! don’t swear!’ said I, interrupting him; ‘there is no necessity for profanity in your condition; you should rather pray for a blessing.’

‘I will do as I bleese,’ said he.

‘No, you won’t.’

‘Who will brevent me?’

‘I will,’ said I. ‘You shall do as I please. You have had your way long enough, and now I am going to make you do an act which your own sense of right should have impelled you to do long ago. I am going to have you married to this woman, and it must be done to-day; or failing in that, I will take you to jail for want of sufficient surety. How do you like that, Hopping?’

‘I ton’t care vos you do mit me,’ said he, gruffly.

‘Tise,’ said I, beckoning the old man to me.

‘Sir-r!’ answered he, giving a lengthened, rolling sound to his response.

‘Do you know what I want?’ said I.

‘You want a Dominie.’

‘Something less than a Dominie.’

‘What can that be?’ inquired he.

‘A Justice,’ replied I.

‘Ah! I didn’t think of a Judge. Going to give Hopping fits, eh? Well, I knowed it was coming,’ continued he; ‘but I was n’t sure of the time; sarve him right. God bless you! takes you! Me and you allers thinks alike, don’t we? Hopping will be jumping fore long. Ha! ha!’

‘Chief-Justice Smith. Hurry, Tise.’

‘Of the Marine Court?’ asked he, quickly.

‘The very same,’ I replied; ‘and beg him to come as soon as he can.’

THISON left, promising to be back as soon as he could, doubtless supposing he had yet an important part to perform in the comedy about to come off, and he was not mistaken.

'Wo you sent de olt man?' inquired Hopping, whom it seemed he dreaded as an evil spirit, Tise having already heaped an abundant supply of coals upon the fellow's head, by the production of the plaintiff. And now Hopping was desirous to know what new misery or torture was to be inflicted by Tise's going after it.

'You shall know very soon,' I replied.

'Say, mein freund, you will be so goot as to dell me?' inquired he, coaxingly.

'Yes, I will tell you, since I see you are relenting, and apparently reconciled. I have sent for a gentleman who I think will make you a happy man. You will be pleased at that, won't you?'

'You kit a man wo goes mein bail?'

'No!'

'Wot he do den?' asked he, anxiously.

'He will render the writ inoperative; he will destroy it; he is a Judge,' I replied.

'He vill dare de writ in beeces?' gasped he; 'ant he ish a Yudge, and he vill do goot tings for me?'

'Yes! he will remove all cause of imprisonment, and make you, I doubt not, a happy man.'

Hopping had his doubts notwithstanding. I could discover it in his movements. He put a variety of questions to me, tending to the point of his liberation from the fangs of the law. He had as constant an itching now to be close to me, as before he desired to be away from me, and fondly looked upon me as his only hope and comfort, his friend, his liberator.

'Is your name Jones now?' said I to him, jokingly.

'Nein, mein name ist Hopping, oder any ting vich you like,' replied he.

'And you are perfectly contented to be Hopping or Jones, or any thing else, to please me?' continued I.

'Ja! yes! vich you bleese, de one or de oder.'

'Complacent young man!—how rapidly the law takes the starch out of some people!' thought I. 'He would be any thing I please.' It was my pleasure to make him act like an honest man. The girl was very fond of him; indeed, she loved him; and I thought she was eminently superior to him, and if there was any advantage in the match on either side, it was all on her side. While in the midst of these reflections, Tise came in, and rubbing his hands, and shuffling his feet, skipping and jumping, as if he were preparing to dance, so joyous and elated he appeared to be, exclaimed, 'He's coming! He'll be here 'fore long.'

'Tise,' said I, 'you know I told you I wanted you to perform an important part. The time has now come. I want you to give this girl in marriage to Hopping, when the Judge comes to unite them.'

At this request the old man's hilarity and warmth departed, and his elasticity fell below the freezing-point. He looked at me with eyes wide staring, his mouth wide open, his hands uplifted as if in protestation;

at length, regaining his wonted balance and composure, he exclaimed: 'You want me to give away this pooty cretur to that beast? I can't do it, Mr. Sheriff; that 'ud be a awful sacrifice: it 'ud be uniting things unholy to things righteous. I dare say it's all right to make some people do as some people oughter; but see, Mr. Sheriff,' continued he, 'some people might see things done and not *do* 'em themselves; and I conclude I won't do what you want me to, because my mind's ag'in it. There, it's the fust time I ever refused you, but I can't help it. God bless you! there, I can't, and more'n 'at, I won't!'

I could not find fault with the determination of the old man not to do what I required of him, still I was contented that he should be a witness to the ceremony.

The Judge arrived in a short time, and with all the judicial gravity suited to his position and to the ceremony he was called upon to perform, requested the names of the parties to be married, their ages, place of nativity, and other matters incident to the solemnization of the rite, and while desiring the parties to stand up, he was interrupted by Hopping, who protested loudly 'dat he vas nicht Hopping, but Yones——'

'Hopping,' said I, interrupting him, 'if you don't consent to be married, I will take you to jail: do you hear me? If you marry Wilhelmina, the suit will abate, will be stopped, and then the only imprisonment you will have to endure will be in her arms. How do you like that, eh? Better, I think, to have the '*bed and board*,' than the board without the bed, as you would have if you were to go to jail; nothing but boards there to sleep on. What do you think of it? What is your objection?'

'Ich bin nicht ready,' whimpered he.

'Not ready to get married?' Well, thought I, you are not the first man that 'was not ready' to get married. Quite a difference between this and the man who was ready not to get married. He's coming down three pegs; he will be ready yet.

'Hopping,' said I, sternly, 'are you ready?'

'Ja!' said he, tremblingly, and in a tone scarcely audible.

'Then let the parties stand up,' said the Judge. And after having gone through with the formula, he gravely pronounced Gottlieb Hopping and Wilhelmina Leid man and wife.

Gottlieb and Wilhelmina received the congratulations of all the parties present, who, attracted by the novelty of the event, seemed pleased and gratified at its happy termination.

Gottlieb, no less than the others, after a little while, and amid the good wishes of the assembly present, together with his Wilhelmina, was particularly consoled—no cure better than sympathy; none more radical than congratulations and well-wishing.

'Ich bin Yones no more! Ich bin Hopping!' cried he, gleefully; 'and here ist mein frau, mein vife.'

'Und Ich bin Hopping auch!' cried Wilhelmina, joyfully and modestly.

'Ya!' retorted he, 'ant Wilhelmina vash Leid tat's sorry, and now she ist glad to be Hopping. Yudge,' continued he, 'Ich bin obliget to you. Ja, Ich bin nicht Leid. Ich bin Hopping. Ant, Sheriff, Ich tank you viel. Vell, me vash not tink dish mornin ven Ich git up, tat ven me



go to bet to-night me vill be married man. Guten tage, mein freunde : adieu.'

'Adieu,' said Wilhelmina in a gentle voice: 'adieu, alles.' And they left the office arm-in-arm.

'Go to ——, you darned ——!' exclaimed THISON, who had all along entertained a strong prejudice against Hopping. 'You would n't a done it, ony you was forced to. Boughten virtue ain't wuth any thing. Get out!' The old man was inexorable, and never forgave Hopping.

A few days afterward, Hopping called upon me, accompanied by his wife. They both smiled and seemed very happy; they expressed themselves as delighted with the change of their condition. He was full of hilarity and joyousness, and upon my remarking that I was pleased to see him so altered both in his state and feelings toward Wilhelmina, he said:

'Yaw, you do me alles gute; you make me do gute when Ich will nicht; and tat me gute man ish alles fou you — ant Wilhelmina;' and looking at the same time upon her, she blushed, and said smilingly, without any disposition to contradict her liege lord:

'Nein, Gottlieb, die Sheriff sall haf de credite fou alles, nicht me; we sall bote be mooch obliget zu him; and me would not be happy till Gottlieb come zu you ant tell you so, and I pring him mit me for dat alone.'

Saying which, we parted, they to their happy home in the enjoyment of their connubialities, and I probably to the service of another writ that would disunite man and wife. So opposite is my calling: one day to marry, and another to divorce.

#### RIGHTEOUSNESS ALONE RENOWNED.

UNHOLY contemner of compact and vow,  
Shall the minstrel come weaving a wreath for thy brow!  
No: the banner may gorgeously wave on thy wall;  
The proud and the lovely may bend in thy hall;  
The tribes of the fearless may rush to the field,  
Where the gleam of thine eagles is sternly revealed;  
But the song of the bard is unpurchased and free,  
And his harp has no voice for thy trophies and thee.

Though rare be the poet, and artful the strain,  
If he trusts but in falsehood, his efforts are vain.  
He parts with his genius, his worth, and his might,  
When he fawns on the godless, and falls from the right.  
Unblessed be the birth-place, unloved be the name,  
Unhallowed the grave-turf, undying the shame,  
Of him who would stoop from the great and divine  
To pluck from oblivion such triumphs as thine.

Away! for thy laurels are drooping and red;  
All the bloom which they brought from the forest has fled:  
They are scorched by the curse of the noble and brave,  
They are soiled by the praise of the dastard and slave.  
Thou hast looked upon wisdom with coldness or hate,  
And the prayer of the weak has been spurned at thy gate:  
Thou hast frowned on the righteous and warred with the free.  
Go! renown has no lasting memorial for thee.

JAMES G. LYONS.

## T H E   E A R L Y   D E A D .

THEY grow not old, the loved who perish young;  
They are for ever beautiful: the years,  
The blight of sorrow, and the waste of grief,  
The canker of affliction, and the cares  
That creep on our decrepitude, may wreak  
On us their ravages, until, o'erspent,  
The weary frame drops stiffened to the dust;  
But they who, in the blossom of their years,  
Depart in all their glory, and go down  
In the full flush of beauty to the grave,  
Can never know the slow decline of age:  
It hath no power upon them; but, afar,  
Transplanted to the Paradise of Faith,  
And made immortal in their innocence,  
Their purity and loveliness, they bloom,  
Rare as the fruits of famed Hesperides,  
Beyond the changes and the wrath of Time.

They grow not old, the loved who perish young;  
Though in the valleys green where lie their forms  
At sleep among the daisies, the heaped mound  
Sink level with the surface of the plain,  
And the white stone, the kind memorial  
Of mourning love for a departed love,  
Gather upon its face the mould of years;  
E'en though their resting-place the trackless winds  
May seek, but vainly; and the plough-boy turn  
With the bright share the turf above their rest,  
Unconscious, as he sings his roundelay,  
Of forms than his more fair that sleep below;  
Still, in our hearts they hold remembrance,  
And in our dreams do they revisit us;  
And through the golden glory of the Past,  
Like pictures mellowed by the glaze of age,  
The patterns of their beauty still appear  
More precious as they seem to gather grace,  
More beautiful as we decay; as we grow old,  
More dearly loved for memories they bring.

I now bethink me of a gentle one,  
So pure she might be canonized a saint,  
Who came to us as an exceeding joy,  
Who left us in a most exceeding grief.  
She was our lily; and the angels loved it,  
Who did divide with us a tender charge  
Until it budded; and we hoped to see  
The beauty of its blossom. But, one day  
In the deep glory of a flowering May,  
The bright immortals from the Hills of Bliss  
Came down into the garden of our love;  
And so did they prefer that perfect bud,  
And so enamored were they of its grace,  
And so they valued it above all others,  
That they did breathe upon it; and our lily  
Became, henceforth, immortal in its bloom.

FLORUS H. PRIMPON.

## A 'FORGET-ME-NOT.'

BY LIVIA.

I HEARD thy low-whispered farewell, love,  
 And silently saw thee depart;  
 Ay, silent; for how could words tell, love,  
 The sorrow that swelled in my heart!  
 They could not. Oh! language is faint  
 When Passion's devotion would speak;  
 Light pleasure or pain it might paint,  
 But with feelings like ours it is weak!  
 Yet tearless and mute though I stood, love,  
 Thy last words are thrilling me yet,  
 And my heart would have breathed, if it could, love,  
 And murmured: 'Oh, do not forget!'

## OUR WONDERFUL AGE.

'WELL, this is a remarkable age—a *wonderful* age!' said I aloud to myself, quite late one night last winter, in my room at the —— Hotel. The truth is, I had just been reading a batch of eloquent editorials on the occasion of the New-Year, wherein were enumerated the manifold and striking evidences of progress with which we are encompassed; the inventions, the improvements, and the mighty revolutions disturbing the face of society. These latter, according to the editors, were especially to distinguish the unprecedentedly momentous year of 1852. As I reviewed and pondered upon these things, I was almost overwhelmed by the strange importance of our particular times, so unlike all previous experience, and began once more to exclaim, 'This a remark——' when the door quietly opening, a figure of singular appearance entered. His dress, owing probably to the agitation of the moment, I did not distinctly notice. But his aged beard, his national cast of features, and especially his eye-brows, forming one continuous line from temple to temple, with I know not what mysterious influence about his person, at once made me sensible that none other stood before me than the veritable WANDERING JEW!

I had hardly had time to recover from my amazement, (and terror it might be, for I know not how else to account for that prickling sensation at the roots of my hair,) when, with an air the most kindly and inspiring, my visitor began:

'You were speaking, I think, of this remarkable age. I am glad to observe that you appreciate its value; for, let me tell you, it is a rare virtue, even among the most genial minds. One portion of them are always looking to the 'glorious future,' and the remainder to the 'glorious past.' But if you heartily enter into the spirit of the times in which

PROVIDENCE has placed you, you can then quietly ascertain your duties, and easily discharge them.'

'But such a wonderful age!' said I; 'it confuses one.'

A bitter smile played upon his lip as he added, turning aside: 'The invariable folly! Ah!' he resumed, 'had you accompanied me in but a small portion of my expiatory wanderings, you would have seen every rolling year stamped as 'remarkable,' and have sympathized with me, who am now forced to look back upon eighteen hundred dreary and 'remarkable' years. But I am curious to know, since all other ages, in your opinion, are common-place compared with this, what particular one you take to be its very opposite in spirit and results.'

'Why, there is the whole period called the Dark Ages,' I replied, 'which seems to me a perfect blank, a link absolutely dropped out of the world's progress.'

'You echo the common but rash judgment,' he replied. 'But as this period extends over a thousand years, we will divide it into three equal parts, and merely glance at them in order. In the first we have two unexampled events: the dying out of ancient civilization, and that day-break of the new, the irruption of the Gothic hordes in Southern Europe. And with the mingling of these, never shall I forget the tumultuous feelings which filled the whole conscious world. 'What an *awful* age!' sighed the Latins, as they saw every vestige of antiquity swept away. 'What a *glorious* age!' shouted the barbarians, as they rushed on in their destroying march. Whilst I myself, not then experienced in the vicissitudes of human affairs, felt it to be indeed a 'wonderful' age!

'But pry into the very midnight of the Dark Ages, and what do you behold? All governments hopelessly breaking up into baronies by the before unheard-of Feudal System; Papacy advancing to absolute sway; miracles performed at every church; MAHOMET proselyting with Koran and sword; troubadours singing from place to place; chivalric horsemen in search of adventures; and at the same time, among the best informed, so firm a conviction of impending destruction, that the general heading of charters was, 'As the world is now drawing to a close.' I see you look astonished at the simple recital of these things; so, had you lived at their happening, you must have joined in the general cry, 'Was there ever such an age before!'

'In the third division, we have Peter the Hermit engaging Europe in mighty crusades to the Holy Land, and raising such intense and universal enthusiasm, that ninety thousand children set out, commanded by a child; the innumerable and romantic battles with the Turks; the conquest of England; the rise of the Italian cities; the Roman Church convulsed with two popes; and all Europe filled with the wondrous stories of the returning crusaders. Such, in brief, were the Dark Ages, as relieved by these few brilliant points, to say nothing of the countless events which usually escape your historians, but which were no less prolific in interest.'

'It may be true,' I reluctantly added; 'but when once mankind had emerged to light, then all things went forward slowly and quietly.'

'Indeed!' said he. 'Was the course of the next age so meekly unobtrusive, when Vasco discovered the unsuspected extent of his own continent, and Columbus the undreamed-of existence of a new one! when

microscopes first revealed atoms to the human eye, and telescopes worlds ! when the inventions of painting in oil, engraving, paper, and printing poured their effulgence upon society ! when revived learning enlightened, and the Reformation redeemed, the human mind ! Surely, you will not differ from your applauded writers, all of whom still hang with delight over *this* wonderful age !'

'But since you speak of inventions,' I cried, 'what can all the former centuries produce to compare with steam-locomotives and the magnetic-telegraph !'

'They can produce,' he answered, 'every one of them, an invention which contributes, at least in an equal degree, to the direct improvement and enjoyment of the race. Locomotives and telegraphs ! what are they but lifeless abbreviators of time, bringing neither a new thought to the head, nor deepening a single impulse of the heart ! Their high estimation springs only from the fact, that their value can be approximated in the standard coin. But the real importance of both, when contrasted with that of the first movable printing-type, is as trifling as the worth of Newton's fluxions compared with the infant Newton himself.

'Thus, you see, in lifting the veil of the past, that every generation, while contributing in some shape its share to the general progress, is also puffed up with an idea of its own especial importance ; and you may infer that you, like the previous voyagers on the bark of the Present, are apt to forget that the same dashings and eddyings by which you are accompanied have once disturbed the smooth wake which stretches behind. But I forget—shall we glance at any other period ! There is the sixteenth century, with Henry VIII. and Charles V., Elizabeth and the Spanish Armada ; the seventeenth, with the supremacy of Holland, the English Revolution, Bacon and Cromwell, Descartes and Shakspeare ; the eighteenth, with Louis XIV., Peter the Great, Charles XII., Frederick the Great, Mirabeau, our own Independence, the annihilation of Poland, the French Revolution——'

'*That* was an extraordinary age !' I interposed.

'It was, perhaps, to *Frenchmen*,' he coldly added ; 'but the whole civilized world must be affected, in order to characterize the age. And this reminds me of what I witnessed in one of my journeys through Kamtschatka. It seemed, in the course of a single season, no less than fifty bears had been taken in that region ; a dog with no perceptible tail had come into existence ; and a travelled Kamtschatkan genius, braving the threats of prejudice, had actually introduced the method of counting on the fingers ! These things were too much for the national sobriety, and my ears were dinned with the uproarious outcry, 'What a remarkable, what a *wonderful* age !' '

'Indeed !' I gasped ; for I must say, I began to be exceedingly puzzled with my visitor : when, with a quick movement, he wiped out his single eye-brow, tore off his beard, threw open his dressing-gown, and became Tom Williams, an old friend, who occupied the room next to mine ! I tried to put on a bland carelessness. 'You did n't think, Tom, I was swallowing all this !'

'Ah, my dear fellow, your innocence is decidedly 'no go ;' better drop it at once.'

‘But what could have suggested such a foolish project to you?’

‘Why,’ said Tom, laughing, ‘I happened to overhear your exclamations, and as you are a professed believer in ghosts, mesmerism, and spiritual rappings, so, ‘thinks I to myself,’ here’s room for experiment, and these tableaux-trappings shall constitute the *medium*. Beside, I wanted to see how much I could recollect of the Universal History I have just finished.’

‘But did you really believe I could be humbugged in this way?’

‘Most certainly; for you are honest in your professions, and no less credulous than thousands of good people now-a-days.’

‘Then, by Jove!’ said I, ‘this is a wonderful age, and the sooner we get out of it, the better!’

B O N N I E F A N N Y D E A N .

BY JAMES LINEN.

I.

In rambling thro’ this weary world  
I’ve flowers o’ beauty seen;  
But nane were half sae fair to me  
As bonnie FANNY DEAN.

II.

I’ve never seen sic twa blue een,  
Nor sic a sweet wee mou;  
And oh! her heart is soft and pure  
As drops o’ morning dew.

III.

The glossy vine wi’ grace may twine  
In nature’s wilds amang;  
More gracefu’ still ower FANNY’s brow  
Her gowden tresses hang.

IV.

I’ve kent her sin’ she was a bairn,  
A wee bit gentle thing;  
But never thocht her budding charms  
A spell wad ower me fling.

V.

I’ll never break the sacred vow,  
The promise made yestreen;  
Come weal or woe, I’ll wedded be  
To bonnie FANNY DEAN.

## S E A - W E E D S .

BY DONALD MACLEOD.

## I.

NIGHT on the sea-shore; the Aurora's far light  
Plays o'er the cold north main;  
And on the ocean falls the limpid star-light,  
Like sheets of summer rain.

The invitation of the sounding ocean  
Comes to me on the strand,  
And my worn heart, lulled by the rocking motion,  
Floats off to Stilly Land.

There do the shadows of the faithful-hearted  
Flit by me to and fro;  
The shadows of my loved ones, who departed  
In the far long-ago.

There is the breast that hardly knew another  
Sorrow than for *my* pain,  
And murmured blessings from thy lips, O mother!  
Sink in my heart again.

There thou, ISOLK, art with me, fond and tender  
As thou wert good and fair:  
I look in thy large eyes' unfathomed splendor,  
And read 'I love thee' there.

There the old poets' theme of song and story  
On that eternal shore,  
To strains of an unutterable glory,  
Sweep the rich chords once more.

God! how my spirit leaps up and rejoices,  
As through the thrilling calm,  
With rich accords of their harmonious voices,  
They pour the solemn psalm.

O Land! O Land! how long shall human blindness  
To all thy gifts endure,  
Land for the mourner; land which God's own kindness  
Hath opened for the poor!

The ocean moans, and from the deep heaven o'er me  
The golden star-light streams:  
My heart is weary, and it pineth for thee,  
Thou holy Land of Dreama.



## II.

On the high bank grow the sacred  
Laurels, beautifully blooming,  
But the rough winds take the petals  
And the leaves, and waft them sea-ward,  
Far out from the pleasant shore.

So, too, doth the unwise critic,  
Heedless maker of opinions,  
Take the laurels God hath planted  
On the forehead of the poet,  
And destroy them evermore.

## III.

The stars shone clear, the wind was chill,  
And roughly rolled the Clyde,  
As a ship of Scottish emigrants  
Swept outward with the tide.

And some were old and very sad;  
Some young and gay of heart;  
And two, a mother and a child,  
Sate mournfully apart.

She was a widow — by her weeds,  
And by her frequent sighs,  
And by the tears that rose so oft  
Into her soft brown eyes.

She sat upon an ancient chest  
That bore her husband's name,  
And shivered as the land-ward breeze  
Chill from the ocean came.

And heavy from her daughter's head,  
That on her knees was borne,  
The long hair drooped in golden threads,  
Like the tassel of the corn.

'O mother, I am weary now,  
The cold is in my breast!  
Are we very far from that stranger-land?  
Shall we never be at rest!'

'Tis yet far, far away, my child,  
Off yonder toward the west.  
Think of our Lord, who died for thee,  
And that will give thee rest.'

'Mother, I see a glorious light:  
Is that the far-off land?'  
'Tis the stars of heaven that thou seest,  
So golden and so grand.'

'Mother, I hear a holy song:  
Does it come from the far-off land?'  
'Tis the song of the blessed saints in heaven,  
Who call thee to that strand.'

'Mother, I hear the sound of wings:  
Are they birds from the far-off land?'  
'Tis the wings of the blessed angel, child,  
Who shall bear thee in his hand.'

'Now take my hand in yours, mother,  
My head upon your breast;  
The fanning of those gentle wings  
Is lulling me to rest.'

So, when the golden sun arose,  
And o'er the waters shone,  
There sat the mother motionless,  
And she was all alone:

Alone, and resting her thin cheek  
Upon her thin, thin hand;  
Her little child had gone before  
Unto the far-off land.

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## J O U R N E Y I N G S I N S P A I N .

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### N U M B E R T W O .

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THE provinces of Old and New-Castile form a large portion of the great central plateau of Spain, which has an average elevation of about two thousand feet above the level of the sea. This table-land is intersected with mountains, and spread out into vast treeless plains only bounded by the horizon, where the eye of the traveller is wearied by the dull monotony of the scene. This region is subject to long droughts, and the light soil becomes so dry, that the dust raised by the mules and diligence is almost suffocating.

The route from Valladolid to Madrid leads over the Guadarama range, which separates the basins of the Tagus and Duero. On the highest point of the mountain a colossal marble lion marks the boundary-line between Old and New-Castile. This road is often covered with snow in the winter, which falls to the depth of six or eight feet; and large stone pillars, from fifteen to twenty feet high, are erected at short distances, to point out the way to the traveller through these wild, stormy regions.

Leaving the Guadarama, we descended into the arid, treeless plains of Old-Castile. Here no snug farm-house, no green fields and shady woodlands meet the view, as in our own beautiful land; the country appears like a desert, without trees, hedges, or land-marks of any kind. The general insecurity that exists obliges men to congregate in small villages for mutual protection, and these have a filthy, poverty-stricken appearance.

Madrid is built upon several hills which overhang the small river Manzanares. The basin in which it is situated is bounded by the chain of the Guadarama and the mountains of Toledo and Guadaloupe; and the cold blasts which sweep down from these snowy regions, together with

the rarefaction of the air from its elevated position, are the principal causes of its insalubrity. There is a Spanish proverb which says: 'The air of Madrid is so subtle, that it destroys human life, but will not extinguish a candle;' and hence the fear which the natives have of inspiring the pure air of heaven without some protection to the mouth. In coming out of a theatre, ball-room, or other place of amusement, where the change of temperature is great, every one envelopes his mouth in a fur or wool muffler, or, in default of these, makes use of his pocket-handkerchief, for it is upon these occasions that the danger of contracting pulmonary affections is the greatest.

In winter the days are not very cold, but at night the thermometer often sinks below zero, and it has not unfrequently happened that sentinels have been frozen to death at their posts. The summer is perhaps the most unhealthy season; for when the body is heated by exercise or exposure to the hot sun, a sudden change of wind will bring a chilly blast from the Guadarama, which is the prolific cause of the '*pulmonia*,' or inflammation of the lungs, the disease of Madrid, and which frequently proves fatal in two or three days.

Madrid has a population of over two hundred thousand inhabitants, made up of emigrants from all the provinces. Being the capital of the kingdom, the number of foreign residents is great, and foreign manners and foreign fashions are gradually taking the place of the more simple customs of Spain. It is comparatively a modern town, and offers few attractions to the traveller of antiquarian tastes. Its public buildings are not remarkable for architectural beauty, yet nevertheless it may be called a handsome city. It is well built, the streets are generally wide, and the public promenades are beautiful. Among the latter, the most frequented is the '*Prado*,' which is ornamented with an avenue of fine trees, and adorned with several magnificent fountains. Here the '*madrileños*' resort every afternoon to take the air, and to see and be seen. At about five o'clock the avenues are crowded with brilliant equipages, which follow each other in file, and at a slow, funeral-like pace, the cortège being presided over by several mounted soldiers. Fashion sanctions every thing, but to me this grave, dignified, hidalgo way of taking an evening drive appeared supremely ridiculous. There is another promenade in the Garden of the Buen Retiro, situated near the Prado. The grounds are handsomely laid out, and ornamented with fine trees, shrubbery, and some very good statuary. This is only frequented by persons on foot; and in the evening it is usually thronged with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, who walk here until the approach of evening.

La Puerta del Sol, the Gate of the Sun, may be called the heart of Madrid. It was once the eastern gate of the city, but it has been built around on all sides, the gate is gone, and the name only remains. Several of the principal streets diverge from this spot, and it is the most bustling part of the city. Here the office-seeker, the news-monger, and the idler generally resort, to smoke their cigarito and discuss the events of the day. Unshaven, ruffian-like looking men, enveloped in cloaks, stand about in squads, beggars solicit alms, and venders of water screech out, '*Quien quiere agua!*' The scene is constantly animated, and for the student of human nature it presents a rich field for observation.

The Royal Palace, a noble pile, is situated on an eminence at the eastern part of the city, and commands a fine view of the surrounding country. The interior is said to be very splendid, but we were unable to obtain admission. It has a handsome plaza in front, with a garden, in which stands a magnificent bronze equestrian statue of Philip IV., cast at Florence in 1640. On the opposite side of the plaza is the new Royal Theatre, a beautiful building, fitted up in the most costly style, and arranged with more view to comfort than any place of the kind I have ever seen. On the south side of the Palace is the Royal Armory, which contains one of the finest collections of ancient arms in the world. The centre of the grand saloon is occupied in its whole length by equestrian figures, in complete armor; while armed knights stand against the walls, and the implements of war and tournament, and the trophies of many hard-fought battles, hang around in profusion. Among the many objects of interest which attracted my particular attention were nineteen suits of richly-chased armor, which belonged to Charles V.; the suit of armor worn by Queen Isabella at the siege of Grenada, as well as that of her husband Ferdinand; also four suits of armor of the great Captain Gonzalo de Cordova, beside several belonging to Christopher Columbus and Fernando Cortez. The collection of swords is very interesting. Here are the scimitars of Bernardo del Caprio and Roldan; the swords of Saint Ferdinand, of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Gonzalo de Cordova, of Charles V., of Pizarro and Cortez; beside innumerable implements of tournament, the trusty companions of heroes through many hard-fought battles; the relics of those days when chivalry and romance flourished upon this congenial soil.

A visit to the Queen's stables afforded me much pleasure. The horses were noble animals, and their accommodations truly royal. From the stables I went to the coach-house, where I saw a numerous and magnificent collection of carriages. Those that dated a century back contrasted strangely in their forms and decorations with the vehicles used at the present day. They were such carriages as one sees in old prints of the last century, and are kept now as relics, or occasionally to grace a grand procession.

The Royal Museum possesses one of the finest collections of paintings in the world. Here are '*chefs-d'œuvre*' of nearly all the great masters the world has produced; but what most interested me upon Spanish soil were the Murillos, the Velasquez, and the Riberas. Murillo is well represented here, and no paintings have ever produced more effect upon me than those of this great master. His female figures have a grace about them truly captivating; and his children are the most natural, life-like looking children I have ever seen on canvas. Velasquez and Ribera are the opposites of Murillo. The latter excelled in the delineation of the ideal, the graceful, and the beautiful, while the works of the former attract by their powerful representations of the real scenes of life. The style of the first might be called the prose, and that of the latter the poetry of painting. Ribera, commonly known as Spagnoletto, appears to have had an utter contempt for the ideal and beautiful. His paintings are such as one would not love to look upon every day. They may be admired for the skill of their execution, for their energy and force, but we do not love to

return to them as we do to the magical canvas of Murillo. His subjects, too, are not attractive. He delighted in martyrdoms, as those of St. Bartholomew and St. Sebastian; in dead Christs; in inquisitorial punishments; in hermits and hard-featured monks undergoing penance.

The Royal Academy of San Fernando, a school of painting and design, contains several exquisite paintings by Ribera, Cano, and Murillo. But the gem of the collection is a Murillo, representing Saint Isabel of Hungary applying remedies to the head of a beggar-boy afflicted with scald-head. The genius of the painter has thrown around the Queen so much angelic loveliness in the performance of this act of Christian charity, that one scarcely views with disgust the running sores of the ragged beggar in the fore-ground. This splendid tableau, like many others, was carried off by the French, but was restored to Spain after the battle of Waterloo. Connected with the Academy is a Museum of Natural History, which is rich in valuable specimens from the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. The native specimens from the mineral kingdom are rich and abundant, and show the wealth which for ages has lain dormant in this land, where the feeling of enterprise scarcely exists. The varieties of beautiful marbles appeared to be endless; there were also jaspers, agates, copper-ores, and numerous specimens of native virgin gold and silver.

Living is dear at Madrid, although, on the whole, less expensive than at London or Paris. The country around the city being very barren, nearly all the objects of consumption are brought from a distance; and as the means of transportation are so poor—almost every thing being carried on the backs of mules and donkeys—and the charges so high, this greatly enhances the price even of the necessaries of life. Water is an article of traffic here, and is vended in the streets to the passenger who is athirst, and brought by the carrier daily to your door. Wood also sells at about one dollar of our currency the hundred weight, for it is all brought from a distance, the Castiles being almost barren of trees. Vegetables are nearly proportionately dear, and all articles of luxury from abroad are exorbitantly high; for, independently of the high tariff imposed upon them, the transportation from the sea-coast is very costly.

No one should quit the Castiles without paying a visit to the Escorial, which is about eight leagues distant from Madrid. After leaving the walls of the city, the country is a perfect wilderness; and the road, which was constructed at a great expense, has been neglected for so many years, that it requires considerable ingenuity on the part of the driver to keep his carriage from overturning in the numerous deep ruts and holes that every where abound. After a ride of six or seven dreary leagues, the gloomy pile arose before me, seated in solitary state at the foot of the snow-capped Guadarama, a palace in a wilderness. This vast pile, a convent and palace combined, was reared by Philip II., son of Charles V., in fulfilment of a vow made during the battle of Saint Quentin, when he invoked the aid of Saint Lorenzo, on whose day it was fought. The first stone was laid in 1563, and it was completed in 1584. This immense structure, measuring seven hundred and forty-four feet from north to south, and five hundred and eighty feet from east to west, possesses no architectural beauties, and is imposing only from its size. As

San Lorenzo was roasted alive on a gridiron, the pious founder conceived it to be a duty in carrying out his vow to have the building constructed after the manner of a gridiron; and on ascending to the dome of the church, which is in the centre of the pile, this arrangement is at once perceived. At each angle of the edifice, which is a rectangular parallelogram, a square tower makes one of the feet of the gridiron; and from the middle of the eastern façade a long line of buildings project, which form the Royal Palace and represent the handle. The interior of the parallelogram is divided into courts, which form the interstices in the bars of the gridiron, and the church, which occupies the centre of the whole, represents the body of the Saint.

Nothing can produce a more curious effect upon the mind than to behold this vast building, with its courts, its fountains, and its wide-extended gardens, amid a frowning wilderness. Deserted by royalty and by the monkish train that once thronged its cloisters, it appears like some grand mausoleum, reared as an everlasting memorial of the folly of its founder.

The façade is cut up by innumerable windows, which detract greatly from its beauty. The grand entrance is ornamented with eight Doric columns, between which are placed statues of the apostles. Passing through the great portal, you enter a vast quadrangular court, called the '*Patio de los Reyes*,' or court of the kings; and immediately in front is the portal of the church, after the same style as the grand entrance, and ornamented with six colossal statues of the Kings of the tribe of Judah. A vestibule now leads to the church, into whose sacred precincts no one can enter without a feeling of awe. The architectural effect is really sublime, and its solemnity appeared to me to be heightened by the appearance of the cold, naked granite-walls. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, and from the centre four enormous pillars shoot from the marble pavement to support a stupendous cupola, painted in fresco by Luca Giordano. The high altar is of marble and jasper, and the retablo is adorned with paintings and gilded statuary. On each side of it there is an oratory, which was used by the royal family when they attended mass. Above the oratories are placed numerous bronze statues in a kneeling posture; among which are Charles V. and Isabel his wife, Philip II. and three of his wives, beside other dignitaries. The oratory on the left side of the altar communicates directly with the palace, and it was in this small room that Philip II., the founder of the Escorial, breathed his last. He is said to have lived in this monkish cell during the whole period of his sickness, which continued for several years before the close of his life; for here he could see the officiating priest at the altar, and go through his daily devotions at mass while lying in bed. There are forty minor altars surrounding the church, many of which are in marble and jasper, and decorated with magnificent paintings.

From the body of the church I passed into the Relicario, or receptacle for relics, where I saw an extraordinary collection of antiquities. The monk who acted as my guide ran over the list with astonishing rapidity, ever and anon crossing himself when he mentioned the names of the most venerated. Here were the bones of the right arm and hand of Saint Luke, spines from the Crown of Thorns, pieces of the true cross, beside the usual assortment of relics to be found in all Spanish churches.



I turned to an old Spaniard who had come with me in the diligence from Madrid, and who I knew was a good Catholic, and asked him if he believed these were true relics. He very drily replied: 'No, I do not believe a word of it. A few days since,' said he, 'I brought an old friend of mine from a distant province to visit this place, and when I saw the devotional feelings with which he viewed these things, it caused me to smile. When he perceived my incredulity he was much surprised, and said, 'What! have you not faith in these sacred relics?' And pointing to the bones of Saint Luke: 'Do you not believe these to be the remains of the holy apostle?' I replied to him: 'Ca! hombre, son huesos de borrico!' Pshaw, man! they are the bones of an ass!'

The French carried off a rich booty from the Relicario, which Philip II. took great pride in enriching. The hundreds of silver shrines in which the relics were contained were seized, and their contents scattered on the floor; the sacred vessels of gold and silver, the full-length silver statue of San Lorenzo, beside numerous other objects of value, were likewise taken, and the whole melted down, for easy transportation.

From the Relicario I descended to the Pantheon, a chapel beneath the church, which is the last resting-place of the Kings of Spain. The stairway by which it is reached is of the most beautifully variegated marble. Two large flambeaux were brought, to light up this abode of the dust of royalty, whose gloomy precincts are guarded by a strong iron-grating. The form of the chapel is octagon, and the interior is constructed entirely of marble and jasper. The remains are deposited in marble urns, placed in niches one above the other, with the names of the deceased written on each. One side is appropriated to the males, and the other to the females.

I was now conducted through the vast cloisters. The principal one forms a square of two hundred feet each way, the walls of which are painted in fresco. This is a type of the remainder, with the exception of the central one, which is called the 'Patio de los Evangelistas.' The latter is laid out in a beautiful garden, with flower-beds and grass-plots, in the centre of which is a small Doric temple, the interior of which is entirely of beautifully variegated marble and jasper. Four large niches on the outside of the temple contain colossal marble statues of the Evangelists, with symbolical figures crouching at their feet, which throw a jet of water into a basin placed in front of them. Solitude now reigns in these vast courts, which once teemed with a monkish tribe; and their silence is seldom disturbed, except by the echoing footsteps of the traveller whom curiosity leads to visit this cold and cheerless abode.

I proceeded now to the palace, which, as was stated, forms the handle of the gridiron. The royal apartments display the remains of past splendor, in the faded hangings of embroidered white satin which cover the walls; in the inlaid work of rare and most beautiful woods, mingled with incrustations of steel and gold, which cover the doors and windows; and in the exquisite arabesques and numerous frescoes. But there was nothing which delighted me so much as the ancient tapestry which adorned several of the rooms. The colors of these seemed as bright as when they came from under the hands of the workman; and in their design and finish, appeared to me to equal the finest specimens to be seen at the manufactory of the Gobelins at Paris. The apartments occupied by



Philip II., which remain exactly as when he left them, are exceedingly plain. The furniture of the bed-room of this monarch, who reigned in two worlds, consisted of two chairs; two wooden stools, and a small wooden bedstead.

Having surveyed the palace, I was conducted through the vast garden to the east of the monastery, at the extremity of which is the Casa del Principe, a miniature-palace, built for Charles IV. when Prince of Asturias, in 1772. This little palace is a casket of precious jewels, in marble, jasper, inlaid-work, arabesques, frescoes, and paintings; very pretty to look at, yet to my republican ideas it seemed to be a foolish outlay of public money to satisfy the whim of a spoiled child of royalty.

Here ends my visit to the Escorial. My description is merely the hasty glance of a traveller at its most prominent features; for to describe such an edifice thoroughly would require a study of weeks, and a duodecimo volume would scarcely contain all that might be said upon the subject.

On my return, I found great rejoicings at Madrid. The Queen had given birth to a princess, and in honor of the occasion the windows and balconies of the palaces of the nobles, the public buildings, and the mansions of the wealthy were decorated with rich hangings of silk and velvet. Bands of music paraded the streets, the whole population appeared to be abroad, and I witnessed for the first time something like an excitement among a Spanish populace.

R. T. M.

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L I N E S .

'Tis sweet, when from the evening skies  
The stars look forth like angels' eyes,  
To think, that 'mid their glowing spheres,  
Redeemed from sorrow, care and pain,  
The dead, the loved of other years,  
Await our meeting there again,  
When our tired souls shall cast away  
Those cumbrous robes of sin and clay.

Ye stars that gem the crown of night,  
Shall we not tread your realms of light,  
And by your hallowed lustre trace  
Those dim and half-forgotten forms,  
The lineaments of each loved face,  
That faded from a world of storms,  
When, like tired children at their play  
They slept beside life's rugged way?

Will crown and spotless robe enfold  
Entire those features loved of old?  
Methinks 't were sweet, in realms of bliss,  
To hear again the kindly voice;  
To meet those eyes that beamed in this  
With love that made our hearts rejoice;  
And find outstretched the deathless hand,  
To greet us in that 'better land.'

R. C. CRANE.

## T H E S T O R M S A N D S T A R S O F M A R C H .

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS.

## I.

HARSH is the voice and loud the war  
 Of storms in that ungenial time,  
 When, leaving southern lands afar,  
 The sun wakes up our northern clime:  
 The long white surges of the deep  
 Then break on every wailing shore,  
 And foaming down each rocky steep,  
 The mountain-torrents rage and roar.

## II.

Like rapiers driven with vengeful thrust,  
 On breast and brow the cold winds beat,  
 And rushing hail, or troubled dust,  
 Sweeps the rough road and echoing street:  
 The groaning woods are bleak and bare,  
 The violet slumbers yet unseen,  
 And those wide fields and pastures wear  
 No welcome tint of early green.

## III.

But God, with all a FATHER's love,  
 When Earth thus rest of beauty lies,  
 Reveals in blazing pomp above  
 The wonders of His radiant skies:  
 Look thou on Night's refulgent arch,  
 When that rude hour thy gladness mars,  
 And thou shalt find in raging March  
 The month at once of storms and stars.

## IV.

For lo! the great ORION burns,  
 Descending in the cloudless west,  
 And red ARCTURUS now returns,  
 Beaming at eve a sacred guest:  
 Far up, in circles broad and bright,  
 The Bear and Lion move and shine,  
 While SIRIUS lifts his orb of light,  
 And fills our hearts with thoughts divine.

## V.

Thus, ever thus, when storms arise,  
 And all is dark and joyless here,  
 He sets before our longing eyes  
 The glories of that lofty sphere:  
 When, sorely tried, we grieve alone,  
 Or sink beneath Oppression's rod,  
 He whispers from His starry throne,  
 'LOOK UP, O MAN! AND TRUST IN GOD!'

## P E A C E .

BY JOHN K. HOLMES

LEAD me, PEACE, by pleasing streams;  
 Be thou the angel of my dreams;  
 Fill all the sails of Hope for me;  
 Guide my bark smoothly o'er the sea;  
 The Sea of Life, so strange, so vast,  
 Where rocks and wrecks and snares are cast.  
 I have seen wrong o'er right prevail,  
 The noble struggle hard, yet fail;  
 In form the weak, in heart the brave,  
 Go down in mourning to the grave.  
 I know not where my bark may glide,  
 What rocks are hidden by the tide;  
 How wild the winds, how fierce the heat,  
 That may upon my being beat:  
 Time, Time alone can answer well,  
 And Death the moral truly tell.

*Pittsburgh, (Pa.), 1853.*

## LANGUAGE AS A VEHICLE OF THOUGHT.

GOLDSMITH tells us of a carriage called the 'Fame Machine,' in which he saw some of the great men of his time taking passage for the Temple of Fame, but from which the unappreciative driver would have excluded him, in his desires to enter, had he not jumped on behind as the coach was starting. By a figure of speech in common use, language is called the vehicle of thought; and happy is he who can be carried in the unostentatious manner of the 'Vicar of Wakefield' to that far-off temple, diffusing perpetual pleasantness along the way.

It may be well, in considering this figure of speech, to observe that the coach is not so important as the passengers. It is made for them, not they for it. Language is no more than a means of conveying ideas. If it is destitute of these, it is like a wagon rattling in proportion to its emptiness. Fill it with men, or specie, or corn, and it will be less noisy. It may not arrest the attention so well when full as when empty, but it answers the purpose for which it was constructed better. So of a work all words with no ideas; it may go rattling up and down the highways of the kingdom of letters in noisy emptiness, when the design of it is to carry precious food to hungry intellects, or transport coin, stamped in the mint of genius, to enrich impoverished minds. Therefore, the vehicle must be used to convey thought of some kind, and not be altogether empty, if it would be adapted to its purpose.

But then the vehicle must suit the thought. A weighty and impressive idea requires strong language; beautiful sentiment requires beau-

tiful language; and the occasional monarchs of thought that appear ought never to go out but in royal equipage. There are thoughts so unimpressive and so worthless that they never ought to appear in public, and yet it sometimes happens that splendid vehicles are provided for them. And so it is sometimes the case that a noble and kingly thought appears to disadvantage when it limps along the world's high-way, clad in rags. Yet how much better is a king in rags than a beggar in the unbecoming robes of royalty! An ass in lion's skin will, in time, be detected and consigned to its little round of obscurity.

One afternoon, as I was taking a stroll along the principal thoroughfare of our metropolis, my attention was drawn to a magnificent equipage making its way through the crowd of various vehicles that thronged the street. The footman and driver were in livery of olive trimmed with gold lace, and from the whiteness of their cravats, one might have imagined them (had it not been too profane) '*superannuated*' clergymen, driven to this menial pursuit for a livelihood. The horses rolled the smoke of pride through their nostrils, and pranced in the conscious delight of being employed in the service of greatness. So resplendent was the carriage, that passing objects were reflected by the unstained varnish as from a mirror. As I looked upon it, I wondered why the clumsy omnibuses, groaning with their loads of mere ordinary people, and the heavy drays and carts, filled with merchandise, and the dirty market-wagons, piled with beef, pork, and grain, did not all turn more aside, so as to let this splendor roll by unobstructed. Surely, thought I, some great personage is here. There must be that within which warrants all this display without. And so I took some pains to ascertain who it might be that was riding along in such state. Going to the edge of the pavement, I stood still; and as it dashed along, flinging some mud from its aristocratic wheels into my vulgar face, I beheld, to my surprise, only a sour-looking little lady, pale and cadaverous, caressing a poodle; and I overheard a passer-by say, sneeringly, 'Mrs. Dashie, splurging on the proceeds of her husband's sales of cod-fish!' As I passed on, looking now and then at the fine array of books displayed in the large windows of book-stores, I wondered how many authors were trying to drive along the crowded high-way of letters in a similar dashing style. Book after book, bedizened with gold, bearing an imposing title, and heralded by the roar of a thousand-voiced press, passes for something great for awhile; but when you come to examine the contents closely, under the reasonable expectation of discovering some great and lordly thought that will elicit the soul's admiration, or some noble sentiment that will rouse all its powers to action in the mission of 'good-will to men,' you too often turn away in deep disappointment and disgust, that all is but display of language and gilding around some sickly affection or snarling conceit. It is a shameful perversion of things to construct a great equipage of words, brilliant, noisy, and pompous, only to convey a poor little dog of an idea through an afternoon's airing of present admiration. Put the yelping thing into a kennel; feed and nurse it there, if you will, till it barks away its brief existence; but don't put it in royal equipage, with the solitudes of humanity sacrificed to its worthlessness; and then have the presumption to send it out on the thoroughfare of life's dearest interests, to draw

the attention from the great and good thoughts which there do congregate in glorious procession — thoughts of preciousness and power, that are the pride of nations and the delight of happy homes; and which, as they move along in stateliness, and grandeur, and attractive loveliness, bring to our ears the advancing tread of those thundering legions that are conducting the world's great monarchs of song, from Greece, Italy and England, on down through the ages to come. We can afford to stop awhile in the hurry of life's pursuits, and behold this triumphal march of thoughts that have conquered so much of the ignorance and misery of mankind, even though we be left covered with the dust and dirt of the way. Contemplating it in solemn silence, as one after another of these conquerors passes under review, we are stimulated in our humble efforts to do something, too, that shall make the world better and happier for our having lived in it.

Language, beside being adapted to its purpose of conveying thought by being strong, or beautiful, or stately, just as the thought is weighty, beautiful, or kingly, should be simple in its structure. Great writers and speakers are always distinguished by simplicity. It is easy to understand them, because they have the ability to handle the subjects upon which they write or speak with clearness and without ostentation. A multiplicity of high-sounding words may delude the ignorant into admiration of a man's profundity, when he simply does not understand his subject, or wishes, conscious of littleness, to swell himself into envied greatness. Loud and long talkers or bombastic writers always remind us of the frog in the fable, who, not content to be simple croakers, explode in the attempt to fill the land with boisterous bellowings. The language of Homer is simple; so is that of Demosthenes and Webster, of Milton, Shakspeare and Dickens, as also that of Addison and Goldsmith. And there is the sweet, the charming, the unapproachable simplicity of the Bible. How sublime, how awfully grand and holy, how precious and consoling the thoughts, but how few and brief the words!

I remember hearing an anecdote often related of a great and good preacher, a man of genius and of learning, whose influence in the Church is as vast as it is salutary, and who was distinguished by a simplicity of style and earnestness of manner almost apostolic, that is too good to be left unrecorded. One Sabbath afternoon, he was preaching in a country school-house where it was customary for young students in theology to practise their eloquence, when an old lady present, not esteeming the sermon as highly as those of Dr. A——'s junior brethren and pupils, remarked after service, 'Really, I do n't think Dr. A —— is such a great man, for *I understood every word he said.*' The preacher thought this the highest compliment ever paid him.

Great men, anxious to present their subject, not themselves, do it in much the same way as artists make statues, who do not conceal their creations with gaudy dress, but only cast around them a thinness and graceful flowing of drapery which reveals the symmetry of form, the harmony of parts, and the excellence of the whole. Therefore, it behooves the dandies of literature, who sometimes make a poor display of wit in a grand display of words, to doff their splendor and be sensible. If they have any thing to say, let it be said without fuss, parade, or

affectation, and the world, perchance, will listen with becoming respect. If they would reach the Temple of Fame, let them not start out in too great state, but rather imitate the example of Goldsmith, who, content with a seat behind the coach, is now a more conspicuous passenger than the greater dignitaries within.

FELIX.

*Sing-Sing, February 12th, 1853.*

## L I F E ' S   H O R O L O G E .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THE little time-piece all the day  
 Ticketh, ticketh constantly;  
 At weary work or pleasant play,  
 Unnoticed, still it ticks away,  
 Ticking, ticking silently.

But when the midnight, dark and cold,  
 Comes and shutteth out the day,  
 Then it ticketh loud and bold:  
 As each moment's swiftly told,  
 To the spirit seems to say:

I am echoing forth the number  
 Of the unheeded steps of Time;  
 He whose eye-lids never slumber,  
 And whose form no years encumber,  
 But is ever in his prime.

Like my voice, man heedeth never,  
 In the morn or noon of life,  
 That the shades of eve will gather,  
 And this life's light shroud for ever.  
 With its vain ambition rife.

But when age, all cold and dreary,  
 Boweth low his manly form,  
 And his tottering steps are weary,  
 And no voices kind and cheery  
 Greet him now as in life's morn:

Then, alas! his spirit heareth  
 The great life-clock beating fast;  
 And the hands the dial neareth,  
 Where his soul, now fainting, feareth  
 That each stroke will be its last.

In each breast a clock is beating  
 Through the morning, noon, and night,  
 And a record there is keeping  
 Of the moments swiftly fleeting,  
 Hastening ever from our sight.

R. P.

*Albany, 1853.*

## H Y M N T O D E A T H .

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

O DEATH! Destroyer, Prince, Deliverer!  
 I fain would offer up one hymn to thee;  
 Though vain it may be deemed, since he who sang  
 The *Thanatopsis* hath addressed thine ear  
 In numbers stately as the mighty roll  
 Of the great billows that precede the storm:  
 Yet I, too, Conqueror! beneath thy feet  
 Lay this my votive hymn; for I have felt  
 Thy stern, relentless power, and I have given  
 Into thy cold embrace the mortal part  
 Of one far dearer to me than my life;  
 The gentle boy whose little form we laid  
 To moulder in thy dark and narrow home,  
 Weeping, but yet submissive to our fate!

Wave o'er my heart, ye leaves that know no sound  
 Save the sad ebb and flow of Life's great sea!  
 And thou, thick-brooding Night! that mourn'st in weeds  
 Of solemn darkness o'er the buried day,  
 Lend my wild harp your winds, whose rising wail  
 Is like the mournful music of my soul;  
 And let your garments trail in deepening gloom  
 Around me, whilst thou, bending from the blast,  
 Lifest thy voice in the grim wilderness —  
 A 'melancholy sound.' Now, far along  
 The vale engulfed in blackness, lights are seen  
 Twinkling from windows where the mourner weeps  
 In silence o'er the dead; or where the sound  
 Of lute and viol keeps the merry foot  
 Of joy astir; chiding thy rapid flight,  
 So swift thou bring'st the dawn. Thou, too, like Death,  
 In one vast brooding shadow veil'st the world;  
 And man himself doth fear thy stormy face,  
 Even as the spirit fears to venture forth  
 Into the vast unknown; yet thou, erelong,  
 Even as the night of death, shalt fade and flee  
 Before the steps of morning.

Come then, Death! —

With thy stern images, the shroud and pall;  
 For thou dost teach a more exalted faith  
 Than all the creeds of cold philosophy;  
 And in thine hand thou hold'st an even scale,  
 By which all men are judged. The wretch who goes  
 Hungering by the way, and he who counts  
 His riches o'er by thousands; he who wrings  
 From the hard hand of poverty its mite,  
 And he who begs a crust in charity;  
 Thou hold'st them all within thine even grasp,  
 Nor is there a gradation in the scale  
 Of being that thou dost not level. Thou  
 Tear'st from the hypocrite his mask of shame,



And stopp'st the evil man ere half his days  
Are numbered, or his cup of wrath is full;  
Bearing him to that 'melancholy bourne'  
Where no repentance comes: and thou dost stand  
Beside the Christian in his dying-hour,  
The sure and faithful friend that sets him free  
From life and all its sad infirmities,  
That he may go to his appointed rest,  
Where tears, and cares, and sorrow are unknown.

Conqueror! Deliverer! thou hast been maligned!  
Yea, man, from the beginning, on thy name  
Hath heaped opprobrious epithets, and called  
Thee monster—even while yet his guilty hands  
Made haste to offer sacrifice anew  
Unto War's dreadful Moloch; at his feet  
Lying 'mid undistinguished heaps of dead,  
Women and children driven from their homes  
To die among the slain; the blaze of towns  
Kindling, meanwhile, his hellish altar-fires—  
A horrid holocaust!

Thus hast thou been  
Even from the first accused of violence  
More than is thine by nature. Though thou comest  
Clothed in the pestilence, and makest the maris  
Of populous cities dumb; yea, though thy hand  
Be full of terrors, wherewith thou dost smite  
The sons of men—sickness, and fell disease,  
And dire calamities by fire and flood—  
Yet these are not enough; for man himself,  
Even while he loathes thee with a natural dread,  
Makes thee the umpire of his wickedness,  
Forcing thee to the lists of his dread wars,  
Upon whose fate, perchance, may hang the fame  
Of some detested tyrant, or the gain  
Of some small principality, not worth  
The life of one poor peasant.

Terrible  
Thou art, O Death! and mighty is thy power:  
For even in thy natural lineaments  
Thou wear'st a heartless mockery, that shakes  
Our firmest faith, and makes us what we are—  
Thine enemies by nature. Didst thou take  
None but the scum and dregs of human-kind  
Unto thy cold embrace, or didst thou seal  
No lips save those who impiously blaspheme  
The name of the ALMIGHTY, it were well;  
For earth would doubly gain in that it lost.  
But these are not thy triumphs, nor is this  
Thine errand on the earth; for thou dost close  
The lids of gentle eyes that softly shone,  
And steal'st the crimson from sweet lips that knew  
No other speech than love; and thou dost lay  
Thine icy hand upon fair forms, for whom  
Our hearts go mourning to the sepulchre,  
Leaving us dust and ashes. Faith and Hope  
Alone thou sparest undimm'd, and by their fires  
We watch and wait, until thou call'st us hence  
To tread thy dark and undiscovered void!

## ' M Y F I R S T S P E E C H . '

BY RALPH RANOME.

'OFT has it been my lot to mark  
A proud, conceited, talking spark.'

DOUBTLESS every man remembers some one among the number of his preceptors whose eccentricities made a lasting impression upon his youthful fancy. Such men have a separate and isolated individuality distinguishing them from all others. We delight in lingering over their memories, whether they flogged us for our delinquencies, or petted us for our faithfulness. There is an instinctive respect and veneration engendered in our bosoms for our teachers, akin to that we feel for our parents. Ay, how many of us are there who, in looking back upon our school-days, can remember how often we have sworn upon the altar of our high dudgeon, that if we ever grew to be men, we would revenge our injured innocence; and yet how few of us would not become benefactors if in our power! Let us thank Heaven for the sentiment of gratitude, and proceed.

In my tenth year, I commenced going to school to a very eccentric English gentleman by the name of Turner. He was well-educated, and had that ease and elegance of manner which are acquired by intercourse with the world. The public mind was greatly agitated, and many questions were asked in regard to the occupation in which he had been bred, but no reliable information was ever obtained. His familiarity with, and fine rendering of Shakspeare, induced many to believe him to be an actor. The truth of this conjecture remained buried in his own bosom.

To me he had the air of one who had retired from some great metropolis in disgust, choosing his temporary home among obscure country villages, where he could vegetate and take his ease. When his means gave out, and something had to be done to obtain a livelihood, he chose to have a gang of boys about him, and thus secured both amusement and support. He was extremely fond of children, and had many pets amongst the boys, and kept the school in an uproar on many occasions by the manner in which he employed them. One little incident will give an idea of his humor: Our school-house was situated at the outskirts of the village, surrounded by a large grove of trees. It was a wooden frame, fastened together with pins, weather-boarded on the outside, and lathed on the inside. The space between the outside boards and the inside laths was chinked with mud. In this mud all the numerous kinds of reptiles stowed themselves snugly away for the winter, and there remained luxuriating in torpidity until the genial sun of spring thawed them out. Wide boards were fastened against the stanchions supporting the frame-work, slanting at a convenient angle, and served for writing-benches. By the same law of cause and effect, the genial sun which thawed out a snake would also make a lazy boy drowsy; and when he wheeled around his face toward the wall and leaned his

elbows upon the writing-desk, his head came in close contact with the mud.

On one occasion, as one of Turner's pet-boys had fallen asleep, a large snake was discovered protruding his head from the wall, and was leisurely surveying his unconscious companion. The natural instinct of the snake made him fork out his tongue with fearful rapidity at the sight of an enemy. At this juncture the snake was discovered and immediately reported to Turner. Turner rose up from his seat, and walking over softly on his tip-toes, amused himself by poking straws in the boy's ear as he enjoyed his siesta. The boy snorted and rubbed his nose, as he half-unconsciously moved his head from right to left, until the frequent repetition of the tickling caused him to raise up lazily, rub his eyes, and finally to open them. The panic with which he was seized upon finding a huge snake glaring his fiery eyes upon him, can well be imagined, and he gave a yell that disturbed the peaceful citizens at a mile's distance. To add to his terror, Turner pounced upon him from behind as if in great alarm, crying out at the top of his voice :

'For God's sake, Bill, don't eat him ; he's not good raw !' whilst Bill, almost choked between fright and anger, turned round and replied :

'Who the d——l do you think's going to eat him ?'

It was at this school that one of the most amusing incidents of my boyhood occurred. The first examination in which I had to take a prominent part was about to come off, and old Turner's vanity was aroused to make a sensation. It was suggested to my father that in the approaching exercises I could figure largely by making a speech. This touched my good mother's pride, and she proposed to add interest to the occasion and incentives to the scholars, by presenting a pound-cake to the boy who was named victor in the coming contest. The idea was caught up as a good one, and I went to work night and day to commit to memory the 'Chameleon.' It must have been laughable to have seen me practising before the glass to make my gestures graceful and effective.

The citizens of our little village were all invited to attend the examination, and judges were appointed to award the prize. It was the original intention to give the whole cake to one boy ; but Turner suggested that as my mother had presented it, and as I would most probably get it, it would appear rather selfish and vain-glorious. It was then decided that the cake should be divided into three parts, and given to the three best speakers. This decision was promptly acceded to by my mother, and the largest oven to be found was put into requisition, so that the one third of the aforesaid cake should still prove a very desirable prize.

Boys in those days, as well as now, were all fond of cake, the only difference being probably that they get it oftener now ; and great was the ambition and the struggle to obtain a share of that famous big one. The woods around the school-house were echoing far and near with the sounds of voices in anxious preparation. Some of the competitors were mounted upon stumps and fallen logs, declaiming to parties of chosen friends and favorites. Others had their books propped open against the trees, to take a peep when at a loss for a word, and leaving both hands free to saw the air. All were displaying a degree of energy and activity that no amount of punishment could have elicited.

What a lesson to teachers and parents to employ rewards and not punishments in the government of schools and families! What noble and generous impulse of our nature was ever quickened by fear?

At length the days of preparation were over, and the time for action was at hand. The school was large, the day was fine, and the good people of both sexes turned out in great numbers. Many a fond mother's anxious heart beat high on that momentous occasion, as she donned her prettiest bonnet and newest gown to do honor to her darling son, who was to achieve immortal honors and prodigious profits.

Ah! what one of us who reads these humble reminiscences can restrain swift-winged Memory as she faithfully recalls our individual cases, causing each one to exclaim, in the sincerest prayer that his fond heart ever offered,

'God bless my mother!'

The first hour was spent in the recitations of the junior classes. Then came the examination in the higher branches. But in spite of the exertion to make the exercises interesting, the time wore heavily away, and every eye was a faithful needle pointing to the old-fashioned clock in the corner, and watching with manifest impatience for the sun to reach the meridian, when the young cocks were to begin to crow. As a still greater incentive to exertion, the quarter-section of cake was elevated upon a high stand, and to each parent's eyes loomed up like the expectancies in a rich uncle's will. Boy after boy delivered his speech. All received tokens of approbation from his relatives and friends, and many were honored with hearty cheers from the company. How well I remember my rapid glances at my father and mother, as each candidate ascended higher and higher in the scale of approbation, thus demanding still greater efforts from me to sustain my reputation and carry off the prize. As their faces paled before the resplendent geniuses, I pitied their anxiety, and longed for my turn to come to relieve their agonizing doubts. At length the name of Ralph Roanoke was called, and I arose with an amount of impudence and self-possession perfectly irreconcilable with my present well-known diffidence. All eyes were turned upon me, and, looking around with a kind of 'Veni, vidi, vici' air, I waited for my mother's quiet, approving smile, and my father's expression of triumph, and then began:

'OFT has it been my lot to mark  
A proud, conceited, talking spark,  
Returning from his finished tour,  
Grown ten times pertier than before,' etc., etc.

As I proceeded, there was a marked sensation, and I became so confident of getting the cake, that I fell into a reverie, which, although very charming in itself, was well-nigh losing me the cake. The thought would keep intruding itself, 'What shall I do with it? Must I hand it around, as my mother wishes me, or not?' Thus my castles kept on increasing, until my speech became a secondary thing, and I began to hesitate and stammer for the next line. Just then an ill-natured chap, who had no hopes of success, whispered quite audibly to his next neighbor: 'Jim, that fellow's got no bottom. His brass has gin out, and he's goin to let down on the first quarter stretch.' This cutting remark, and the sudden apparition of my father's anxious countenance, restored me to myself; and on

reaching the point where the dispute about the color of the chameleon was to be determined, I delivered the following lines in my happiest manner :

‘ ‘WELL, then, at once to end the doubt,  
Replies the man, ‘I’ll turn him out ;  
And when before your eyes I’ve set him,  
If you do n’t find him black, I’ll eat him !’ ’

then, dwelling upon the ‘eat him’ long enough to get my white pocket-handkerchief out of my bosom, ready for a grand flourish at the climax, I gave the last two lines with killing effect :

‘ He said — then full before their sight  
Produced the beast — and lo ! ’t was white ’

Having thus delivered my speech to my entire satisfaction, I took my seat beside my mother, amidst rounds of applause, fully conscious that I deserved the whole cake, and half mad that I had been swindled out of it by the new arrangement of dividing it between three.

The judges put their heads together, and gave their award in a few minutes, and the village magistrate proceeded to divide the cake according to law. After its division, three boys were called up, amongst whom was Ralph Roanoke, and each one received a share amidst the cheers of the company. T’other fellows grabbed up their pieces, and with one bound out of doors into the woods, they ran to enjoy it on the same favorite spot where they had struggled in the preparation for it, whilst I acceded to my mother’s earnest entreaties to act ‘like a little gentleman,’ and cut up my portion into small pieces, and proceeded to hand it round to the ladies. It was a great misfortune for me that the cake had been so long exposed to the gaze of the multitude. It was far too tempting to be resisted by any common effort of humanity. As I went round the room from bench to bench where the ladies were seated, my ‘pile’ was diminishing at every step, like the leaves of autumn before each blast of the pitiless storm, and my politeness was ‘fast oozing out at my finger-ends.’ An occasional sigh, growing louder and more frequent, could not be suppressed, and Melancholy might have marked my lengthened visage for her own, but for a new train of feeling which was suddenly awakened.

Pursuing my melancholy round, asking every lady to have a piece, and inwardly wishing every one who did take any at the d — l, my cake was reduced to but one solitary morsel ; my heart concentrated all its hopes and affections upon that remnant which common politeness had rescued, and I felt determined to save it. But just as I was passing the last lady, who had kindly refused to rob me, her son sitting by her side snatched it from the plate. This was too much for any boy of ten years of age to bear, however well trained in the manners of ‘a little gentleman ;’ and without a moment’s reflection — in fact, as if all consciousness had deserted me — I gave him a blow with my clenched fist, which rolled him over and over, screaming and yelling under the benches. But he still clutched the cake as if in a death-struggle, whilst the company set up a shout of laughter whose merry echo reverberated through the woods, and brought back ‘them t’other fellows,’ wiping their mouths and sucking their teeth, (hungry lions as they were,) and reënraging the

'little gentleman,' who was just then mentally realizing the truth of the old adage, that 'the proof of the pudding lies in the eating.'

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L Y R I C S   O F   T H E   M O D E R N   C O N Q U E S T .

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BY CAPTAIN HENRY COPPER, U. S. A.

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T H E   S I E G E   O F   V E R A   C R U Z .

I HAVE seen, in an old painting grouped with Spanish Dons of yore,  
How COLUMBUS landed gloriously upon San Salvador,  
'Mid the gentle-waving palm-trees, and the cocoas thin and tall,  
And the awe-struck natives flocking to the New-World's festival

Here, the ships lie in the offing; there, the boats in-shore are moored;  
While the fiery light of Cancer on the stirring scene is poured —  
On the bright sea-weed and couches which lie strown upon the shore,  
And a thousand tropic-brilliant which were never seen before.

List! the holy priest is chanting! Hark! the gladsome shouts that ring!  
Lo! he takes possession of the soil for God and for the King!  
The lofty cross reared in the midst all eyes are fixed upon,  
While they wave the royal banner of Castile and Arragon.

And when I saw, I pondered on the untold of the heart,  
The bursting joy, the throbbing hope, these new-found shores impart;  
What old COLUMBUS spake and thought, and what his soldiers felt,  
As all before the holy cross with deep devotion knelt.

I have seen a real vision brighter than that picture old,  
Where men, and not their semblance, moved together stern and bold;  
Where earth and air were glowing in the tropic heat and light,  
And the natives were as awe-struck when we burst upon their sight.

And great ships lay in the offing, like huge creatures on the brine,  
And the surf-boats crowded with the troops, in long and measured line:  
They start together; in each prow a soldier ready stands,  
With his foot upon the gunwale and a banner in his hands:

A banner furled! Ah! who shall land the foremost on the shore,  
And wave the stars and stripes? They strive, they strain upon the oar;  
No sound is heard amid the host but the plashing of the blade,  
And the faintly-rippling waters, where the eastern breeze has strayed.

Hurrah! the first keel grates! Hurrah! he leaps into the sea,  
And with a thrilling shout unfurls the banner of the free!  
Hark! the shrouds of every vessel, manned with sailors many a score,  
Send back in triple force the shouts that echo from the shore.

Brief space to tell you how the foe our greetings did refuse;  
How we shut the brave hidalgos up in high-walled Vera Cruz;  
And built an outer wall beside of men and fire and brass,  
Enclosing every avenue and sealing every pass.

From north to west, a living arc, we span their towering pride  
 From gulf to where again the gulf sends up his rushing tide:  
 While to the south we planted firm our batteries fierce and grim —  
 The bull-dogs of the trenches set to tear them limb from limb.

But ere the bloody sport began, our high-souled hero spake  
 To the city and the garrison: 'For holy Pity's sake  
 Send out your women and your babes, that when this fight begin,  
 We may be *men to men* opposed, true manly fame to win.'

'Not so,' the dastards said: 'not so; we will defend them here:'  
 But they kept them as a good excuse for after craven fear.  
 'Then God defend them well!' said Scott, 't is He alone who can;'  
 He waved his hand for signal, and the batteries began.

*Ay!* to hear the bomb-shells bursting through the houses of the town,  
 Through the *azotea*\* tearing, through the *entresuelo*† down,  
 To where upon the lower floors sit mothers pale with fright —  
 Mothers and clinging children seeking shelter from the fight!

Listen! as their thunder echoes to the trenches! With it comes  
 Woman's shrieks and infants' screams amid the stirring roll of drums;  
 Ah, as many a fierce besieger hears the melancholy note,  
 He thinks of his own wife and babes, and his heart is in his throat.

And now Moriscan towers, brightly gleaming in the sun,  
 And domes of pictured porcelain, right fair to look upon,  
 Are losing half their beauty as these thunderbolts of war  
 Burst o'er the spires and downward spread the desolation far:

When lo! a signal-voice is heard passing from man to man:  
 'Cease firing! cease firing!' 't was thus the burden ran;  
 And from the 'Gate of Mercy' a large white flag is seen,  
 Borne by a horseman pricking fast o'er the broad plain between.

'Hurrah! the place surrenders!' the far-famed fort is ours,  
 And prostrate at our very knees the foe in terror cowers!  
 '*Ay, señor!*' he craves our pity: '*Ay, señor!*' presents the keys.  
 '*Ay, senores!*' 'Give us quarter, if your noblenesses please!'

Ah! I would you had been there to see a goodly sight that morn,  
 How with trumpets, and with beating drums, and standards high up-borne,  
 We marched into their strong-hold, and, 'mid dallying airs of spring,  
 Wide o'er their lofty palace-roof the stars and stripes did fling.

No smiles were on *their* faces as they wandered forth, I ween;  
 No sorrow sat on *ours*: only smiling eyes were seen,  
 Until the women passed along, and children pale and sad —  
 Then the Saxon shout grew silent, then no longer were we glad.

God keep the poor unsheltered ones! God guard their grievous lot!  
 God bless our army and its chief; ay, God bless General Scott!  
 Rest we not long to rust our blades, or check our war-blood's flow,  
 But onward still and upward to the walls of Mexico!

\* THE flat roof arranged as a promenading-place in the evenings.

† French, *entresol*.



## THE GYPSIES OF ART.

TRANSLATED FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER FROM HENRY MURGER'S 'SCENES DE LA BOHEME.'

BY CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

## CHAPTER TWO.

## A GOOD ANGEL.

SCHAUNARD and Marcel, who had been grinding away valiantly a whole morning, suddenly struck work.

'Thunder and lightning! it's hungry!' cried Schaunard. And he added carelessly, 'Do we breakfast to-day?'

Marcel appeared much astonished at this very inopportune question.

'How long has it been the fashion to dine two days running?' he asked. 'And yesterday was Thursday.' He finished his reply by tracing with his rest-stick the ecclesiastical ordinance:

'On Friday eat no meat,  
Nor aught resembling it.'

Schaunard, finding no answer, returned to his picture, which represented a plain inhabited by a red tree and a blue tree shaking branches; an evident allusion to the sweets of friendship, which had a very philosophical effect. At this moment the porter knocked; he had brought a letter for Marcel.

'Three sous,' said he.

'You are sure?' replied the artist. 'Very well, you can owe it to us.'

He shut the door in the man's face, and opened the letter. At the first line, he began to vault round the room like a rope-dancer, and thundered out, at the top of his voice, this romantic ditty, which indicated with him the highest pitch of ecstasy:

'THERE were four juveniles in our street;  
They fell so sick they could not eat;  
They carried them to the hospital —  
Tal! tal!! tal!!! tal!!!!'

'O yes!' said Schaunard, taking him up:

'THEY put all four into one big bed,  
Two at the feet and two at the head.'

'Think I do n't know it?' continued Marcel.

'THERE came a Sister of Charity —  
Ty! ty! tee!! tee!'

'If you do n't hush,' said Schaunard, who suspected signs of mental alienation, 'I'll play the *allegro* of my symphony on *the Influence of Blue in the Arts*.' So saying, he approached the piano.

This menace had the effect of a drop of cold water in a boiling fluid. Marcel grew calm as if by magic. 'Look there!' said he, passing the

letter to his friend. It was an invitation to dine with a deputy, an enlightened patron of the arts in general and Marcel in particular, since the latter had taken the portrait of his country-house.

‘For to-day,’ sighed Schaunard. ‘Unluckily the ticket is not good for two. But stay! Now I think of it, your deputy is of the government party; you cannot, you must not accept. Your principles will not permit you to partake of the bread which has been watered by the tears of the people.’

‘Bah!’ replied Marcel, ‘my deputy is extreme radical; he voted against the government the other day. Beside, he is going to get me an order, and he has promised to introduce me in society. Moreover, this may be Friday as much as it likes; I am as famished as Ugolino, and I mean to dine to-day. There, now!’

‘There are other difficulties,’ continued Schaunard, who could not help being a little jealous of the good-fortune that had fallen to his friend’s lot. ‘You can’t dine out in a red flannel shirt and slippers.’

‘I shall borrow clothes of Rodolphe or Colline.’

‘Infatuated youth! do you forget that this is the twentieth, and at this time of the month their wardrobe is up to the very top of the spout?’

‘Between now and five o’clock I shall find a dress-coat.’

‘I took three weeks for one when I went to my cousin’s wedding, and that was in January.’

‘Well, then, I shall go,’ said Marcel, with a theatrical stride. ‘It shall never be said that a miserable question of etiquette hindered me from making my first step in society.’

‘Without boots,’ suggested his friend.

Marcel rushed out in a state of agitation impossible to describe. At the end of two hours he returned, loaded with a false collar.

‘Hardly worth while to run so far for that,’ said Schaunard. ‘There was paper enough here to make a dozen.’

‘But,’ cried Marcel, tearing his hair, ‘we *must* have some things — confound it!’ And he commenced a thorough investigation of every corner of the two rooms. After an hour’s search, he realized a costume thus composed:

A pair of plaid trowsers, a gray hat, a red cravat, a blue waist-coat, two boots, one black glove, and one glove that *had been* white.

‘That will make two black gloves on a pinch,’ said Schaunard. ‘You are going to look like the solar spectrum in that dress. To be sure, a colorist such as you are —’

Marcel was trying the boots. Alas! they were both for the same foot! The artist, in despair, perceived an old boot in a corner which had served as the receptacle of their empty bladders. He seized upon it.

‘From Garrick to Syllable,’\* said his jesting comrade; ‘one square-toed and the other round.’

‘I am going to varnish them, and it won’t show.’

‘A good idea! Now you only want the dress-coat.’

‘Oh!’ cried Marcel, biting his fists:

‘To have one would I give ten years of life,  
And this right hand, I tell thee.’

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\* SLANG for SYLLA and CHARYBDIS.

They heard another knock at the door. Marcel opened.

'Mr. Schaunard?' inquired a stranger, stepping on the threshold.

'At your service,' replied the painter, inviting him in.

The stranger had one of those honest faces which typify the provincial.

'Sir,' said he, 'my cousin has often spoken to me of your talent for portrait-painting, and being on the point of making a voyage to the colonies, whither I am deputed by the refiners of the city of Nantes, I wish to leave my family something to remember me by. That is why I am come to see you.'

'Holy PROVIDENCE!' ejaculated Schaunard. 'Marcel, a seat for Mr. \_\_\_\_\_'

'Blancheron,' said the new-comer; 'Blancheron of Nantes, delegate of the sugar-interest, Ex-Mayor, Captain of the National Guard, and author of a pamphlet on the sugar-question.'

'I am highly honored at having been chosen by you,' said the artist, with a low reverence to the delegate of the refiners. 'How do you wish your portrait taken?'

'In miniature,' replied Blancheron, 'like that;' and he pointed to a portrait in oil; for the delegate was one of that class with whom every thing smaller than the side of a house is *miniature*. Schaunard had the measure of his man immediately, especially when the other added that he wished to be painted with the best colors.

'I never use any other,' said the artist. 'How large do you wish it to be?'

'About so big,' answered the other, pointing to a canvas nearly twenty feet square. How much will it be? .

'Sixty francs with the hands, fifty without.'

'The deuce it will! My cousin talked of thirty francs.'

'It depends on the season. Colors are much dearer at some times of the year than at others.'

'Bless me! it's just like sugar!'

'Precisely.'

'Fifty francs then be it.'

'You are wrong there; for ten francs more you will have your hands, and I will put in them your pamphlet on the sugar-question, which will have a very good effect.'

'By Jove, you are right!'

'Thunder and lightning!' said Schaunard to himself, 'if he goes on so, I shall burst, and hurt myself with one of my pieces.'

'Did you see?' whispered Marcel.

'What?'

'He has a black coat.'

'I take. Let me manage.'

'Well,' quoth the delegate, 'when do we begin? There is no time to lose, for I sail soon.'

'I have to take a little trip myself day after to-morrow: so, if you please, we will begin at once. One good sitting will help us along some way.'

'But it will soon be night, and you can't paint by candle-light.'

‘My room is arranged so that we can work at all hours in it. If you will take off your coat, and put yourself in position, we will go on.’

‘Take off my coat! What for?’

‘You told me that you intended this portrait for your family.’

‘Certainly.’

‘Well, then, you ought to be represented in your at-home dress — in your dressing-gown. It is the custom to be so.’

‘But I have n’t any dressing-gown here.’

‘But I have. The case is provided for,’ quoth Schaunard, presenting to his sitter a very ragged garment, so ornamented with paint-marks that the honest provincial hesitated about getting into it.

‘Very odd dress,’ said he.

‘And very valuable. A Turkish vizier gave it to Horace Vernet, and he gave it to me when he had done with it. I am a pupil of his.’

‘Are you a pupil of Vernet’s?’

‘I am proud to be,’ said the artist. ‘Wretch that I am!’ he muttered to himself, ‘I deny my gods and masters!’

‘You have reason to be, my young friend,’ replied the delegate, donning the dressing-gown with the illustrious origin.

‘Hang up Mr. Blancheron’s coat in the wardrobe,’ said Schaunard to his friend, with a significant wink.

‘Ain’t he too good!’ whispered Marcel as he pounced on his prey, and nodded toward the Blancheron. ‘If you could only keep a piece of him!’

‘I’ll try; but do you dress yourself, and cut. Come back by ten; I will keep him till then. Above all, bring me something in your pocket.’

‘I’ll bring you a pine-apple,’ said Marcel as he evaporated.

Schaunard set himself to work. When it was fairly night, Mr. Blancheron heard the clock strike six, and remembered that he had not dined. He informed Schaunard of the fact.

‘I am in the same position,’ said the other; ‘but to oblige you, I will go without to-day, though I had an invitation in the Faubourg St. Germain. But we can’t break off now; it might spoil the resemblance.’ And he painted away harder than ever. ‘By the way,’ said he, suddenly, ‘we can dine without breaking off. There is a capital eating-house down-stairs, which will send us up any thing we like.’ And Schaunard awaited the effect of his trial of plurals.

‘I accept your idea,’ said Blancheron; ‘and in return, I hope you will do me the honor of keeping me company at table.’

Schaunard bowed. ‘Really,’ said he to himself, ‘this is a fine fellow — a very god-send. ‘Will you order the dinner?’ he asked his Amphitryon.

‘You will oblige me by taking that trouble,’ replied the other, politely.

‘So much the worse for you, my boy,’ said the painter as he pitched down the stairs, four steps at a time. Marching up to the counter, he wrote out a bill of fare that made the Vatel of the establishment turn pale.

‘Claret! who’s to pay for it?’

‘Probably not I,’ said Schaunard, ‘but an uncle of mine that you will find up there, a very good judge. So, do your best, and let us have dinner in half an hour, and on porcelain.’

At eight o'clock, Mr. Blancheron felt the necessity of pouring into a friend's ear his ideas on the sugar-question, and accordingly recited his pamphlet to Schaunard, who accompanied him on the piano.

At ten, they danced the *galop* together.

At eleven, they swore never to separate, and to make Wills in each other's favor.

At twelve, Marcel returned, and found them locked in a mutual embrace, and dissolved in tears. The floor was half an inch deep in fluid—either from that cause or the liquor that had been spilt. He stumbled against the table, and remarked the splendid relics of the sumptuous feast. He tried the bottles; they were utterly empty. He attempted to rouse Schaunard; but the latter menaced him with speedy death, if he tore him from his friend Blancheron, of whom he was making a pillow.

'Ungrateful wretch!' said Marcel, taking out of his pocket a handful of nuts; 'when I had brought him some dinner!'

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## S I L E N T   L O V E .

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TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GRIBEL.

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### I.

Thou askest me, my fair-haired love,  
Wherefore my lips are still,  
While love within me dwelling,  
Familiar dwelling,  
My heart doth fill.

### II.

Do then the flames go singing  
Their heaven-aspiring will!  
They send their sparks up high and red—  
So high, so red,  
And yet so still.

### III.

The rose, too, naught can utter  
When blooming into light;  
She glows, and breathes her fragrance forth,  
Voiceless forth  
Upon the night.

### IV.

So, too, my rapture uses,  
Since thou my love hast crowned;  
It glows and blooms within my soul,  
Deep in my soul,  
But makes no sound.

## A W A Y W I T H G L O O M .

BY JOHN FROMAN.

I.

SPURN the lines which sorrow traces :  
Laugh the ills of life away.  
They who wear the gladdest faces  
Always live the longest day.

II.

Why complain, though fortune press thee ?  
Why repine at lowly birth,  
While contentment still may bless thee  
With the joys of pealing mirth ?

III.

Art thou rich in pounds and rubles ?  
Dost thou sleep on beds of down ?  
Laugh to see how vain the baubles  
Which deceive the gaping clown.

IV.

What though now thy years are many,  
And thy locks are turning gray ;  
Hast thou not a hope of any  
Joy beyond thy mortal day ?

V.

Thou hast dreamed perhaps of glory ;  
Fate has held thee under ban ;  
Still unknown to song or story  
Thou canst be a merry man.

VI.

Toil not after gilded sadness ;  
Let not woe thy soul entice ;  
For the earth is full of gladness  
Offered thee without a price.

VII.

Dost thou speak of cares and troubles ?  
Cares and troubles, what are they ?  
Nothing more than floating bubbles,  
Which a laugh may drive away.

VIII.

Laugh, and charm the Fates to listen ;  
Hoot all gloomy fancies down ;  
Thus shall TIME forget to hasten,  
And e'en DEATH relax his frown.

## L I N E S   O N   A   R U R A L   S P R I N G .

FROM THE GERMAN OF HOMER.

Flows this little spring for ever,  
 Yet its waters murmur never.  
 Come, traveller, rest thee here with me:  
 Come, and from this spring, for ever  
 Flowing on, yet murmuring never,  
 Learn to do good silently.

IOTA.

## T H E   C O U N T R Y   D O C T O R .

A F A I T H F U L   A U T O B I O G R A P H Y :   R E N E W E D   B Y   R E Q U E S T .

BY GLAUBER SAULTZ, M. D.

ALMOST every town in the country has its Guinea, or Black settlement, where population thrives, and ivory is plenty as on the Gold Coast. Ethiopia every where has her distinct and separate quarters, (like the despised remnant of the Jews,) generally in the woods or among the bogs, or in some remote, suburban part of the villages, to the leeward of Caucasian civilization. There will be found an irregular group of hovels builded in the peculiar tottling style of African architecture, somewhat in advance of the shanty, composed as if of the remnants of old kitchens, and distinguished by outside stairways not very firmly constructed, in front of which, basking in the sun, or arranging clam-shells in the hot sand, or circumvallations of little round cobble-stones, or making bricks like the ancient Egyptians without straw, or creeping, crawling, rolling over each other with animal agility, will be seen a number of little woolly-heads, as round as pumpkins, as fat as butter, and whom it is impossible to look at without a smile. That there is little distress or starvation among this people appears a wonder, considering the idle lives which many of them lead, and the amount of poisoned alcohol which they drink. Yet I have seldom known them to be reduced to those straits to which white people are often brought. The oleaginous flesh makes readily on their bones, from the plump, globular infant which draws the white stream from the jet-black breast of its mother, to the big muscular adult, from the pores of whose skin 'rivers of water' flow down in the hay-field when the harvest is fresh-mown. The latter will fling himself into the middle of a hay-loft in the month of July or August, beneath the almost burning roof, sleep and perspire by the hour, and tell you that he enjoys it very much. 'How the horses like the hay afterward I have not asked, as they are somewhat particular as to what



they eat or drink, but the descendant of the Kings of Dahomey is not debilitated by the process. He leaps up refreshed, goes forth again to his labors under the sun, leads an irresponsible life, has a merry heart, a good set of teeth which masticate well, and has children with a rabbit-like velocity.

As there is little positive want, so there is proportionately not a great deal of sickness among them. A large portion of what there has been in my vicinity has fallen to my share, I having early possessed their affection, and they have also placed the strongest reliance on my professional ability. My African practice, should I have the ability or good-luck to narrate it well, would form the most amusing part of my memoirs.

Some of the oldest blacks whom I know are distinguished among people of their own color as 'Guinea Niggers.' They have been originally brought from the coast of Africa in a slave-ship, and their faces are seamed and scarred with those unsightly marks which are either peculiar to the native breeds, or which result from branding them with a hot iron. But among the whole race certain popular superstitions, brought with them from the Fatherland, are handed down and still firmly believed. I have never been called to visit a sick black who had not a suspicion of being 'pisoned.' There are certain of them who have the power by charm, or incantation, or by an evil eye, or secret ministering of venom, known to them alone, to infect those against whom they may entertain a grudge. They have no power, however, over those not of the same color as themselves. If they are jet-black, for instance, they cannot 'pison' a yellow person with their looks, and their charms are only effectual against a negro black as the ace of spades. Such is the curious tradition which they hold, and I have witnessed numerous illustrations of this belief. I was called upon to visit Cuffy Jones, who swelled up like a toad, and I accordingly 'doctored' him for dropsy. My medicines did not produce the desired effect, and Cuff from time to time responded to my inquiry as to the state of his health :

'Dono, Massa Doctor : do n't seem to get no better.'

One day, while seated in his hovel, a fat woman of his own color came in, and the moment that she had inspected Mr. Jones, formed a diagnosis of his complaint very different from mine, and pronounced him to be 'pisoned.'

'Pisoned ?' said I : 'what makes you think so, Dinah ?'

'Oh !' said she, shaking her head in a knowing manner, 'I know what I *know* ! White doctor-stuff won't cure him. Some body has put somethin' or oder in his way ; some nigga, Massa Docka. You cure white folk, Massa ; Cuffy's pisoned.'

'Poh ! poh ! he's not pisoned. He has the dropsy, Dinah. You go home and mind your business. I'll do what is right in his case ; and if he takes the prescriptions, in course of time he'll get well.'

Just then a tapping at the door was heard, and a young colored woman named Viney appeared, to inquire about the sick man.

'That's the hussy !' exclaimed the other, rising suddenly and slamming the door in her face. I found that little was to be gained by combatting his opinion.

Dinah advised to call in a distinguished colored physician, known as Doctor Troy Ranters, who resided in an Ethiopian settlement called 'The Alley,' very remarkable for his knowledge of roots, and who went about the country on his professional visits in a cart propelled by a cow. His cow was a kind creature in harness, as good as an ox, better than an ass, and only inferior to an ill-used horse. She ploughed his one-acre lot where Dr. Troja planted his herbs, yielded milk for his family, beside carrying him about in the cart. He had a mild and pleasant expression of countenance, with a spice of wisdom in it, like Plato; looked like a Methodist minister of color, and was of the age of eighty, or a little over. His white and black practice in his immediate neighborhood was good, though scarce equal to his support, but the deficiency was made up by the filial affection of his able-bodied sons, of whom fifteen were living, and quite a number were deceased. His daughters, also, were well married, several of them to the most respectable boot-blacks in New-York.

One day I met the doctor at Mr. Jones's habitation, although not by appointment, or in consultation. The moment that he looked at the patient, he shook his head as if foul play had been employed, and at the same time the sorceress Viney came in to inquire how Cuffy did. Cuffy trembled from head to foot like an aspen leaf, almost with the violence of a fit, and not until she had retired could his nerves be appeased. Every time that this creature poked her head in at the door, it appeared, on inquiry, that the patient quaked in like manner.

'She come to de house of'n?' inquired the doctor

'Yes, Sir, very often,' replied the attendant; 'she come ebery day to ask how he do.'

'She stay long?' proceeded the doctor.

'Sometime only a minute—then she stay longer.'

'She look at him right in de eye?'

'Yes, right in de eye.'

'Den he shake?'

'Oh, massy Docka, you tink de house come down; he shake so you can't hold him, and de sweat run off his face. Yesterday, when Viney come in, we tink he die.'

'De case is very clear. Put out your tongue, you please.'

Cuffy Jones obeyed, stuck out his tongue, and Doctor Ranters said his system was badly poisoned.

He then sat contemplative for a few moments, leaning like a patriarch upon his staff, when he gave the following sage advice:

'1. That Viney should no longer be permitted to approach the house, she being the cause of the patient's sickness.

'2. That Cuffy Jones should drink a decoction of roots which he prescribed, and which he proceeded to take out of a small bag.

'3. That if on the following day they would lift up a large stone before the door of the house, they would find a decayed onion, by stepping over which the infection had been produced. Let them take the onion with a pair of tongs and place it in the fire.'

If this were done, he held out a reasonable hope that the patient would recover. Having first prayed with him, and commended him to the LORD

he then took his hat, cast a look of benignity upon him enough to reassure him, and amidst protestations of gratitude from the whole household, and exclamations, 'Come again, Doctor! come soon! De Lord bless you!' mounted his cart and drove his cow home to the Alley.

I afterward learned, that when the stone was removed, sure enough, there lay a decayed onion, which, the moment that it was put upon the coals, exploded instantly like a cannon. The patient soon after that began to mend, the swelling in his limbs went down, and he ultimately recovered. Viney became infected with her own venom, and could not be cured. As to myself, I lost caste among the Joneses by my want of success, while Doctor Ranters was established as the family-physician. White art avails little in such cases against black charms and incantations. I was once called to see a gemman who became sick because the Devil had stolen his fiddle, and I was unable to prescribe for the restoration of the instrument. It is supposed that some are gifted with the power to make others of *exactly of the same shade of complexion* instantly fall down, although at a distance, as if in a fit. These superstitions remind one of similar ones among the tribes of American Indians. The renowned surgeon, Doctor V——b, of New-York, who is as cool in distressing emergencies as an icicle at the North Pole, and who can whip off a leg or an arm as quickly as you can say Jack Robinson, narrated to me that, being on the medical staff at the time when Uncle Samuel waged war against Osceola and the Seminole Indians, in a territory where Billy Bowlegs is now seated upon the throne, he received a message from General Wild Cat, who was held in durance, to come and visit him. Wild Cat, who was very much under the weather, had heard of the great 'Medicine-Man,' and had conceived the idea that he could give him some relief. The ship lay at St. Augustine, and to satisfy the request of the invalid, the Doctor was dispatched, under escort, some ten or fifteen miles into the country. The chief was an old man, and sat smoking a pipe with stoical indifference. He informed the medicine-man that he was suffering under a spell; and having heard much of his fame, which had gone abroad through the Indian country, he had sent for him to remove the spell. The Doctor replied, that he thought that he could cure him, but one great difficulty lay in the way which must first be removed. For as long as those chains were on his legs and he remained a prisoner, the medicines could not take any effect. With the reasonableness and good sense of this, Wild Cat appeared to be perfectly satisfied, and formed a high opinion of the ability of the great 'Medicine-Man.'

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T H E D E A D .

THE dead alone are blest  
While they are here, clouds mar the day,  
And bitter snow-falls nip their May:  
But when their tempest-time is done,  
The light and heat of Heaven's own Sun  
Broods on their land of rest.

## M Y H O M E .

DEAR home of mine, my tranquil nest,  
O'ershadowed by the wing of love,  
Where youthful hearts found quiet rest,  
And peace came like a brooding dove.

Dear were your pleasant rooms to me,  
With ceilings high and full of light,  
When first, in days of careless glee,  
I entered here, in bridal white.

Dear were your windows, opening wide,  
With glorious view of stream and hill;  
Dear the bright hearth at eventide,  
With one beside me dearer still.

For then a boy, with eyes of blue,  
Crept to his father's willing knee;  
And one with eyes of darker hue,  
Weary with playing, slept with me.

It seemed that grief had passed us by,  
So smoothly floated we along;  
Scarce had we cause to heave a sigh,  
And home was full of joy and song.

But ah! our cup of woe was filled,  
Filled to the brim, in one short day:  
The little forms we loved were stilled,  
The childish spirits borne away.

Death came, a dark and fearful guest,  
And said, 'The FATHER needeth these!'  
Then clasped them to his chilling breast,  
And hushed them in eternal peace.

With silent lips, we laid them down  
In one deep grave, with tearless eyes,  
Believing each would wear a crown  
And strike a harp in Paradise.

And dearer now each pleasant room,  
Since Sorrow sits with Memory here,  
Where flowers, in spring-time's early bloom,  
Heavy with fragrance, strewed their bier:

And where the silent echoes sleep  
Of voices like a silver-lute;  
And where we sometimes wildly weep,  
To think they are for ever mute:

And where we waited long in vain,  
 In spite of knowledge, when the door,  
 Slow opening, gave us ne'er again  
 The sound of foot-steps on the floor:

And where we sit beside the glow  
 Of evening fire, subdued and still,  
 And hear the drifting of the snow  
 That shrouds their grave upon the hill.

*Newburgh, January 19th, 1853.*

M R M.

## THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

BY CLAUDE MACRO.

I.

### THE LITTLE GIRL'S DREAM.

'WITH that, her head sunk down upon her breast ;  
 Her cheek changed earth, her senses slept in rest.'

THE bed of the little sick girl had been placed so that she might look out upon the flower-garden close by the house, and the green fields just beyond, the stream flowing through them, and farther on, the high hills which enclosed the pleasant valley.

It was the opening of a beautiful May morning, and the rays of the sun lit up the hills, warmed the new and tender grass, glanced on the brook, played among the flowers, and shone on the floor of the little girl's sick-room.

The robins were singing their mournful song, and the blue-birds answered with their soft and plaintive note, while (it was not strange, for it was spring) the sparrow carolled forth his merry roundelay.

There was a stand close by the bed, whereon, among the medicines, a lamp was burning. The mother of the invalid, watching over her child through the long, dark hours, had forgotten to extinguish it with the day-light. She was sitting at the bed-side of the emaciated sufferer, who from a night of burning pain had fallen into a tranquil morning slumber.

The mother had noticed how quiet she lay. There was no tossing to and fro ; no restless movement as the wasting fever consumed the life-blood ; and she noticed, too, a smile playing over the loved features of her little one. Soon it passed away, and then a look (not such an one as anguish and distress unwillingly wring from the wretched) of sorrow mantled the face. The mother asked of herself what this might mean. Alas ! it was but a few days past six years since she first felt the short, faint breath of her darling upon her bosom, and now her daughter was as feeble as then.

The child awoke suddenly, and looked around as if lost in amazement.

‘What’s the matter, Mary?’ — that was the little girl’s name.

‘Nothing, Mother; I feel better,’ said the sick one. Then she turned her eyes to the window, and gazed first upon the flowers, then on the fields, and the stream flowing through them, then on the distant hills; finally she fixed her steadfast look upon the skies.

At length she turned to her mother and asked:

‘What makes the birds sing?’

‘Because they are happy, dear!’

‘Are birds ever sick?’

‘Sometimes, Mary.’

‘Yes, Mother, but they don’t sing when they’re sick, do they?’

‘No, my dear.’

‘It’s because they’re not happy, isn’t it?’

‘I think so, Mary.’

The little girl was silent, and looked out of the window again very earnestly.

‘Mother, is not this a beautiful world?’

‘Very beautiful, Mary. Why?’ and the tears starting from her eyes, the mother turned her head so that her daughter might not see them. ‘Why, my dear?’ but the little girl was thinking of something beside the answer, and it was not till again inquired of, ‘Why do you ask that question?’ that she said:

‘But there is a world a good deal more beautiful than this!’ There was no reply. The tears ran fast down the mother’s cheek.

‘Yes, mother, you used to tell me so, and that good people went there when they died. Little girls die sometimes, don’t they? Say, mother, don’t little girls die sometimes?’

‘Mary! Mary!’

‘Little boys do. You told me that when Willie died, he went to that happy land where the dead and gone become angels. Did you ever see an angel? Mother, the lamp’s burning on the stand! Don’t cry, mother; I want to tell you a sweet, sweet dream I had while asleep. I have felt better ever since.’

‘Don’t talk any more, Mary, it hurts you,’ answered the listener. ‘There, don’t try to get up again.’ And she smoothed down a cool pillow which she had laid under the fevered head of the sick child.

The little girl laid quite still.

In a few moments she raised her head, and asked, ‘Mother, what makes children sick?’

The parent thought a short time for an answer. What reply could she give? And she simply said, ‘Don’t talk, Mary.’

The little girl laid quite still.

And the robins out of the window kept singing their mournful song, and the blue-birds answered with their soft and plaintive note, while (it was not strange, for it was spring) the sparrow carolled forth his merry roundelay.

The mother watched her child.

The long square of the window grew shorter and shorter on the floor, as the sun rose higher and higher.

The mother watched her child.

The sufferer moved ; still it was no pang that caused the motion ; for her face was as calm and placid as the morning out of doors.

The mother watched her child.

Oh ! the intensity of deep, abiding, parental love !

The little sick girl raised her head and asked : ' Won't you let me speak now ? '

There was something in the tone of that request which fell mournfully upon that mother's heart with a cadence taking no denial. And as she sat by the side of that wan, weak creature, whose accustomed voice sounded so strangely in her ears, she looked from the bed through the window. She saw the flowers, bright in the morning sun. She saw the green fields joyous in the verdure of spring, the silver waters dancing through them. She saw the hills glorious in their pride and strength.

She did not smile.

Then she thought how the frosts would descend, the winter come, and desolation despoil them all. At last she looked upon the sky, serene in its eternal blue, and thought how far surpassing the changing frailties of this earth is the stability of those things above.

Perhaps she smiled.

She looked at the hills again, the fields, the flowers, and thought how the spring would return, the hills exult, the fields rejoice, and the flowers bloom again.

She *did* smile.

Then she turned to her child. There had been no answer to the request. She looked at the little sick girl again, but she did not see her ; for the hot, round tears stood in her eyes, and she could not see.

' Mother, won't you let me speak now ? ' said the invalid.

Of the twain, whose mind wondered that there was no reply ?

' What a beautiful garden I was in ! There were no weeds in it. It looked some like ours — as ours did last spring, I mean. Such lovely flowers ! There were great wide fields beyond. I walked alone in the garden, and when I picked a flower, it did not fade, and another came in its place. I wish ours were so ! Such a delightful day ! and there was no sun. Away off, something shone like a thousand church-spires all gold, in a bright Sunday morning. So I went along till I came to a river. A great many people were drinking from it, and so I stooped and drank. When they saw me do so, some of them came across, and led me over on the water, calling me Sister Mary. I wonder how they knew my name, and what made them call me sister ! They said so many pleasant and kind things, that I loved them all. What makes us love, Mother ? Then a little boy came to me. His eye was just like yours, Mother ; and he put his arms around and kissed me. He said his name was Willie. Then we walked along through the great white fields together, and he wove a crown of flowers, and put it on my head. And he sung a beautiful song, which he learned me. I can't sing it now, but in a few days, when I get stronger, I will. By-and-by we came to a great many large houses, and we went along till we came to one grander and higher than all the others. A great many people — they were all



dressed in white — were going in and coming out, singing the same tune Willie taught me. When we came in — O mother!

And brother asked if we might go and see you. So we wished ourselves in the garden, and there we were. We found you in the window, looking out. You did not see us, as we stood right by you — it was so strange! You seemed so sad and lonely. My bed was pushed back into the corner, all nicely made up, and my dresses were hanging against the wall, and you were all alone — so lonely! Sometimes you would look at the dresses on the wall, then at the bed, and then into the garden. What made you look so lonesome? And you said, 'Mary! Mary!' I was going to speak —

'Mother, the lamp is going out' —

## II.

### THE FUNERAL.

'How like a silent stream shaded with night,  
And gliding softly,  
Moves the whole frame of this solemnity!'

Two dark days, and two long, lonesome nights to the mother had passed away, though the spring, smiling through woodland and field, tripped to the song of the merry birds, in the soft sunshine of the flowering month, or in the moon-light whispered the story of her birth to the trembling leaves.

Two dark days, and two long, lonesome nights to the mother had passed away; though her daughter, sweeping the harp of praise to infant songs of eternal joy, knew not the flight of time.

Two dark days, and two long, lonesome nights to the mother had passed away; and yet a day, darker than those two long, lonesome nights, was breaking o'er the world.

And it was Sunday. She had not slept that night; so when the early morning forbade the stars to shine, the mother arose from her tearless couch, tearless! She *had* wept even as a mother *may* weep, till the dry eyes told the intensity of her grief, and now the silent woe looked out from her heart.

As she entered the room, two watcher-maidens on tip-toe went out, leaving her alone — not all alone. There was a bed pushed back into the corner, all nicely made up. She gazed upon it for a moment. Then her eyes rested upon some little dresses hanging against the wall. Finally, she looked toward the window, and exclaimed, 'Mary! Mary!' She did not look out, for the blinds were closed, and full across the window, but below it resting, the proportions of a coffin were revealed through the black drapery of a pall. The mother approached, stood by it a moment, another moment, another, and another.

The day had burst in music and in sunshine upon the pleasant valley, and the slanting rays of the great light played upon the blinds, and almost peered through the green slats.

At length the mother noticed this, and she reached over the coffin, pushed clear aside the half-drawn curtain — the window was up — threw wide open the shutters, and full in the room came the flood of sunlight and the balmy spring. She stood a moment looking out upon the landscape, and then stooping down, lifted the pall and raised the lid.

There was no agony in the countenance of her who slept within. Her slumber was very calm and tranquil.

Carefully knelt the mother by the side of her child, as if fearing to awaken her, and laid her hand upon the placid brow. How the cold touch thrilled through her veins! There was no fever; no, nor should there be! How pale the cheeks! Wrong never should set his blister there! And the white lips with soft words should never turn aside wrath nor reproach; nor kindly greet, nor soothe, nor teach!

How beautifully the maidens had smoothed the little girl to repose! Around her brow they had wreathed the sainted lily, and in her hands folded on her breast placed a half-budded rose.

There was something else there. A glory breathing around, speaking that silent language which the heart feels most, and lending the cold look of death the lineaments of an angel.

The mother knelt there, and watched that face. Why gazed she so long and earnestly upon it? She had beheld it for six anxious years; and there was not a line upon it she had not scanned a thousand times.

She bent over and imprinted a kiss upon those sealed lips; a long, long kiss; so long, it might be, she endeavored, like the seer of old, to breathe new life into the returning dust.

And the robins were singing their mournful song, and the blue-birds answered with their soft and plaintive note, while (it was not strange, for it was spring) the sparrow carolled forth his merry roundelay.

The opening of the door aroused her; and a lady, addressing her, closed the blinds, drew the curtain, covered the face of the sleeper, and led the mother out, leaving the room to darkness and the dead.

And as the shadows fell shorter on the lawn and under the trees, came the melody of the one bell of the village close by. At first its peal was one of sober joy, as if acclaiming the day of quiet hearts and holy rest. Then its tone changed to the measured toll of the knell.

Toll — toll — toll! — and there came a band of six little girls, dressed in white, with black ribbons around their gipsy-hats. They were the pall-bearers.

Toll — toll! — and there came the Sunday-school scholars, teachers, and the man of God.

Toll! — and the people all came, till the humble cottage was so full that numbers stood about the door unable to gain entrance.

How, as the solemn service was read, they all gazed upon the mother! How still they all sat! so quiet, that the rustling of the curtain to the gentle breeze was distinctly heard. The children looked so serious, the men solemn, and the women could scarce restrain their sorrow. Some could not, and unbidden tears started and rolled down their cheeks. The mother! You could not have told the mourner, except by the brightening of a sunken eye, as the consoling words of the 'CORINTHIANS' fell upon her ear, and sunk into her heart.

There was a stir in the room. The features of the cold, deep slumberer were revealed.

The children of the Sunday-school, hand in hand, came forward to take the last farewell of their play-mate and school-mate. The older ones gazed, wondered, and passed by. The younger, on tip-toe, looked, and lifted a curious eye; while the still smaller were held up in their teachers' arms, and little tears started, they knew not why.

Then the villagers in turn beheld the pallid face.

Last of all, the mother arose, went to the coffin, and knelt by the side of her departed girl. One long look of unutterable anguish; one heaving of the bosom; one tear; one subdued sigh, and she pressed the last imprint of earthly affection upon the frozen lips.

All was over. The lid was closed, never to be opened more.

There was a momentary hush. Then the six little pall-bearers approached, smoothed down the pall, and over the brow of their silent companion placed a chaplet of half-blossomed spring-flowers.

Again came the sound of the village-bell.

Toll — toll — toll! — and the mourner walked alone. They knew the multitude of her afflictions, and the depth of this her last sorrow. Therefore no one was by her side.

Slowly they went through the flower-garden close by the house, and the little children would now and then pluck a blooming pledge of the coming summer; along the road, through the green fields just beyond; over the stream flowing through them, to the foot of one of the high hills enclosing the pleasant valley.

There, from out the shrubbery, and between the trees, white stones were gleaming. The procession entered the grave-yard — there are those who call it *God's-acre* — and through the holy Sabbath air, with the song of birds mingling, swelled the words, 'Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live.'

Toward some fresh-turned turf, by the side of a double mound, marked by a stone with a double inscription, they wended, and there they set the coffin down.

The mother stood at the head of the grave; by the side the villagers assembled; and around the foot gathered the children of the Sunday-school.

There was a dull sound, and the ropes were withdrawn. As the rattle of a handful of earth was heard, and the man of God committed the body to the ground — 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust' — one of the smallest of the children threw the flower which he had plucked and preserved down upon the bosom of his school-sister; and the others in turn threw theirs, until with the bloom the coffin was almost hid.

Toll — toll! — and turning away, they retraced their steps back to the cottage, where, save some three kind female friends, they all departed to ponder on what had passed, and to form new resolutions of a better life.

Toll! — and the mother entered the house. The last silver cord of love which bound her to earth was loosed; and her affections, cleaving through the dim, murky atmosphere of this life, dwelt with her own dear ones in heaven.

## S P R I N G   A N D   D E A T H .

BY LILLY GRHAM.

I.

Thy step is on the hills,  
 Spring, the life-giver! Thrills  
 Old Earth's worn heart; leap the bright waters at thy breath  
 Through all her throbbing veins,  
 Yet still life fails and wanes —  
 How meet ye on the wakening hills, O Spring and Death

II.

Thy light is in the dell,  
 Spring, the awakener! Swell  
 Pale blossoms, flushed and trembling, but to know thee near;  
 Ah! powerless and weak,  
 Thou canst not flush the cheek  
 That lieth, wan and cold, upon its flower-strewn bier.

III.

Thou call'st thy birds again  
 Across the purple main —  
 In vain *our* yearning call upon the winds we fling;  
 The hearts once filled with song  
 Only sad echoes throng!  
 Why come not back *all* bright things with thy birds, O Spring!

IV.

Thou com'st! the swaying leaves  
 The silver willow weaves,  
 Like slender fingers, beckon to the shining waves;  
 Moveless the pale hands rest  
 Upon her quiet breast:  
 Thou reign'st not on the shore that Death's cold river laves.

V.

Thou liftest the veined lid  
 Of violets hushed and hid  
 In the green night of dusky dingles, blossom-starred:  
 But on *her* violet eyes  
 The veined lid folded lies:  
 Even to *thy* touch the land of Night and Death is barred.

VI.

The step is on the hills,  
 Spring, the life-giver! Thrills  
 Old Earth's worn heart; leap the bright waters at thy breath:  
 Yet Life still fails and wanes,  
 For here a mightier reigns.  
 Is there no shore whereon ye meet not, Spring and Death?

Albany, March 1st, 1853.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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**THE PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION:** Illustrations, by Pen and Pencil, of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics and Traditions of the War for Independence. By BENJAMIN J. LOSSING. In two volumes, Imperial Octavo: pp. 1456. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS truly magnificent and eminently national work is at last brought to completion, and lies before us in two superbly-bound volumes. We have, from time to time, as it appeared in consecutive parts, spoken of its faithfulness to historical facts, its comprehensiveness, clearness of arrangement, and the great number and excellence of its illustrative engravings; but now that we have it in its completed form, we are more than ever impressed with its many merits. The author's unwearied labors of four years have accomplished a result of which he may well be proud, and which will prove an enduring monument to his name. He has been completely successful in reproducing the history of the American Revolution in such an attractive manner as to entice the youth of his country, of both sexes, to read the wonderful story, study the philosophy of its teachings, and to become familiar with the founders of our Republic, and the value of their labors for their posterity. Nothing of interest appears to have been withheld. With patient diligence and discrimination, he examined localities, and studied traditions, records, and histories; and with equal discrimination and diligence he has arranged his material in a form and style which cannot fail to give delight to any reader, whether young or mature, a student or ripe scholar. Its graphic illustrations have not only a charm as embellishments, but a lasting and intrinsic value as delineations of fact. An analysis shows that these illustrations exhibit two hundred and forty-five portraits; four hundred and seventy-five autographs of eminent men; one hundred and eighty-two celebrated buildings; sixty-two maps and plans of battles, fortifications, etc.; forty-six views of battle-grounds; one hundred and two views of other historical localities; ninety-six sketches of curious historical objects; twenty-six fac-similes of manuscripts; twenty-seven medals, seals, etc.; forty-six views of fortifications; sketches of twelve remarkable trees, seventy-six monuments, twenty-four old churches, six statues, fifty-seven appropriate initial letters, and about a dozen miscellaneous fancy sketches. There are in all *eleven hundred engravings*, including *fifteen hundred distinct illustrations of objects* described in the text! Such a work, profusely illustrated by explanatory notes and supplementary *matériel*, and closing with a very elaborate 'Analytical and Chronological Index,' will find abundant

readers in libraries, public and private; will be used for constant reference in families; and employed as a reading-book in households and schools. We have only to add, that the publishers have emulated the author in the excellence which marks their efforts as 'ministers of the exterior.' Some idea of the liberality of their expenditures may be inferred from the fact, that the first edition cost upward of thirty thousand dollars!

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**HISTORY OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK.** By JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD. In one volume octavo: pp. 801. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE have long known that the author of this volume was engaged in the arrangement and preparation for the press of the abundant materials which for years he had been assiduously engaged in collecting; and much as we had expected at his hands, we are in no respect disappointed. His work has appeared, with such external attractions as its high character demanded, and we have read it through; with increased admiration, as we read, of the patient research, the artistic grouping of facts, the simplicity and force of the style, and last, (but by no means least, in estimating the merits of an historian,) the avoidance of unimportant and bare detail, which encumbers rather than enlightens. It was our purpose, in a review of this truly KNICKERBOCKER book, to have taken such elaborate notice of its contents, and to have presented such illustrative extracts, as would have done justice to so classical and every way admirable a production; and this, although out of our power 'at this present,' we shall endeavor to do hereafter. In the meantime we content ourselves (and ask our readers to consider it as our own deliberate judgment) with the subjoined estimate of the character of the volume, from the pen of one among the most competent and discriminating of all our metropolitan critics: 'We sincerely congratulate Mr. BRODHEAD on his brilliant commencement of a noble literary task. An enthusiastic lover of the history and institutions of his native State; inheriting by family descent a deep sympathy with the fortunes of the early colonists; familiar with the language and literature of Holland; and favored by official position with rare opportunities for thorough research; he has devoted years of studious diligence to the investigation of his subject, and now brings the first-fruits of his labors before the public. He has certainly accomplished this portion of his great work with eminent success. Completing it in the spirit shown in these pages, he will not fail to legitimate his claims to a distinguished rank among the historians of his country. He has already proved his title to the name of a writer of history, and not a mere compiler. The present volume contains abundant proof of the vigilance, acuteness, and lucid judgment with which its materials have been wrought. Rare and multifarious documents have been accurately consulted; conflicting masses of evidence adjusted with genuine historical tact; and the marrow of a frightful collection of Dutch antiquities retained in a vigorous and graceful narrative. Mr. BRODHEAD divides the history of New-York into four principal periods: the first, extending from the discovery of the country by the Dutch in 1609 to its seizure by the English in 1664, and embracing also the history of New-Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and, to some extent, that of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut: the second, from the ascendancy of the English in 1664 to the cession of Canada by France in 1763: the third, from the treaty of Paris in 1763 to the inauguration of Washington in 1789: and

the fourth, from the organization of the Federal Government to the present time. The volume now issued embraces the first of the periods, forming a complete work in itself; although, as modestly hinted by the author in his brief preface, but a 'partial execution of a purpose contemplated for many years.' Our author opens his volume with a rapid survey of the progress of discovery on the continent of America, and a description of the voyage of HUDSON, 'which resulted in disclosing to the world the virgin treasures of the land which has since expanded into the political, commercial and social greatness of our glorious 'Empire State.' ' The entire account of the great discoverer's approach to, and exploration of, the bay of New-York, and the Hudson, with its intermediary bays and seas, in the 'Half-Moon,' is full of romance, and but that it is veritable history, would be almost so considered. The early history of Manhattan, from its purchase while under the administration of PETER MINUIT, is most graphically described. The sketch given by the author of the 'Patroon' system, his picture of the character of the worthy Dutch fathers who founded the colony of New-Amsterdam, and his strictures on the current accounts of the settlement of New-England, are all matters which will enlist and reward the attention of the reader. Let us close this preliminary notice of this admirable history with a full endorsement of this well-deserved praise: 'The work is *edited* in the most admirable manner. Every thing is arranged in the most appropriate order for the convenience of the reader. The dates and topics are clearly given on the margin of the page, full references are made to authorities, and a complete table of contents and a copious index leave nothing to be desired for the facile comprehension of the narrative. A more truly scholar-like finish has seldom been given to an historical production.'

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REPORT OF A GEOLOGICAL SURVEY of Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota, and Incidentally of a Portion of Nebraska Territory. By DAVID DALE OWEN, United States' Geologist. In one volume, large Imperial Quarto: pp. 638. Philadelphia: LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO AND COMPANY.

WE are indebted to an esteemed friend, ably representing a Southern State in the Senate of our Republic, for this large, admirably-printed, and most profusely-illustrated volume, which has been prepared under instructions from the United States' Treasury Department. The country described in this Report, more or less carefully examined, and the features of which, geographically determined, are represented by colors, is the most extensive ever reported by any geologist or geological corps in this country. It includes four times as much territory as our own 'Empire State,' and is nearly three times as large as the whole island of Great Britain. The map has a length, from north to south, of upward of seven hundred and fifty miles, from St. Louis to the British line, and an extreme breadth of about three hundred and fifty miles, embracing the Mississippi and all its tributaries, from its source to its junction with the Missouri; the Missouri as high as Council Bluff; the Red River of the North, from its source to the northern boundary of the United States; together with the northern and southern shores of Lake Superior, from Fond du Lac north to the British dominions, and east to the Michigan line; the whole comprising an area of more than two hundred thousand square miles! The principal streams which water this vast district, ninety-one in all, were explored, and a great portion of them navigated from their mouth almost to their source in bark canoes. This superb volume is one of great interest to the general as well as the merely geological reader.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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*'Up the River, February, 1853.*

'THE weather has often (not always in our climate) a fixed character in the first winter months which can be depended on. At times, in January, you may sit before the open window to enjoy the balmy air, as if it were an arrearage of summer, a draft of July on January, (to make up for a cold north-east shivering storm out of place,) looking down in the court upon the blue flower of the myrtle, the blossoming stock-jelly, and the opening bosom of the damask-rose. Outside, against the wall, hangs the yellow canary, in the continual sun-shine of the morning, breaking forth in an ecstasy of song. The haze of Indian summer still lingers, and the weak-lunged patient stands placidly in the door-way and exchanges agreeable greetings with those who pass by, complimenting the weather. 'Fine day! fine day!' Oh! the delusive and bewildering *interregnum*! Bees creeping from their cells! birds chirping on the eaves! lilac-buds bursting! scent of flowers and balm of the garden stealing on the sense in many a reviving puff! in short, a mock summer. All this is for a day; but such a day! It makes you think of Italy. It is suggestive of a zephyr in a valley fanning an æolian harp-string; wild BOREAS, from his fastness in the mountain, frowning down with grim scorn, and a shepherd-boy on a rock, with palette on his arm, his head tilted a-one side, his tongue moderately out, a smile on his face, painting the picture. Behind the genius stands, in threatening attitude, the master of the farm, a lash uplifted above the urchin's flaunting plume, and with one arm stretched toward the sheep on the mountain-side, fleeing before the ravenous dogs like cloud-shadows over the plains. Then imagine all other accessories in a charming scene: brook winding through the meadows, farm-house, bridge, mill-flume, rocks, water-fall. Mix up the colors, give me the brush, and let me fling it against the canvas in despair. But this will lead me into the namby-pambies.

'I have received a handful of rose-buds on a Christmas-day from a 'faire ladye,' who plucked them out of her own pleasant garden. They had been once hooded with snow, but not rifled of their sweetness, only the edges of the leaves a little crisped, and you could see into their crimson hearts. This is an unanticipated favor: but when JANUARIUS begins to reign, expect steady weather. His temper

is even, his look almost uniformly acrimonious. This cold JUPITER sits among the Arctics, and blows flour out of his mouth, like the miller in the pantomime, making every thing white within reach. It is well to go forth to meet him armed *cap-à pie*, clambering the hill-side fortress and breasting all his volleys; but, for the most part, consider your house your castle, and your castle in a state of siege. Blaze away from within as he pelts from without; roar up the chimney in answer to his storming appeal and rattling hail; lock the doors, plaster the chinks, stop up the crannies, put the women and children in a safe place, feast away, and make the port-holes glare with livid flash:

• *'Large reponens lignum super foco.'*

'February is more fickle and discontented with his span of days, and with the tardy compromise of leap-year vents his ill-humor in all kinds of moods. Now he exceeds his predecessor in coldness of reception. Have on an extra coat, to be shielded from his inclemency, and he will compel you to pull off your flannel-jacket. Adapt yourself to this freak, and on the next day your animation flags, you retire to bed before dark, mixing up 'bolasses ad'n videgar' for a 'bad code id'n der 'ed.' And oh! how disagreeable is a 'code id de ed!' Cheeks hot, pulse leaping at the wrist, eyes as full of tears, which occasion no sympathy, as a crocodile's in the river Nile. 'Anne, bring a crash-towel and a pail of hot water, and put some ashes in it. Aigh! I'm scalded! Make some catnip-tea, or rather a whid'n'sky punch; I'm wretched. Good-dight!'

'But if the snow abounds, the plentiful peppering pellets do not so unpitifully pelt you as before, nor are its fine particles so often driven over the surface, forming drifts to skirt the edges of the high way, and leave the middle of the road bare. Neither does it squeak under the runner, nor crackle and *crunch* under the foot; but wherever you have planted the ferule of your cane, the little cistern is filled up with a reflection of the cerulean sky. Now it is fit to be formed into monuments, or to be hurled from the hand of sportive school-boy over the play-ground palisades. Now it is becoming to look out for your crown, or for your smarting ears, whether you are accompanied by the merry 'bells, bells, bells,' as EDGAR has it, or walk thoughtlessly beneath the eaves, from which descends the sliding avalanche. It is unpleasant to be dodging snow-balls. Unpleasant is the choral laugh which greets you from the sunny door-way. Keep your temper. The month has attained its majority; the sweet blue-bird has more than once ventured to carol on the leafless apple-tree in the orchard; the snows are of a melting character, albeit they fall with still profuser largess, as if the heavens were coming down upon the plains of Muscovy. A week ago I remember seeing the snow-banks in the sky, and toward night the courier-flakes began to fall. Presently the earth was flecked with those white spangles, star-like spatches, delicately marked and softly falling, as if they had been the foot-prints of pure angels, till, as the sun went down, the clouds discharged their fleecy cargo, with scarce an interval between the flakes; and in an instant, from the river's margin to the summits of the distant hills, there was drawn noiselessly over the earth a sheet, a shroud so white 'as no fuller on earth could whiten it.'

'Oh! splendid spectacle of the falling snow, looking at it through the crusted panes, beyond the mimic arts to represent it! I was fifteen miles from home, and with only the light of the young moon aloft, started, in the teeth of the

storm, on my return journey through the Highland defiles. A cold wind drove it into our faces, and kept the eye-lashes in continual motion to wink off the great flakes, which flitted continually, 'like doves to their windows.' My competent and careful guide, his hands wrapped in mittens, his head crouching upon his shoulder, with difficulty glancing from under the rim of his hat, and striving to see through the blinding mist, as safely guided me over the trackless road as the faithful Mameluke once guided the Emperor over the plains of Russia. Such a journey has its recreation. Tucked in with the skins of buffaloes and of the spotted leopard, and with head enveloped like an Egyptian mummy's, from a loop-hole in the moth-eaten woollen tippet I caught satisfying glimpses of snow-pictures, peeping from behind the veil, and falling back to revel in the luxury of their suggestive fancies. All the land-marks were disappearing, the trees put on again their feathery costume, and the aromatic hay-stacks, which had been heaped up in the sweltering hotness of summer, were dimly visible, like chaste pyramids, under the misty moon. Cold confines the body to a place of snug comfort, but Imagination flies, like a Lapland lover with his rein-deer, over the glassy plains. I would not change my meditations in that cold sleigh-ride — no, not for those which I have had upon a summer porch all overrun with sweet vines and clematis; or in a swinging hammock, where, through the leaves of June, I saw the waves of the sea twinkle. The storm became aggravated as we passed through the mountain-gaps; cold, cold, cold the wind blew, for there it came over 'the river;' the large flakes combined, and fell into our laps on the skins of the buffalo and spotted leopard. Lulled by the jingling bells, I withdrew my eye from the loop-hole, threw the responsibility upon him who held the reins, and, without exchanging a single word, relapsed into reverie. Then, as ever on like occasions, did all my bookish, boyish voyaging by winter fire-side to northern climes come back to memory, but over-arched with a richer glow than of the aurora-borealis. I saw the white-bear leaping on the polar ices; sly, universal REYNARD at his tricks; and all the waltzing animals in that dim twilight, and the eider-duck brooding on its nest among the inaccessible, Icelandic rocks. I was a witness of the spouting Geiser; and from the top of Hecla, over fields of lava and chaotic masses, and glaciers where a human foot had never trod, and all the amphitheatre of snow-covered hill-tops to the sea, looked down upon a prospect wild, torpid, passionless, but sublime. Back again, with the swiftness of lightning, to the other hemisphere, with MCKENZIE, I saw the Esquimaux, wrapped up in furs, standing alone upon a bleak rock; then sailing with PARRY on the coasts of Melville Island, through Lancaster Sound, in Baffin's Bay, along the shores of Greenland, even to the dreary town of Julianshaab. Thence I voyaged in a ship, to see the Knisteneaux, and to be drawn in sledges to the trading-stations where the factors dwell, by the docile dogs of Labrador; over the sea again, just touching at the Hebrides, the Orkneys, the Shetland, the Faroes, and at the Luffoden Islands, to winter in Archangel. Archangel, on the White Sea, used to be a place after my own heart. Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, Siberia and the steppes of Russia, the golden domes of Moscow, 'that great city,' NAPOLEON on the Kremlin ramparts wrapped in conflagration — these passed along like pictures of an hyperborean panorama.

'There is some charm in barrenness. Madame PFEIFFER caught two honey-bees in Iceland, and from the chinks of Hecla the queer, adventurous woman derived a jar of sweets more rare and surfeiting than those compacted by the

winged confectioners of Hybla or Hymettus. I wish to travel and see the world. Oh! for one short month in those shivering regions where Madame went, though one short year or one short life would not suffice to tell the wonders of the land! Thus it doth appear why the UNKNOWN involves an essential element of the true Sublime, because it has a vasty proportion, of which Discovery can afford no unit of measure; and as fast as we stretch into it, we perceive that its objects are colossal, and beyond our grasp. All the Seven Wonders hide their diminished heads. Well may we tremble in awe upon its verge, for there the spirit of its greatness broods upon us, and 'Darkness which makes all our bones to quake.' When will the veil be uplifted from our ignorance, and Knowledge, in despite of Roman guards, like a white-robed angel, roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?

'But the difficult spots of earth are the very birth-spots of nobility, even as Africa is the arid nursing-place of lions. In the romantic regions of the polar seas, where Gothic matter piles its obstacles against the advance of mind, methought I saw the mariners searching for Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. Through over-arching bridges of sea-green ice, splitting with reverberations into fragments soon after the ships passed underneath; through grinding bergs illuminated by occasional flashes from the distant jokul or the northern aurora; through 'cerulean,' but not fictitious *Symphlegades*, where the rocks kept coming together every instant, and only a keen-eyed helmsman could shoot the ship; the American Pine still nodding to the steadfast hearts cased up in English Oak; the bows all turned with fixed determination where an 'open sea' has been laid out in charts, I fancied that they voyaged on — the mariners searching for Sir JOHN FRANKLIN! Nor will that task be unaccomplished. A prophet's voice forewarns us that it cannot be that God will disregard the prayers accompanied with such sublime endeavor. The time is not far distant when the ices will relax their grasp, and brave companions be clasped in each other's arms, and the triumphant ships shall sail away with their most precious freight, and 'all the bells in England, from Land's End to JOHN O' GROAT, ring forth a merry peal on the return of BELCHER'S Expedition.'

'Presently I was recalled from reveries such as these by crossing a bridge which spanned a mountain-gap. Underneath, at the distance of an hundred feet, a stream, swollen by the winter floods, rolled on with a loud noise from water-fall to water-fall on its winding way; and the illuminated windows of the factories, which, built of stone, rose to the height of six or seven stories, and whose foundations were like solid rocks upon its marge, cast a glare of light upon the foaming water, the rocks, the icicles, and all the features of the Titanic glen.

'Removing the tippet, I looked down for a moment on this place, whose grandeur had impressed me strongly when seen by the light of day. The mill-flumes were in motion, and the operatives were still at their work, and I heard the hum of labor above the roaring of the storm, going steadily on in those high lifts on the edge of the precipice. The Utilitarian spirit has no regard for the Beautiful or the Picturesque. It sweeps away the solemn forests, and disturbs with everlasting din the places dear to Contemplation, 'pensive maid.' Here, however, it had not succeeded in destroying the features of the place; for the buildings seem to be a part of the very rocks through the fissures of which the water gashes its way, and their perpendicular walls make the gorge look more

deep. At some distance farther on, the same stream takes a considerable leap, and I heard its voice, although I saw it not, for its cataract was not illumined by artificial light. The day before I had noticed the white slabs of ice through the transparent sheet upon its edge, on the smooth surface of which the sun was reflected as on a polished mirror. Here is a vast ruin. A high chimney stands apart, like a shot-tower on the cliff, and near by are the dismantled walls of a factory, where the fire has done its work. The laborers had ceased, and the watchman had sounded his midnight cry, 'All's well!' upon the walls, when a suffocating smoke pervaded all the place. Clambering to the belfry, he tolled the alarm, and as its solemn appeal awoke the sleeping inhabitants of the glen, the flames burst forth and illumined all the mountain-tops. The watchman sank and perished on the portals, as he attempted to make his exit, with the iron-keys in his hand. As we passed the spot, I thought of the perils of the guardians of the night, and that I would not—no, for lumps of gold—be one of those who walk their lonely rounds in the small hours, perhaps to see a robber skulk beneath the walls, or the sly flame licking the roof with its tongue. I should be afraid—afraid! Oh! the fire is a great enemy to cope with; and wherever the seed-sparks are wafted on the winds, they bloom out marvellously, but their harvest is destruction and waste. I have risen up and pressed my face against the glaring panes in the city, beholding with admiration the hot billows, above which I have seen the pigeons, frightened from their eaves, flying on wings of fire, and the jets shoot up from the saltpetre heaps, waiting for the crash of some great dome, beneath which was a white statue rocking on its pedestal; while perhaps the sculptor among the crowd beheld his work encircled in a halo of beauty.

'The storm of which I have spoken was accompanied at the farther north by the unusual phenomenon of thunder and sharp lightning, which produced a wild, unearthly brilliance as it imbued the mass of falling snow. The atmosphere was surcharged, red balls of fire rolled about as if some demons frolicked, trees were torn up by the roots, and all things bristled with the electric fluid like a cat's back. No such doings occurred in these quarters. But soon after a galloping thaw came on, accompanied by smoky weather, and the atmosphere actually smelled of charred wood. There was a perpetual sound of dripping; the stream which rolls at the mountain-base so placidly in summer, scarce plentiful enough to wet the stones, and turning aside for the dry logs and trunks of trees, where turtles sun themselves, swelled gradually above its banks, reached to the over-arching limbs, where ring-doves built their nests, and wafted about their light cradles. Then the meadow became changed to a navigable lake, where scare-crows were above their heads, and one might cling for salvation to a hay-cock; while here and there, floating about on the deep, lo! some milk-pail, taken by surprise, or some hen-coop launched upon a distant voyage. The water began to creep in narrow pools across the high-way; and as the melted snows continued to roll down the mountains, filling all the gullies and wiping out the sheep-tracks, and copious rains succeeded, DEUCALION'S Deluge appeared to be renewed. At night the darkness was impenetrable, and it was as still as death, until about midnight I heard a steady roar among the mountains, quite as loud as the fall of a heavy cataract or the beating of breakers on the sea-coast. It was the wind afar off in the forests advancing by slow degrees, and in due time it arrived, and less sullenly and monotonously howled about the house until the cock-crowing, when it suddenly ceased, and became so quiet, that I can compare it with nothing but a lamb lulled on the breast of its mother.'

r. w. s.

**PRISMATICS:** BY RICHARD HAYWARDE.—Simultaneous, or nearly so, with the publication of the present number, will appear from the popular press of the Messrs. APPLETON, one of the most beautiful illustrated volumes it has of late been our good fortune to meet. It is a work which has already been announced in these pages, having the pretty and modest title of '*Prismatics*,' and is illustrated with exquisite engravings from original designs by those distinguished artists, ELLIOTT, DARLEY, KENSETT, HICKS, and ROSSITER. The admirable papers in prose and verse, which have made the author so widely and favorably known to the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, are here gathered together, beside several hitherto unpublished. One of these, a story which would do honor to DICKENS himself, we transfer entire to our pages. 'RICHARD HAYWARDE' is the *nom de plume* of a gentleman actively engaged in the busy pursuits of a metropolitan merchant, and his book is the result of a rational employment of long winter evenings, when other duties were finished. We take the liberty of quoting the following passage from the brief and well-written preface:

'If there be one earnest, honest purpose beneath the strata of superficial society in this country, it is the desire to ameliorate the condition of two classes—the rich and the poor. Perhaps the reader will discover some hints tending toward this vital subject in the volume before him. If so, I am rewarded. What if I fail? Other minds more comprehensive will succeed.

'Servile prejudices, political and conventional, are gaining ground in our larger cities. Young America does not promise to represent the noble estate purchased for him by the blood of the Revolution. Instead of that sense of independence which befits the spirit of his age and race; instead of cultivating what is manly and dignified; instead of making himself familiar with letters and the arts and the political history of this, the greatest of republics; he is daily becoming more emasculate; less fitted to bear a part either as citizen, merchant, or legislator.

'This is not said or meant unkindly: it is not a satire levelled at a particular class; the subject is too serious; at once too high and too low for ridicule. But is it not true? Is there not something better worth the attention of young men about town than acquiring a taste for petty bijouteries; extravagance, and the means of gratifying it; parading, like lackeys, in the cast-off habits of men of fashion, gaining from the society of the gentler sex not even the forms of polite courtesy, and indulging in a vocabulary of slang phrases which indicate any thing but the man of refinement, of education; in fact, the gentleman?

'As to the other class, for whom, happily, here the portals of universal education stand wide open, there is greater hope; thank Heaven, among these exists a spirit more national; loftier in its aspirations than that which obtains among their denationalized contemporaries.'

But we are keeping waiting readers from the touching story of

#### AUNT MIRANDA.

No matter what people might say of Aunt MIRANDA, ROWLEY and I loved her, not in spite of, but because of her fine stately ways, which were the natural result of a nice feeling of honor, that suffering had only rendered more delicate and sensitive. How often have we caught a glimpse of her tall, upright figure in church, with asperity written in sharp lines in every lineament, lurking, as it were, in the angles of her stiff black silk dress, and plaiting and pointing the little frill that circled her neck, and thought how patient, good, and noble she really was, how much better at heart than many around her, who were considered kinder and more amiable, because they could assume the thin, specious gloss of conventional courtesy whenever it suited them.

There were great times when Christmas came, and ROWLEY and I had to wait until the younger ones had gone to bed, before we could steal around to Aunt MIRANDA's, to bring her to the house with the great basket-full of dolls, and jumping-jacks, and tin-horses, and cornucopias, and ducks that would cry 'quaack' and open their bills when you squeezed the patent bellows of white kid upon which they stood. And then, if at any time in the year, would the old lady put on one of those sweet smiles which ROWLEY and I thought the most heavenly we had ever seen, as she filled the stockings of her favorites—little curly-headed BELL, and sturdy HARRY, and poor PETER; whom I believe she loved best, because he had a lame foot which was incurable, and the handsomest face of all.

Nor do ROWLEY and I forget how grand and formal she was with strangers, and how she never unbent herself before MARGARET, her hand-maid, who had lived with her for thirty years and upward, and how MARGARET loved her and looked up to her, and how, when a man came one night to see MARGARET, what a sad face the old lady had until he was gone; and how, when MARGARET came up with a plate-full of apples for us boys, the old lady said, 'MARGARET,



never do you marry ;' and how poor MARGARET burst into tears and said : ' It was only a man from her father's which were married already, and have four children — two boys and two girls.'

ROWLEY and I were cousins, but Aunt MIRANDA was his aunt, not mine ; nor did I ever call her by that name until one Sunday afternoon, when ROWLEY took my hand in his, and went up to her as she was sitting by the front window, and said, with his eyes cast down, ' Aunt MIRANDA, may n't *he* call you Aunt MIRANDA, too ? ' and the old lady brushed away the glossy brown hair from his forehead, and kissed it very softly, and then turned away and looked out of the window again : and I have called her Aunt MIRANDA ever since.

It was difficult for ROWLEY and me to realize that which the old lady told us of at times ; of her grand parties when she was young and gay, and her husband was one of the richest and handsomest men of his time ; of the costly dresses she used to wear, and the jewels and rouge ; and, most difficult of all to imagine, of her card-parties, when she would sit up until near morning, playing for money, and not inconsiderable sums either, to please her husband, who wished her to be as fashionable and brilliant as himself.

ROWLEY and I used to think at times the old lady felt some pride in recalling these scenes, when she was a blooming bride ; but she ended always with the sad story of wreck and ruin which followed ; of her gallant and handsome husband dying of the fever, a bankrupt ; and of her taking nearly all her own property to pay his debts, (which she need not have done,) until the last creditor was satisfied ; and then Aunt MIRANDA was left with a slender pittance and an only daughter, to begin the world anew.

But of that daughter not a word had been spoken for many a year. ROWLEY and I could just call to mind a face possessed of such beauty as children remember like a dream, and perhaps never find again in life ; her name was no more mentioned by Aunt MIRANDA, nor did ROWLEY or I know any thing except that it was a mystery, not to be breathed at home or abroad, to others or ourselves. We heard *once* of a Mrs. DANGERFELDT — that was all — whether living or dead we did not know, and did not dare to inquire.

One day, when ROWLEY was lying dangerously ill with the quinsy sore-throat, I went to ask Aunt MIRANDA to come and see him, for he loved to have her by his bed-side. The cellar-door, in those days, was never fastened until night, and as it was Sunday afternoon, I knew MARGARET was at church ; so, without giving the old lady the trouble of coming to the hall-door, I opened the cellar softly and went down that way. There is something desolate in a lonely kitchen on Sunday afternoon, when the fires have died out, and the cat sits, looking wicked and suspicious, amid the cold ashes on the hearth. I know my footsteps were as light as pussy's own when I passed through, for I did not want to disturb the silence which reigned there, and so, ascending the narrow stairs, I found myself in the hall. The parlors were open — they too were vacant. Then it was, while wondering at the solitude, I heard a sound in the upper room so unlike any thing I had ever heard ; not a cry of grief or groan of pain, but a faint, inarticulate moaning, so different from a human voice, and yet so unlike that of an animal, that my very flesh crept with terror. My pores seemed to drink in the sounds as I stood there, dumb with indefinable dread, and some moments elapsed before I could collect my thoughts. Then it came to me that Aunt MIRANDA might be in a fit, or something of the kind ; and so, without waiting, I bounded up the stairs and thrust open the door of her apartment.

There was a small black trunk upon the floor, open ; and scattered around it lay several dresses which had evidently belonged to some little child. But oh, the piercing lustre of those eyes which glared upon me as she rose from her knees when I entered ! That wild, terrible look, as if it would blast me ! — I, who had rashly ventured in upon the mystery which had been buried, as within a tomb, for so many years ! Her cap was thrust back from her high forehead, and the thick black locks, mingied with gray, appeared to writhe around her fingers like serpents, as she came on ; her lips working, but uttering no sound, until her face was so close that I could feel her hot breath upon my cheek, and then stretching forth her fingers as if to clutch me, her voice came forth in a fierce, passionate sob, and she fell forward, and rolled over at my feet.

It was the most awful moment in my life, as I stood there with clasped hands, looking upon the poor, senseless form before me. Instantly I heard a heavy step upon the stairs ; fortunately it was the faithful MARGARET, who had returned, and the blood rushed to my heart with such joy when I saw her homely, good-natured face, that I well-nigh swooned with the sudden revulsion.

Some time elapsed before I saw Aunt MIRANDA again. It was at night, in my bed-room ; a few sticks were smouldering, and darting fitful gleams of light from the hearth upon the looped-up curtains of the bed, flickering warmly within the folds of chintz, and now and then bringing to view a sickly array of small bottles on the mantel. ROWLEY was sitting at the foot of the bed ; and beside it, holding my fever-wasted hand in her own, with the same sweet, angelic smile upon her face which ROWLEY and I loved so much, was Aunt MIRANDA. I had been delirious for some weeks with the brain-fever.

ROWLEY and I loved each other dearly. We had had too many bickerings, too many little quarrels, too many heart-felt reconciliations, for either of us not to know that. So after we graduated (and ROWLEY had the valedictory) we commenced the study of medicine together, with Dr. FRISBEE ; and after that was over, put up two narrow black tin signs, with gold letters, on a very white window-shutter, one under the other, in a secluded part of the town, where practice was plenty, and patients were poor.

How many times Aunt MIRANDA came to visit us ! She seemed to know all that was going on among the poor folks in our neighborhood, although she lived in a distant part of the town ; and if she did not abate one jot of her dignity when with the poor, her efforts to relieve the sufferers never flagged ; there she was, by the bed-side, with the same smile ROWLEY and I loved so much, (that angelic smile,) and often and often a fee was paid us out of her own pocket, when our services had been more arduous than usual. It was of no use to refuse it. Aunt MIRANDA had an imperative way with her, so lofty, we did not dare to contradict it. And her custom (if it might so be called) was worth more to us than that of all of the rest of our patients put together.

It was a dreary night in mid-winter, (how well I remember it !) when ROWLEY and I met at



the door of our office after the usual rounds among the sick. It was late too; the only light visible was a sort of luminous halo which surrounded the cellar-window of a baker far up the street, who was preparing bread for the morning. Lamps there were none, but a moon was some where, which only made the gloom palpable; the snow did not fall, but swept through the streets in horizontal lines, blinding and stinging 'like wasps' tails,' as the old watchman said around the corner. While we stood there knocking the snow off our feet, a large willow-tree was blown down across the road, and a white ghastly sheet dropped with a loud noise from the roof of an adjoining house. ROWLEY and I were glad to get by the office-hearth, on which a few embers kept a bright look-out among the ashes; and so, laying on the wood, we soon had a cheerful hickory fire. Still the wind growled and mumbled outside, with the dreary accompaniment of creaking signs and groaning trees; sometimes it lulled for a moment, only to return with appalling violence—the house fairly rocked with it, and we could hear the snow beating and sifting through the crevices of the windows. Tired as we were, we did not think of sleep, but sat as men sometimes will in great storms, telling dismal stories, or listening to the noises outside, of talking of the poor we had visited, many of whom were ill-provided with shelter against such pitiless weather. So the time passed on beyond midnight; the wind by-and-by went down, but the snow kept falling softly and fast;—I thought I heard a noise—hush!—a muffled sound like a watchman's club in the distance, then another; then voices approaching: we heard heavy steps on our stoop, and a loud knock at the door. ROWLEY and I sprang to our feet in an instant, and putting back the bolt, saw three men—watchmen—bearing a body; we assisted them in; they laid him (it was a man) upon our bed, which stood partly behind the office-door; he was not dead, but very nearly so.

Upon examination, we found three wounds in the left temple; the central one larger than the other two, but none of them more than the eighth of an inch square, nor much more than an inch apart; they were deep, however, as we ascertained by the probe. The largest wept a little blood with every pulsation; the man was insensible, but his chest heaved strongly; we knew he could not live long: in fact, in the course of an hour his breathing grew fainter and fainter—stopped: he was dead.

The fatal blow had been given with a weapon so different from any thing we could imagine, that we had a long discussion as to the probabilities, as we sat there by the body alone; for the watchmen had left us to see if they could follow the track of the murderer. We talked on in whispers: outside it grew into a dead calm, and now it was almost day-break.

'Hush!' said ROWLEY, 'there is some one on the stoop.'

We listened: there was a faint tap on the window-shutter. ROWLEY threw open the office-door, stepped into the hall, and drew the bolt. 'What do you want?' There was no answer, but I heard a step in the hall: a man walked past him, and entered the office. As I said before, the bed was partly hidden by the door, and as the man walked directly towards me, he did not see *that* which lay behind there, close to the wall, on the side opposite to the fire-place.

He was a tall, and had been a muscular man, but now worn down with sickness, or famine, or both; a mass of brown hair fell from beneath his cap, and mingled with his bushy whiskers which met under his throat; his clothes were poor, miserably so; there was no sign of a shirt at his neck, or around his broad, bony wrists; yet—I did not know why—he did not seem a beggar or vagabond; he had a proud, defiant look that was far from asking any thing of the world—in fact, a man you might shrink from, but could not despise.

'You are a physician?' he said, in a slightly broken accent, German, I thought. I bowed. 'And,' he continued, placing his hand on his brow as if to recollect something—'yes, let me see: if you will go, I *will* take you there,' he uttered with a sharp emphasis—'myself. Yet something may happen; it is food, warmth, shelter, she requires, as well as medicines—take this, *you*, for fear of accidents!' He displayed a roll of bills which he held clutched in his left hand—'Stay,' he added, and taking one or two, which he thrust into an old ragged pocket, offered the rest to me.

Just then, ROWLEY shut the office-door. The man turned suddenly—such a look as he gave that bed! There it lay, the jaws bound up, the white cerements soaked with blood from the temples, ghastlier, if possible, by the dull flame of the office-candle, and the uncertain light from the fire. But recovering instantly, with a slight bow to me, the man said, 'Come, you may save a life: an hour hence may be too late.'

I took my cloak. He opened the door without looking again toward the bed. As I passed on, ROWLEY caught my arm and whispered, 'I suspect that man; had we not better —'

'No,' I replied. 'The dying woman first; that is something the law takes no cognizance of.' So, wrapping my cloak closely around me, I followed.

When I stepped out into the street, I was surprised at the change; the moon was now shining brilliantly in the heavens, and the hushed snow looked beautiful in her light. Every roof, wall and chimney threw down a flat, black effigy of itself, in sharp, clearly defined shadow on that white, sparkling ground. Here and there a tree spread its delicate tracery against the sky; carts, piled up with snow, stood hub-deep in snow; fences half buried in snow; piles of logs, with their black ends projecting from a pyramid of snow; pumps, with beards of icicles and crowns of snow; snow every where, on every thing, met the eye at every step. Absorbed as I had been with the events of the night, I could not help looking with admiration upon this beautiful scene, which I had come upon so unexpectedly. So, walking on in silence with my companion, we came close to a man before I was aware. It was one of the watchmen who had gone to look after the track of the murderer.

'Ah, Doctor, another call, hey?'

'Yes.'

'Waal, we ain't got onto the right scent yet: BOBBINS and TOWSEY has gone down to the Coroner's; we tracked him 'way up beyond the burying-ground, and then we kind o' think he must 'a doubled;' (either it was my imagination, or my companion drew closer to my side;) 'but he can't be fur off. Body down there yet!' He pointed toward the office.

'Yes.'

'All right, I hope—dead, I 'spect, hey?'

'Yes.'

'Good-night.'

I had a feeling of relief when the watchman uttered these last words, which I echoed with all my heart. We passed the bakery, now paling its ineffectual fires, and struck into a narrow cross-street. It grew darker, for a cloud crossed the moon — we came to a blind alley or entry — my companion went in, and I.

The snow had drifted into the alley some distance, but I soon found myself upon bare boards, rotted in the centre, forming a sort of gutter, in which my foot caught more than once as we passed through. Then we came to a narrow yard, with a high fence; we went up an outside stair-case, so old and flighty it trembled with every step; and then turned into a dark passage of the attic through which we were obliged to grope our way. I must confess, I felt some trepidation to be alone with such a man, in such a place. 'Duty — courage!' I muttered. The words went straight to my heart, and I was reassured: we came to a door which my companion opened, and I found myself in a little room.

The cloud had passed from the moon, and her light shone full through the dormer-window, casting the outlines of the casement down upon the floor, which was partly covered with snow that had blown through the broken panes. A bed, if bed it could be called, was in one corner, and as we entered, a figure sat up, and turned its face toward us and the moonlight.

There have been moments of my life (and such, I believe, has been the experience of many) when what was before me seemed only the remembrance of something seen before — as if the same thing passed over twice — as if one had a glimpse of preëxistence, identical with this, but referable to life beyond the scope of memory; more vivid than any dream, but more fleeting and mysterious.

Such a feeling I had, when that face turned toward us and the moonlight. It was that of a woman. Long, black elf-locks coiled around a face, wasted, it is true, but still surprisingly beautiful. The brilliant hectic which accompanies certain kinds of fever was in her cheeks, her eyes were large, and from the same cause, lustrous; she gave a smile of recognition, it seemed, which showed a row of white teeth, and suddenly turning, lifted a bundle from the bed, which she rocked to and fro.

'It is our little one,' said the man: 'wait here; I am going for something to build a fire.' He turned, and then I heard his heavy foot-steps as he descended the outside stairs. Frequent as had been my opportunities of seeing the condition of the poor, nothing I had met with could compare with the utter barrenness of that apartment. With the exception of the bed, which lay upon the floor, (a miserable heap of ragged carpet,) there was nothing to be seen; neither table, nor chair, nor plate, nor cup, nor a single article to cook with; the walls were black with smoke and dirt, but there was no vestige of a fire; there was nothing in the room but the rags, the woman and her child, and the snow. Yet to me it seemed a recollection of something seen before.

The man returned now with short pieces of fire-wood from the neighboring bakery, and a bright fire sparkled upon the desolate hearth. Then he laid a loaf tenderly by her side and said, 'She has not tasted such as that for weeks — but what shall we do now, Doctor?'

A young physician has need of practice among the poor to answer such a question. He may acquire experience enough in ordinary cases, to obtain a certain degree of skill in examining the diagnosis of a peculiar complaint. Sickness is, indeed, a sad visitant among those in comfortable circumstances; but when it comes accompanied with penury, cold, and famine; when the fever, or the pestilence, stalks among the helpless indigent, it is indeed terrible. Look at the records of the City Inspector, ye who have abundant means, and believe me, it is a lesson better worth learning than many a plethoric sermon you listen to in your velvet-lined pew!

The woman now lay on the floor, motionless, in a sort of torpor, with her eyes partly open; it did not require much penetration to discover the symptoms of that visitation known as the malignant scarlet fever. It had been prevalent in our neighborhood, and the cases were unusually fatal; so I told him, as I rested on my knees by the bed-side. He said nothing, but merely clasped his hands and pressed them very hard over his eyes.

'Have you nothing,' said I, 'to close up those broken panes, and keep out this bitter cold?'

He took off his poor ragged coat, but I told him my old cloak would be better, which he accepted thankfully, and stuffed it into the apertures of the casement. In coming back, his foot pushed something through the heap of snow beneath the window. It was a piece of oak stick about five feet long, and a few inches in width, studded with nails driven through it, as if it had been a cleat or batten, stripped from some old house or box; it was also broken at one end. He laid it hastily upon the fire, but it was so saturated with moisture it would not burn. I knew not why, but I watched with intense interest the flames idly curling around it.

'How old is this child?' I was looking at the wasted features of his little girl.

'About four years; our boy was fifteen: he is dead; I could almost say — thank God.'

'She has not the fever, I perceive: if I may take her with me, I am sure I will find for her a place of shelter.' (I thought of Aunt MIRANDA'S.) 'To move your wife now would be fatal — we must make her comfortable here, if possible.'

He bowed his head slightly. 'You can — you *will* attend to that, I hope,' he said. 'If I am called away, you have the money I gave you, which use as you think best.'

'Money? you gave me no money,' I replied; 'you *offered* it, but I did not take it — do you not remember when the office-door shut, and you turned around so suddenly?'

The man stared at me with a wild unutterable look in his eyes, which made me shrink back; he clutched his breast convulsively with his hand, threw open the door, and staggered out as if struck with a blow. Just then I heard foot-steps on the outside stairs; then a noise; voices; then a scuffle. I ran out; two men, officers of police, had him by the arms, but he was swaying them like reeds. Suddenly one of his assailants slipped, and fell the whole length of the stairs; in a moment he had lifted the other and thrown him over the rails, down, perhaps twenty feet, into the yard below; and then with a bound cleared it himself, regained his feet, and dashed through the alley. I went down to assist the policemen. One was stunned by the fall down the stairs — in fact, nearly dislocated his neck; the other had sprained his ankle and could not walk.

'He's paddled, Jimmy,' said the man with the bad ankle.

JIMMY, who was sitting up on his end in the snow, assented to the truth of the remark by a short grunt.

'That's the man, Doctor,' growled the policeman as I assisted him to rise; 'he dropt a roll of bills in your office, which belonged to dizeezed. Also we found his pocket-book empty in the street, and a piece of batten, with three nails, that fits the wovnds. Where's that BARKER?' he continued. BARKER hopped upon one leg to the side of the stair-case, and picked up the batten. I went up the stairs, took off the now partly-burnt oak-stick from the fire, and found the fractured end fitted exactly the piece found by the officers. There was no doubt as to who was the murderer.

It was now broad day-light. One of the officers took a survey of the room — the woman still lay asleep; then he assisted his limping companion through the alley; I was again alone, but Rowley soon joined me. After a brief recital of the events which had passed, I borrowed his cloak, wrapped it around the little girl, and leaving him with the patient, carried my light young burden toward the house of Aunt MIRANDA.

Was it not strange that she, the proud, unbending Aunt MIRANDA, was the only one of all my acquaintance with whom I could take such a liberty? In truth, I felt as if I had been commanded by her to do what I was doing. Such a thing as her refusing to admit the faint, thin, ghostly little unfortunate, with its manifold wants — carrying in its veins, perhaps, a deadly pestilence, never entered my mind. I was not mistaken; I remember now how gently, and yet how grandly she took the slight load of poverty in her arms — not holding it from, but pressing it to her breast; how, an hour after, I found it wide awake, and seated in her lap, comfortably clad in one of those dresses I imagined I had seen years before, on a certain occasion, when my boy's heart seemed shrivelled up with terror. I had told her the story of the man and his wife, and asked her advice. She coincided with me that it would not do to remove the sufferer, but added, 'We can make her room comfortable, I trust,' and then, in a stiff, precise sort of way — 'MARGARET and I will nurse the poor creature by turns. Has she no friends, no family connections here?' she asked, after a pause.

'None, I imagine; surely if she had they would have some pity for her. Even the poorest might have spared something for such an abject.'

'I think,' said the old lady, 'I will go there now. MARGARET! my shawl and hat; bring the muff too; it is bitter cold. Let the man stop shovelling the snow from the walk; give him three blankets and a pillow, and let him go with me. Do you go on before,' she continued, looking at me; 'you walk faster than I.' Then she turned to the child with one of those angelic smiles ROWLEY and I loved so much, and lifting it gently from her lap, laid it in a warm little nest she had made for it on the sofa. I gave her directions how to find the place, and once more was on my way toward my patient.

When I reached the miserable street in which she lived, I met ROWLEY. He told me he had procured an old black wench to act as nurse; 'but,' said he, 'I fear it will be of little avail; she has been delirious ever since you left, and calls in the most piteous way for her child — her 'ANDY.' From what I gather, she must have eloped, or something of the kind, when very young. I never saw any thing more touching than the way she stretches out her arms and cries, 'Forgive me, mother; forget and forgive, O my mother!' I believe too,' continued ROWLEY, 'they were not married at first, but a year or so after she ran away. I had some broth made for her, which she tasted but little of, putting it aside and calling, 'ANDY! ANDY! here — my child, my child!''

'ANDY,' said I, 'is a boy's name.'

'So it is,' said ROWLEY; 'I do not know how to account for it, but she evidently meant the little girl, for she kept feeling in the vacant place for her. Sometimes she would upbraid her, and say, 'You have learnt my lesson by heart, you wicked Andy; but you are worse than I, for you began younger.' I gave her an anodyne,' continued ROWLEY, 'but it has had little effect upon her — poor thing; she cannot live, I fear.'

While we were talking, we saw coming up the street, in the most lofty and dignified manner possible, Aunt MIRANDA, followed by the man with the basket and the blankets. Although her dress was always plain, and never costly, the old lady had such a way with her you could not mistake her for a resident of that quarter; nor would you take her to be a relative or an acquaintance of the people there. You felt at once she was on a mission of some kind; and yet there was nothing about her of the benevolent lady who might be Vice-president of fifty auxiliary sewing societies, and who, by personal inspection, kept a sharp look-out that no impostor, in the disguise of a pauper, swallowed any crumbs that fell from the tables of the humane association for the relief of the meritorious indigent. There was not a drop of haughty blood in her veins, nor the slightest touch of condescension in her manner — with her, it was one of two things, either real, heart-felt kindness, or firm, inexorable pride.

When she came up, ROWLEY and I made her acquainted with the present state of our patient, and of her anxiety for the child we had spirited away. We also mentioned the fact of her speaking of her own mother, and hinted at the possibility of her having committed some unpardonable act; such as an elopement without marriage, or the like, by which she had disgraced her family. We did not go into details, however; once or twice a shadow, as it were, passed over the face of Aunt MIRANDA. 'Well, well,' she said, rather sharply, 'let us go on, let us go on, and see what can be done for her — poor creature.'

I have read of officers who, in the battle-field, preserved the stiff, erect carriage of the parade-ground, but my doubt about the truth of the story never entirely disappeared until I saw Aunt MIRANDA ascend *that* stair-case. We reached the room — 'Shall I leave these here?' said the man who brought the blankets.

'No — stay until I tell you to go,' replied Aunt MIRANDA. He obeyed of course.

If the room looked dismal by moon-light and early dawn, it was doubly so in the broad, open sun-light. The walls, begrimed with smoke, and stained with water that had trickled from the roof, were full of cracks and crevices; here and there large pieces of plaster had fallen, exposing the laths; the floor, no longer hidden by the snow, was spongy with age, and rotted away in some places; and the miserable heap which served for a bed was a sickening bundle of mouldy

rag, and fragments of old carpet. 'I never saw such misery,' said Aunt MIRANDA, looking at me and clasping her hands.

The poor old blear-eyed wench, who was rocking herself over the fire, got off the stool she had brought with her, and offered it to Aunt MIRANDA. The old lady took it with the tips of her fingers, gave it a shake or two, and sat down in her lofty way beside the bed. The woman, lying with her face partly covered, partly turned to the wall, was muttering something to herself. At last we could make out these words:

'The cunning minx, when she looked up at me with her bright, wicked eyes, learned that secret then. She drew it from me as I suckled her at the breast; drew it from me when a babe; I learned it, and she learned it. But she began earlier than I. Why not? The son did so. But he died in my arms, poor boy, when his race was run. But ANDY I shall see no more. Never, never. That's a lesson for mothers. Your boys are always *your* boys, but your girls are other men's. My mother! my mother! my mother! Let her pull up the green grass from my grave, and trample on it, yet I will love her better than *my* daughter loves me. Yes, yes. The sun dies and the day dies, but we keep close to the men we love. Let him beat me, let me scoop the crest from the swill of our neighbors, yet we love on. He stole me in the snow, and we'll die in the snow. There are the bells and the Bays round the corner; off only for a frolic and a dance; but we never came back. There she sits, with the light burning, waiting for her daughter—waiting—waiting. There she sits now—mother, mother, mother! He had a sweet voice once; oh, the songs—the songs that won my heart!' Here she sat up erect in the bed, and turned her brilliant eyes full upon Aunt MIRANDA.

I had been watching that Gothic countenance during the monologue of the poor creature, wrapped in her rag. I had noticed the gradations which passed over it; first of patient complaisance, then of pity, then of absorbed interest. But when those large bright eyes flashed upon Aunt MIRANDA, she started with such an instant, terrible look of recognition—with the history of a whole life of sorrow, as it were, written on her face in a moment, that it was absolutely appalling. I read it at once. The mystery had unfolded itself before me. That inexorable spirit; those lineaments, saving the slight, tremulous motion of the chin, rigid as sculptured stone; those fixed, dilated eyes were those of the mother who, without seeking for, had found, after seventeen years, in yonder squalid heap, her daughter, her only child, once her pride, her hope—now what!

'Do not hurt me,' said the poor creature, shrinking from her: 'I will not harm *you* for the world.'

I saw the tremulous motion from the chin spread itself over the whole visage of Aunt MIRANDA. Tears sprang from her eyes, *her pride was unequal to this trial*. The foundation gave way, then the superstructure fell—was submerged for ever, and above it rose the beautiful rainbow of consolation. She took the squalor, the misery, the pestilence, the poor wreck of a life in her arms, and sanctified it with a mother's pity and a mother's blessing.

I felt at this time an uncommon moistening of the eye-lids; and the man with the blankets managed to drop his basket, with a view probably of relieving his mind. As for the poor wench, she was in a corner, and a paroxysm of tears.

To tell how our patient recovered; how little MIRANDA, or 'ANDY,' as we called her, budded and bloomed into woman-hood; how the body of DANGERFELDT was found in the river, near the Dry Dock, that fatal morning, would, I fear, not add much to my story. But Aunt MIRANDA grew in grace, her pride was gone, she became the meekest of the meek; only upon two occasions, in after-life, did she remind me of her former self: one was that of the marriage of MARGARET, her hand-maid, to the man with the four children, (who had lost his wife, by the way;) and the other was, when a sharp, prying, inquisitive little woman asked her, in a free-and-easy sort of way, 'if the husband of Mrs. DANGERFELDT had not met with some terrible accident, or something of the kind, when he came to his end?'

One day, a wet and stormy one I remember, the 24th of December, Aunt MIRANDA had bought a large turkey, of a huckster, in the market. She always bargained for every thing—paid what she agreed to pay—and kept herself comfortably within the limits of her income. So she knew *always* exactly the state of her finances, which she kept not in a book, but in a long ash-colored silk purse. When she came home she found the man had paid her two cents too much. So back to market goes Aunt MIRANDA, in a very nervous state, for fear the man might be off before she got there. Fortunately the man was there, to whom she returned the money belonging to him, but unfortunately she took a cold, from which she never recovered. It was more like the living than the dead face of Aunt MIRANDA, that which lay in the coffin, with the smile upon the face ROWLEY and I loved so much—that angelic smile!"

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THE WASHINGTON GALLERY OF ART. — We would call especial attention to the '*Washington Gallery of Art*,' now open at the exhibition-rooms of the American Art-Union, Number 497, Broadway. It is the most distinguished exhibition of pictures ever seen in New-York. LEUTZE's great picture of WASHINGTON crossing the Delaware, WASHINGTON at Dorchester Heights, with Houdon's bust; portraits by STEWART, COPLEY, LESLIE, Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, with the best pictures of all our most distinguished artists, will be found in this very extensive and most admirable collection. We are not at all surprised to learn, that the high character of the pictures has attracted crowds to see them; and all go away, after a visit how brief soever, with a new love of the 'serenely silent art' of the painter.

THE 'CENTURY' PAPERS. — We renew our extracts from the 'CENTURY PAPERS,' published monthly in the hearing of all the members who are so fortunate as to be present. '*The Benevolent Man*,' with which we open, is the type of a class, not uncommon in all great cities, who fancy that while they 'are seen of men' in the display of the pseudo-'benevolence' upon which they plume themselves, their minor meannesses, in a narrower but holier sphere, will pass unobserved and undetected:

#### A BENEVOLENT MAN.

'SOLOMON BROWSE was a very benevolent man. He was, it is true, very irritable at home, but very kind abroad. The world saw him and knew him in the latter character alone. After his dinner and his wine he was sometimes fretful, particularly if awakened from his nap by the entrance of a subscription-book for the benefit of the 'Firemen's Fund,' or the 'Tee-total Indigent Society.' His family knew his failing, and said never a word.

'When walking the pavement he would very carefully kick off a stray brick into the gutter, for fear some excellent citizen would stumble against it; and I have seen him lift up an apple-peeling from the walk, apprehensive that it might prove disastrous to some inconsiderate or abstracted passenger. He was constantly offering his hand to old ladies to help them over the gutter, and looked heavenly when it was done. His shining brow was irradiated for an hour afterward, in contemplation of his own gallant benevolence. How the world did admire Mr. SOLOMON BROWSE!

'Mr. BROWSE took a personal interest in every one's happiness, except that of his wife, who did not seem to have the world's appreciation of his charming character. It was beautiful to see him encouraging little boys, by patting them on the head and telling them, in tones of fascination, what learned, and excellent, and useful men they were destined to be! Why, they never forgot it; it influenced their characters in after life. Thus did Mr. BROWSE influence the destinies of society.

'It was indeed a great misfortune that his character at home, and within the domestic circle, was not appreciated; for, in spite of all his public benefactions, and his sacrifices for the good of society, his own children hated and feared him. It was their duty to overlook his faults, and although he was always very kind and amiable to all mankind in general, surely a man has a right to be as cross and ill-humored as he pleases in a house of his own, and which was paid for out of the fruits of his own enterprise. To deny this, would be to deny the sanctity of the domestic altar. If he abused and insulted, in moments of irritation, his own children, he did not diminish his charities. He continued to give liberally to beggars, although he never gave a cent of pin-money to his daughters. SOLOMON BROWSE had a right to do this, and who should complain!

'What a splendid reputation he had — out of his own house! There the theatre of his benevolence was too circumscribed for his large heart, and he scorned to labor on so small a scale. Every body praised him for his goodness, and his expansive sympathies enlarged from day to day. He was indeed a man of feeling.

'Often has he wept over the sad story of some poor destitute emigrant woman, while standing with hat in hand profoundly and benevolently listening, with a complacency of encouragement that was really wonderful: and I have seen him pour the balm of his feeling heart into the wounds of a wooden-legged veteran of 1812. 'What a noble fellow!' he would say, the tears running down his cheeks, while his heart beat with pride and gratitude to the defenders of his country.

'Thus SOLOMON BROWSE went about doing good. It was a necessary instinct of his nature. It was temperament with him, and he could not help it. He was for ever projecting associations for the relief of destitution, and was continually laying out and recommending plans which society was bound to support, for its distressed members. His name was posted up in every public asylum as its founder or patron; and those who associated with him were great admirers of his benevolent face, and were for ever praising his 'balmy smile.' 'Dear good man!' they would say, 'what a blessing to society!'

'We have said his children hated him. His wife told him he was a humbug, and this always irritated him. He resented it always, and went on abusing all at home and doing good abroad.

'He left home one night, after a quarrel with his wife because the last box of tea was used up, and also because she wanted a few shillings for a bonnet for their eldest daughter. 'Her extravagance,' he said, 'would be the ruin of him!' He presided that very night, with matchless dignity and grace, at the anniversary-meeting of the 'Bread-and-Butter Society.' His speech



breathed the very aroma of philanthropy, and filled the whole hall with a delightful fragrance. The next morning it was published in all the papers. It was eloquent, and filled with the noblest sentiments of humanity, bringing down blessings and applause upon his benevolent head. I need not say how calmly and gracefully he received the adulation of his audience; waving his hand with a beautiful motion, as if unwilling to disturb the serenity of his soul on such an occasion. After the adjournment, the poor members of the 'Bread-and-Butter Society' thronged around him, pressed his soft hand, and implored HEAVEN's blessings upon his noble and disinterested efforts in their behalf. What an honor to be on such terms with him!

'That night, by accident, he had forgotten his key, and had to stand ringing his door-bell for at least five minutes. He was n't angry at all, and did n't awaken his affrighted wife in vain. She walked down and let him in. He had a right to be let into his own house, and he would see if any one dared to lock him out. The curtains of sleep were folded gracefully around his benevolent form, and he was soon dreaming a glorious dream of descending angels, scattering flowers around his pathway. His poor wife, agitated and crushed by so benevolent a despot, counted the solitary hours of a sleepless night, and arose with a haggard face, the result of her untold sorrows.

'The next day he was mollified. He awoke to find himself glorified in the papers. He said nothing of his speech to his wife or children. She was expected to see it without having it pointed out by himself. If she ventured to hint some slight approbation of his remarks, and exhibit any pride in his fame, he cut her short with a 'Pshaw! woman, what do you know of public matters?'

'His children were joyous — when he was not at home! Children always should be joyous; there are thorns and cares enough around them when they grow up to be men and women. When Mr. BROWSE came home they spoke in whispers, and hid within the folds of their hearts the gay and pleasant smiles of innocent childhood. They were afraid to disturb his contemplation of those grand problems of society which absorbed his great and fertile mind.

'But SOLOMON BROWSE died one day. The air was filled with his praise. Obituaries, eloquent of his virtues and of his public deeds, filled the columns of the gazettes. Delegations from all the benevolent institutions of his country followed him to his grave, and he was laid in his tomb amid the sobs and tears of thousands, to whom his benefactions had been blessings. His will was opened. It was full of excellent maxims for his children, in a codicil. All his property was left to the 'Society for the Distribution of Farinaceous Food among the Industrious Classes,' reserving a thousand dollars for a monument for himself. He died regretted by every one — save his wife and children, who by his death were released from the stern rule of a domestic tyrant.

'You may read his epitaph on his tomb-stone. He *lies* on an elevated mound at Greenwood, and so does his epitaph. Ask that delicate and crushed wife what she thinks of it!'

THE lines entitled '*Vesuvius*' we thought, when we heard them read, were exceedingly spirited; nor upon a leisurely examination of them in manuscript do they impress us less forcibly:

'DREAD, desolate Mount! when first I gazed on thee,  
Lifting thy shadowy cone across the sea,  
Far off thou seemedst like a lovely vision  
Painted upon those southern skies Elysian,  
Twin spirit with those halcyon clouds that rest  
In hazy light above thy towering crest.  
But when I climbed thy bare and burning side,  
And felt the scorching of that fiery tide  
Bubbling from thy hot brain, and saw the blight  
Of thy dread power spread through the dusky night  
Far down the black slopes to the ocean skirts;  
When I beheld the drear and savage cliffs  
Towering around me black and sulphur-drenched,  
The burning cracks whose heat is never quenched,  
I knew thou wast that desolating fount  
Whose fearful flowing classic days recount;  
Whose fiery surge beat down the marble pride  
Of stainless fanes that slept too near thy side,  
When fated cities of renowned fame  
Fluttered like moths toward thy devouring flame.

'Motionless Victor! Lord of fiery doom!  
On thy dark helmet waves the smoky plume!  
Wrapped in thy purple like a Syrian king,  
Sole in thy forlorn glory towering:

Thy fallen archangel's throne befits thee, thou  
 Who canst not bless, but curse. Thy blasted brow  
 Scowls with dull eye of hate that nightly broods  
 On dire events in thy drear solitudes.  
 Tireless thou burnest on from age to age ;  
 No winter's rains, though yearly they assuage  
 Thy hot cheeks, where the lava tear-drops run  
 Down the black furrows ; no joy-giving sun  
 Of balmy spring, clothing thy ruggedness  
 With colors of all depth and tenderness ;  
 No clouds of summer smiling on thy sleep ;  
 No autumn vintage round thy fire-cloven steep,  
 Have charmed away the awful mystery  
 That burns within thy heart of secrecy.  
 In the bright day thou makest the blue heavens dun,  
 Blotting with blasphemous smoke the blessed sun.  
 No calmest star-lit night can still thy curse,  
 Breathed upward through the silent universe.

' Last night we saw thee shrouded in a cloak  
 Of dull gray rain-clouds. From thy crater broke  
 Swift-blazing spasms of flame, half glimmering through  
 The awful gloom of mist, whose pallid hue  
 Struggled to hide thy form ; momentarily brightening,  
 Like the short pulses of the summer lightning.  
 Prophetic Mount ! thou seemedst then to be  
 Wrapt in a vision of futurity,  
 Fearfully whispering words of joy or moan,  
 Whose sense was hidden in thy heart alone.  
 Nor seer alone of future days o'ercast,  
 But true historian of the blighted past :  
 Buried beneath thy feet, thou chainest deep  
 Treasures of beauty in enchanted sleep :  
 Temples, and streets, and quaintly-painted halls,  
 Vases and cups for antique festivals ;  
 Fair statues, in whose undulating line  
 The Grecian artist lavished dreams divine ;  
 Altars that burned to gods of mighty name,  
 Until thy greater sacrificial flame  
 Swallowed the lesser. Princely art and power  
 Sank blood-warm to its grave in that dark hour,  
 When thou, wild despot, even unto the sea—  
 Whose fevered waves shrank from the fear of thee,  
 Meeting thy fire-kiss — didst send forth thy hosts,  
 Cloud-myrmidons of death ; flooding the coasts  
 That smiled around the blue enamelled bay.  
 Years rolled. The cities in their dungeons lay  
 Embalmed in lovely death. Long ages crept ;  
 Flowers and luxuriant vines above them slept,  
 And still not half the wealth beneath that lies  
 Revisits the sweet light of summer skies.  
 So thou, stern chronicler ! dealest thy dates  
 Not by the ephemeral growth and change of States,  
 But thunderous blasts upheaving from below  
 That melt to mist the winter's hoarded snow :  
 By thy deep beds of fire, thy strata old,  
 And the slow creep of vegetable mould.  
 Yet terrible as thou art when seen so near  
 In thine environment of blight and fear,  
 Most lovely art thou burning from afar  
 In liquid fire, as though a melting star  
 Had fallen on thee from the sky's profound,  
 And streamed adown thy sides, which, gemmed around,  
 Sparkle as some dark Abyssinean queen  
 Robed in her amethyst and ruby sheen.

' Even now I see thee nightly from this bower,  
 Where the red-rose and the white orange-flower  
 Mingle their odors. Looking o'er the sea,  
 Thy shadowy cone of solemn mystery  
 Shoots downward in the waves a softened gleam,  
 Until, by beauty lulled, I can but dream  
 Of thee, as of each gentle, lovely thing  
 That in my path lies daily blossoming.'

Sorrento, July, 1848.

A SECOND number of '*Our Landscape Painters*,' treating of Mr. JOHN KENSSETT'S productions, will appear in a subsequent number.



Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — We wish that our readers could hear the writer of the following sketch of *'The Bird-Fanciers'* depict the same scene and conversation orally. It is a richer treat than any one-act farce to which we ever had the pleasure of listening:

'THE corner of Fulton and Nassau-streets, now *'The Sun'* Office corner, was once the celebrated *'SHAKESPEARE Tavern,'* kept by HODGKINSON, a retired actor, a gentleman and a wit. Here congregated all the eccentrics of the time, and among them many whose equals at this day would scarcely be found visiting a tavern. But not so *then*. GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, J. W. JARVIS, MICAH HAWKINS, and a host of others, equally well known, were the nightly inmates of this omnium of eccentrics. Indeed, *'HODGKINSON's'* was the *'Exchange'* for fun and humor. Old-style New-Yorkers were moderate in their libations; but still, the single pot of ale, or its equivalent, was the necessary accompaniment of an evening's gossip.

'One little table, in a sly corner, seemed by common consent to be sacred for a special use every evening from eight to nine o'clock: and if a stranger should by accident seat himself alongside this table, some of the guests would inform him that he had better take another seat, and leave those for *'The Bird-Fanciers,'* or he might *'spoil the quarrel.'* Many a night have I gone to this room at a few minutes before eight o'clock, to see *'the quarrel'* aforesaid.

'Just as the clock struck eight, in would come JEMMY BESSONET, at the Fulton-street door, and at about the same time JOHN LENTNER would enter by the Nassau-street door. If either should arrive one minute before the other, he would look vacantly around the room until his companion arrived. This had occurred every night for twenty years. JEMMY BESSONET was a dealer in birds, bird-cages and wooden ware, in Nassau-street, three doors above Maiden-lane, and was celebrated for his MINO, a talking-bird of superior quality, which you once immortalized in the KNICKERBOCKER. JOHN LENTNER manufactured fishing-tackle and sold birds in Fair, now Fulton-street, near *'Golden Hill,'* and was celebrated for his untiring friendship for JEMMY BESSONET, and for an excess of patience, which constituted him a good fisherman.

'How d'ye do, JOHNNY!'

'How d'ye do, JEMMY!'

'What are you going to try a little of?'

'Well, I don't know; what are you going to try a little of?'

'And to the unpractised eye they really seemed in doubt; but in fact, neither of them had ever drunk any thing but a single mug of ale in an evening in all his life.

'Well,' says JOHNNY, 'I guess I'll try a mug of beer: ABRAHAM, bring me a mug of beer.'

'Bring me a mug of beer, too, ABRAM,' echoes JEMMY, to the old mulatto bar-keeper. Down went the two mugs on the table, dripping with both froth and coldness, for ABRAM always gave full measure. I name this as a peculiarity of the olden time.

'JOHNNY and JEMMY now seized the handles of their separate mugs; and while their faces looked like a conglomerate of palates, with mouths peculiarly shaped to receive the potent liquor, a slight nod, but full of complimentary *'good-health,'* announced that a portion from each mug was about to be swallowed: then their visages relaxed, and the usual conversation commenced:

'Well, JIMMY, how is your Mino?'

'Oh, beautiful: he is a great bird, that Mino. If any body comes in, he calls out, *'JEMMY! shop! coming!'* You see I used to say, *'Coming,'* and now Mino says it too. Alderman BRACKET said t'other day that they was a-goin' to indict my bird for raisin' an alarm of fire; that TOMMY FRANKLIN, the Chief Engineer, heard him do it. He calls out when the ingines are comin', *'Hurrah, NINE! hurrah, THREE!'* he knows them all apart. The only thing that bothers me with that bird, is his always saying, when any body asks the price of any thing, *'Two-and-six:'* You know, JOHNNY, I used to sell them wooden bowls at two-and-six, but now I ask three shillin's; but Mino sticks to the old price.

'Well, JIMMY, that is a great bird: I always said it, and always will. I wish your English mocking-bird was as good as your Mino.'

'Why? What's the matter with my English mocking-bird? Did you ever see a better bird!—did you ever see a better-throated bird: I call him a *perfect* bird.'

'Do you, though? Well now, JIMMY, I don't want to hurt your feelings; but that bird has got a good many faults, and he can't help it; the stuff ain't in him. I look at him clus: he has threc faulty feathers on the left side of his neck, and the fourth tail-feather has a bad quill; it's chalky; it has n't oil enough in it to keep it supple; just you look at his tail of a cold, damp day: he folds in every feather but that: he can't do nothin' with it.'

' 'Now, look o' here, JOHNNY, you're always abusing that bird. I say he's as good a throated bird as you ever saw. Did you ever hear him mew like a cat? Can a bad-throated bird do that? Did you ever see him coming down on the lower perch? That's the time to see if his tail-feathers are perfect. Why, he *'fane'* beautiful. Now here, JOHNNY, don't let us quarrel about that bird: it's no use; your mind is set about that bird, and there is no use tryin' to get you right. How is your new canary?'

' 'Well, he's first-rate, all except one note. You know the note that comes out of that bird-organ of mine when the handle gets just up by the hinge? Well, that note bothers him a little, but I think he'll get it after a while. He's the best-colored bird I ever knew; and every other way he's good, except that hinge-note.'

' Here the mugs would be lifted, JOHNNY's in compliment to himself for his eulogy on his canary, and JEMMY's to wash his throat, to facilitate his anticipated attack on JOHNNY's bird.

' 'Look here, JOHNNY, I used to think that you knew something about birds, but when I hear you talk about that lame canary of yours, it makes me sick. You don't seem to know what ails that bird; you don't know why he can't sing that note. Now, I'll tell you: you see you always use your cuttle-fish bone too sharp; and one side of your bird's bill is so worn off, that he can't clean his seed; and when he sings, the wind slips out that side of his bill, and he can't make a good note. When a bird can't clean his seed, you see he always gets stuffed full of these indigestible shells, and can't get on: besides, his small spur on the left foot ain't good. He has to stand on the big perch; he can't hold on to the small perch; he is too weak in the left foot for that; it won't contract enough to grip it.'

' 'Look here, JIMMY BESSONET!' (and here JOHNNY would lift his mug and empty it, JEMMY following suit,) 'look here, JIMMY, you and I have been here every night for twenty years, and ever since I had that canary you've had a spite ag'in' him, just as you had ag'in' that Java sparrow three years ago; and as soon as we get a-talking, you always begin a-talking ag'in' that bird. He's a confounded sight better bird than you ever owned, or ever will own. That Mino's the only decent bird that ever could live in your shop, with the dirty seed you feed your birds. Now, I never want to talk with you about birds ag'in, for it's all stuff. You don't know nothing about birds: and then you get so spitefully mad about nothing: there's no use talking with you!'

' 'Well, I don't care for you, nor your birds,' says JEMMY, 'and I think we better just stop meetin' here, for you always quarrel about that lame canary o' yours.'

' 'Well, this is the *last* time we'll quarrel, any how.'

' 'At this point, each would wheel off for his separate door, and as the doors swung to, the clock invariably struck nine. Then all the inmates of the room would laugh, and the oldest-comers enjoyed 'the quarrel' the most.

' The next night, as the clock struck eight, in would come the two bird-fanciers again, and again it was:

' 'How d'ye do, JOHNNY?' 'How d'ye do, JIMMY?' 'What are you going to try a little of?' And before they had seemed to decide, ABRAM, as usual, was drawing the beer.' x.

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HERE is a 'scribblement' entitled '*A Sketch of Modern Improvements in 2012*,' for which we are indebted to a 'RAPPER' who can 'call spirits from the vasty deep' of the Future as well as the Past. Perhaps the 'Spirit' is a little 'cracked,' but that's *his* business: 'This is a progressive age. Every body says so, and it is an old maxim that what every body says is generally true. Many and great improvements have been made in every thing in the last fifty or one hundred years, and many more will probably be made during the next century. One hundred and fifty years ago, it would have taken from eight to sixteen months to go around the year. One hundred years ago, it could be done in three months: in 1960, it was accomplished in three weeks; but now, a traveller, by taking the '*Lightning-Driven Flying-Machine*,' can sleep at Detroit, and by starting at sunrise, can breakfast at New-York, dine at Jeddo, sup at San Francisco, and be at Detroit again by bed-time. Thirty thousand sheets were once thought to constitute a good hour's work for any printing-press: now two hundred thousand sheets an hour is 'slow working,' the type being set and the press being driven by electricity. School-boys no longer *write* compositions, each one having a miniature printing press of his own, worked by electricity, by which he can

print his compositions as fast as he can *think* them. There are no more oceans and but few mountains now-a-days, the mountains having been levelled, and the oceans partially filled in with them, leaving nothing but large inland seas where were once the Atlantic and Pacific, thus greatly increasing the land-area. Winter is no longer the cold season it was in the olden time, even at the North Pole. Immense furnaces have been built under-ground, and the fire being let into them from the centre of the earth, the heat is conveyed in every direction by large pipes, making winter nearly as warm as summer. Safety-valves have been put in every volcano, and they can do no more damage. It was lately announced that a Japanese philosopher, whose name is unspellable, has discovered a means to prevent earthquakes, which he will soon make public. The universe, in the night-time, is now lighted by gas, procured from vast natural reservoirs, a few miles below the surface of the earth. The whole world, in short, is now one vast republic, of which Detroit is the capital, and a Sandwich Islander the president. Slavery was abolished when Africa was annexed, and every body is now free. 'Woman's rights' have had their day. The cause lost all its male adherents when it was found that the *Treasurers* who had been elected had appropriated four millions of the Public's dollars to keep herself in ball-dresses. All these improvements, however, are nothing to what are expected to be made in a few years. We are looking forward to the day when the circuit of the earth can be performed in four hours; when the press can strike off one million sheets an hour; when grain and vegetables can be manufactured instead of grown; and, above all, when we can annex MARS, VENUS, and MERCURY, which we are 'bound to do.' - - - The following vivid and also highly original 'pome' is copied *exactly* from the original manuscript, which we derive from an Ohio correspondent. It bears the title of '*Coleria*,' and can be read twice with equal enjoyment. The first two lines, it strikes us, could not be improved; but when the Destroyer comes to St. Louis, and onward to Cincinnati, and 'constitutes them *there* unhappy,' the interest becomes intense:

'Of all diseases that we fear  
coleria is the most severe  
in spite of all medical aid  
it does throught our earth pervade  
at natches it has Broke out  
and killing thousands all about  
and from there the monster starts  
and makes its way for different parts  
and on the otions Briny plain  
methinks theire many that air slane  
they Bid farewell to friends most dear  
and in another world appear  
here it comes up to saint louis  
they that miss it air the fewest  
there are orphents weeping friends  
Before this mighty conflict ends  
the phesicians there have found  
that medic single nor compound  
can confute this Boisterous blast  
which kills there people off so fast  
here it comes to cincinnati  
constitutes them there unhappy  
there it takes the Blooming youth  
this is nothing else But truth  
there the ritch the poor the heigh  
are But mortal and must dy  
the pane severe and notise short  
skereely caught Before a corp

then it takes the poor deck-hand  
how soon it does his frame expand  
thence the capten and the mait  
whose hearts within them oft have quaked  
who can tell its goins forth  
But they that seals its rapid force  
it has an arm as iron strong  
and does the grave yard often throng  
all the lakes and rivers round  
have this mighty monster found  
Blessed air the hills and nobbs and vails  
where this champion don't prevail  
here the news from arkensaw  
even nearer at pomeroy  
there the parents nerves do shaik  
it there childern soon will take  
But who can tell our evry lot  
we all must dy and be forgot  
although our thoughts may soar high  
yet we must fall as does the fly  
only out about new ark  
Behold the friends that have to part  
thence around up to new york  
and away at old detroit  
then let us reconsaile ourselves  
to him who all our fears have quelled  
and kiss the rod that maid us fear  
and in the end we'll come off clear.'

We respectfully counsel Dr. WHITE, whose kindred efforts of poetical genius were noticed in our last number, to look sharply after his flourishing 'green bays.

WHEN we were a little boy in the country, we read the BIBLE, in company with 'OLLAPOD,' thrice entirely through skipping neither chapter nor verse; stimulated thereto, in the first instance, by a maternal reward of many silver shekels. This early implanted within us an admiration of the grand simplicity of style which pervades so many portions of the Old and New Testament, an admiration which has never left us. Whole chapters of JOB, ECCLESIASTES, ISAIAH, and not a few entire chapters in the later books of the New Testament, then learned by heart as we read them, have always remained fresh in our memory. Of all the apostles, St. PAUL was our 'favorite,' if we may so speak: and so he is now. We were thinking to-night, (after reading, as is our not altogether occasional wont, some portion of the New Testament,) what a brave, independent, self-sacrificing laborer in God's vineyard he was, and what a contrast there might be drawn between the *outward* attractions of religious faith in his day and in our own. Partly to show this, and partly to exhibit the beauty and simplicity of PAUL's narrative, we beg, in this connection, to segregate and present two separate pictures from PAUL's writings which bear, by contrast, directly upon each other:

'HAVE I committed an offence in abasing myself that ye might be exalted, because I have preached unto you the gospel of God freely?' . . . 'What I do, that I will do, that I may cut off occasion from them which desire occasion; that wherein they glory, they may be found even as we.' . . . 'I speak as concerning reproach, as though we had been weak. Howbeit, whereinsoever any is bold (I speak foolishly) I am bold also. Are they Hebrews? So am I. Are they Israelites? So am I. Are they the seed of ABRAHAM? So am I. Are they ministers of CHRIST? (I speak as a fool) I am more. In labors more abundant—in stripes above measure—in prisons more frequent—in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes, save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep. In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea; in perils among false brethren: in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Beside those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches. Who is weak, and I am not weak? Who is offended, and I burn not? If I must needs glory, I will glory in the things which concern mine infirmities.'

Now, after this touching picture, which in simplicity and sublime pathos has never been excelled, let us turn to the scene descriptive of his bidding farewell to those 'among whom he had gone preaching the kingdom of God,' being ready not only to encounter new perils, but to brave all dangers, in the sacred cause in which he was engaged. He has sent from Miletus to Ephesus, and called unto him the elders of the church:

'AND when they were come to him, he said unto them, Ye know, from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons, serving the LORD with all humility of mind, and with many tears, and temptations, which befell me by the lying in wait of the Jews: and how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have showed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house, testifying both to the Jews, and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord JESUS CHRIST. And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there: save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord JESUS, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. And now, behold, I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God. Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood. For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in

among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them. Therefore watch, and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears. And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me. I have showed you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive. And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on PAUL's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more.'

Some day we hope to be able to resume this subject of *The Literary Beauty of the Bible*, and to speak of the ineffaceable effect of portions of the Good Book upon the minds of young readers. - - - 'SOME men,' says SHAKESPEARE, 'cannot abide a harmless, necessary cat.' We can: we always liked cats, from our earliest boyhood, when we used to 'make a lap' for them between our knees, with an outspread handkerchief, what time we were getting our school-lessons. They are an abused race, depend on't: and have five times the affection for which they are credited. Now, as we scribble, it is a wild, stormy March night. The fitful wind fairly *howls* in the streets, and roars and '*soughs*' over the chimney-tops of the 'Great Metropolis;' but there lies our black-and-white cat, (young, and 'of our sex,') an image of comfort, stretching himself upon the fur-rug before the sanctum-grate. Now and then he looks up recognizingly, stretches out his limbs 'fore-and-aft,' and with an expression of quiet enjoyment, yawns slowly, drops his head upon the soft white down of his neck, and again addresses himself to sleep. Half a dozen times, in the early part of this evening, he has jumped into our lap, 'making love to us' by a purr as soft as 'music heard in dreams.' Moreover, he is a firm favorite of a dear little girl of five years, who every morning, from her little crib, calls out, 'Fåder, where Pussy is! — where her is, Fåder!' And forthwith, at sound of that child's voice, in the later gray of the morning, comes bounding Pussy into her bed, cuddling down by her side, and shaking the very house with his affectionate purring. (Perhaps a little too strongly stated, this last, but let it go.) We believe his moral habits to be unexceptionable; although he did on one occasion absent himself from the 'paternal roof' for two nights without leave; but on his return, he stated distinctly to us, in his own way, (a little shame-facedly at first, we fancied,) that 'it was all right:' he had merely been to 'see his cousin,' a young lady whom we had seen him walking with, or rather after, one moonlight evening, over the trellis of the grape-vine in the rear. Also at one other time, when we were sitting in the sanctum, enjoying a pleasant chat with our friend and brother-editor of the '*Southern Literary Messenger*,' he started from his slumbers on the rug, and at one bound knocked his head against the ceiling in one corner, and at the next took a scrambling jump to another upper corner, rattling the picture-frames, and behaving 'like mad;' and at the third and last move, was out of the door like a shot. It was an epileptic fit, from which he recovered, after moping many days. - - - METROPOLITAN reader, have you seen Mr. H—LLER, the 'Demonologist,' at the Chinese Rooms, in Broadway! The little folk have been to see him, and pronounce him to be the very D—l himself. No 'spirit-rappers' can 'begin' with him — much less end, as he does. - - - If two negatives are equal to an affirmative, what inference can we draw from the following! '*Nobody that don't take that man for no great things a'n't much*

*mistaken!*' This is a veritable sentence in a communication from a correspondent. - - - PROF. BOECK, of whom we spoke in our last, has at his pleasant residence, 321, East Twelfth-street, two large and elegant rooms, with breakfast and tea, for two or four gentlemen. The house is 'neat as wax,' and the whole tastefully and newly furnished; but the rooms alluded to may be had either furnished or unfurnished. We commend this fact, to all wanting apartments, as well worthy of heed. - - - 'ONE afternoon, a few weeks since,' writes 'FELIX,' 'while waiting for the train of cars to leave with New-York passengers from the 'Old Colony Dépôt' in Boston, I overheard a half-intoxicated Irishman discussing a delicate point in American politics. It was that of office-seeking. He was just drunk and foolish enough to speak all his mind. With a gesture peculiarly energetic, and a voice that seemed to convey the sagacity of the forthcoming sentiment, he said to his companion: 'Divil take the Whigs and Dimmicrats! what do I care for 'em! Why, it would disgust ye, the way they come around ye for your vote. It's just as if ye might say, *like lookin' for a situation!*' The idea of American politicians looking to Irishmen for situations was too much to be resisted; and so I laughed over it till I was rocked to sleep in that magnificent 'cradle of the deep,' the 'Empire State.' - - - In a most pleasant epistle from a friend at Concord, New-Hampshire, (a place where they 'have gas, two cabs, an omnibus, and a PRESIDENT!') the writer thus hits off the 'Spring which the sweet poet spake of:'

'A BRIGHT wood-fire is sputtering within the grate. The last fresh stick lies upon its rosy bed, crackling and chirping away with as good a relish as if it wasn't Spring. Spring, indeed! Hark! hear the hail and snow sift against the window-panes! The Wind is playing all sorts of pranks. It is peeping into all the cracks and rattling all the doors and windows; and when I look up to see what is the matter, it goes off whistling, just as if it was n't him! Ah, the rogue!

'Spring is it! Where is the almanac? It must be that a winter's day has got loose, and has slipped down into the wrong place. Something must be wrong. A screw must be loose somewhere in the weather-machine. Where are the spring-flowers? Are they awaking from their winter's nap? Have they dared to peep out from under the great white coverlet that Dame NATURE laid over them, and tucked up round them, when they grew weak, and pale, and cold, last Fall? If they have, the violets must have tears in their blue eyes, as they look at the unpromising features of their old Mother. The little brooks have not yet dared to come out of their hiding-places. And as for the spring-birds, they must be sitting somewhere with folded wings and drooping heads, wondering what these great drifting, driving snow-storms are coming now for!

'Spring is it! So the whole race of almanacs say, from the immortal DUDLEY LEAVITT down through every shade and variety of medicine; 'sugar-coated,' 'all-healing,' 'Russia salve,' and sarsaparilla! Surely, it must be so.

'Spring, indeed! It is a winter's night out of doors, a winter's fire blazing away before me, and the warm, red flickerings over the wall and ceiling look as if it certainly was winter — *somewhere!*'

It makes us feel juicy about the heart, it makes ours truly a 'labor of love,' to recognize, as we do, in the kind words of our friend, and kindred words of cheer from hundreds of readers whose faces we never shall see, the fact, that our efforts to entertain them have not been altogether in vain. And especially gratifying is it to know, that in home-circles, like that so felicitously depicted by our eastern friend, we are so genially and every month 'freshly remembered.' - - - A CAST-AWAY piece of iron, accidentally caught between the cogs of two wheels in motion, may stop the grand movements of the most useful and nicely-adjusted machinery; and yet it is but a worthless lump, after all. So, occasionally, an obstinate and impracticable man, by some mishap brought into the composition,



of a court of justice, may arrest the whole process. This 'position' is well illustrated by an old-time friend and school-companion, now resident in Pennsylvania:

'At a recent term of Quarter Sessions, in an interior county of this State, a case was submitted to a jury, which seemed to be sure to go against the defendant, as his guilt had been confessed by himself, and his counsel seemed to have no hope, and hardly a wish, for his acquittal. On polling the jury, however, one man was found in favor of the defendant. The remaining eleven then went to work to rectify the error of the *one*, but they found the labor decidedly unavailing. The time waxed late, but no verdict in that plain case. Court and people wondered what detained the jury. Midnight came, but with it no exodus of the jury from their room. Hundreds of tired heads sought repose, leaving the jury to solve the problem, 'How can eleven submit to *one*? for one won't submit to eleven.' Morning dawned, and the inquiry arose: 'Have the jury agreed?' No! One man had the courage to peep through the key-hole upon the awful conclave of 'yeomen good and true,' and the picture he saw, if faithfully transferred to canvas, would have immortalized and full-pocketized any painter. The 'baccy smoke and decided odor of the narrow, unventilated room must be imagined. The centre figure of the group was the dissenting member, seated in state upon one of the most uncomfortable benches, as if conscious of the dignity of his position. His eyes were generally closed, but occasionally opened slowly under heavy eye-brows; and casting a glance around upon his supplicating audience, to see that they were all 'there,' in conformity to the Act of Assembly, he closed them again, with a self-satisfied twinkle that seemed to say, 'I have you, gentlemen!' Around him—some lying down, some sitting, some dozing with their hands to their heads and their knees on their elbows, some walking the floor, some begging and arguing, some muttering and gesticulating with their fists—were the victimized eleven. *The one* was a fat, oily man, who had not consumed more than a pound or two of his surplus flesh during the night. Among the 'majority' were some lean and lank, who had only their yesterday's dinner to sustain them, and were sick and famished—pictures of rage and despair. Upon the court being called, the jury stated their dire dilemma, and their countenances clearly confirming their solemn asseverations of the hopelessness of the contest, they were discharged, 'Unable to agree,' and some of them strongly inclined to turn cannibal upon the next 'dissenting juror' they were locked up with.

'Some time since, a similar case in the same court was brought to a more satisfactory focus by the promptness of a reasonable juror. The eleven thought the case perfectly plain, and were for finding their verdict without leaving the box, but the one insisted upon retiring. Arrived at their room, ballots were cast as usual: eleven for one party, one for the other. The dissentient was discovered, and asked for the reason of his opinion. '*I haf heerd,*' said he, '*once there was one man who turned a whole choo-re-ee.*' 'Well,' said one informant, 'if that's your hope in this case, you had better go about it pretty quick.' But not a reason did he offer. In stolid indifference he sat, asserting, ever and anon, '*I haf heerd once there was one man who turned a whole choo-re-ee!*' No vision of waiting sausage, pudding or worst, sour-cROUT or schritts; of inviting beds or fire-side pipes at home, could alter his opinion, or enliven or vary his one argument. Some facts, illustrating the evident plainness of the case, were only met by the sage observation, uttered with increasing confidence: '*I haf heerd once there was one man who turned a whole choo-re-ee!*' At last, one of the most resolute of the jurors proposed that they should all sign their verdict, call the constable, go into court, and say, 'May it please your Honors, all this jury were agreed upon a verdict before quitting their box, and are still agreed, excepting one man; and the only reason or argument we can get out of him is, he says, '*I haf heerd once there was one man who turned a whole choo-re-ee!*'' Accordingly, they drew up their paper, called the constable, and started to go into court, when the 'immortal *ONE*' relented, and called out: '*Shtop, shentelmens, shtop!—now I signs!*''

How time rolls on! To-day is our birth-day. And with it have come sad thoughts, and glad, and grateful. Sad, that so many who set out with us on life's journey have 'fallen by the way-side,' on the right hand and on the left; in the bloom of youth or the vigor of manhood, beckoned away by the 'Pale Messengers;' while we and ours have a 'standing on God's earth, and a breathing in His air.' How should it be otherwise than that the heart should swell with gratitude to that BEING whose hand has 'preserved us hitherto!'—to enjoy the changing seasons, the solace of HOME, the affection of tried friends, the sympathy of thousands whom we may never meet this side the 'great gate that



swings outward into eternity.' A psalm of thanksgiving befits the day and the hour. May it be accepted at our hands! - - - A LADY-friend, writing from one of the pleasantest villages in all the 'Southern Tier' of our glorious 'Empire State,' gives us this pleasant foretaste of Spring in that delightful region: 'We have had a long and dreary season. Now, however, we are having some appearance of the approach of Spring; now a flurry of snow and rain, now mild and bright. Spring is very welcome to those who live in the country; and you should be with us once, to appreciate it. With what delight we listen to the notes of the first birds that herald it! — and we are all watching for the first flowers that shall dare to peep out of the ground. We shall soon have the crocus! We have some house-plants in bloom; but no petted plant or bird can cause the delight that we feel at the first that come in Spring, to tell us that dreary WINTER has passed away.' - - - ANOTHER characteristic 'screed' from our friend and correspondent at the beautiful 'City of Elms:'

'THE other Sunday, I was taking a walk with a friend — no, not taking a walk, you know that would not do in this region; but returning home from church in an exceedingly round-about manner — over East and Fair-Haven way. You must have heard of Fair-Haven, I think: famous for oysters\* and fine-looking girls. The girls open oysters — rough, jagged, barnacled oysters — faster, they say, than four famished, able-bodied men could eat them on a wager. But for all that they dress charmingly, look beautifully, and have plenty of money to buy such books as the 'Knick-Knacks' and the 'Reveries.' East-Haven is well known for a beautiful lake, called Saltonstall; and for an old church with '1776' over its door; and for an old fellow, about whom I will tell a short story.

'He is an odd, eccentric old man, and swears when he feels as though it would do him good. One day a gentleman was passing the old man's house, and saw him out chopping a big log of wood. Just before the gentleman reached him, the old man ceased work, leaned on his axe, and supposing he was alone, went through with the following soliloquy: 'Well, you're a nice, prudent old man of eighty-five, ain't you? — chopping away at an infernal old log! You want to git the rheumatism agin, worse than ever, don't you? — chopping away at a blasted old log! Go into the house, you old fool, and behave yourself!' And the old fellow threw his axe over a fence, and went in.

'On a cross-road between East and Fair-Haven, we stopped at a little farm-house on a side-hill to see the pigs and chickens. There was no joiner-work about the barns, sheds, and pens: but every thing was built by the owner as he happened to come in possession of a board or picket; a gradual, odd-and-end style of building, that is apt to give a place a picturesque appearance. There was a boy in the cow-yard, a very communicative boy, who gave us a good deal of information touching rural affairs. I don't know how much he was 'calculating' to get ahead of a neighbor down the road, in the matters of cabbages and early lettuce, and it is not material. The sun-shine came down pleasantly about the barn-yard, and so we rested on the bars, and watched an old cow under a thatched shed, and two little dirty-faced pigs, making themselves sociable with a black hen, who couldn't see the company she was in, on account of an overhanging top-knot; and listened to the muffled cackling of another hen up among the hay. There was something quiet and good in the scene. The boy told us that an old brown hat nailed on the barn was for wrens to live in; and he said when he woke up on summer mornings, he could always hear them 'singing away like every thing!' The boy's face lighted up when he said it. 'I 'spect it's cause I'm wicked,' but I enjoyed those few moments in the old barn-yard more than I did the sermon that Sunday; and it was a long sermon, too, which makes it the more remarkable!

'Next to a beef-steak smothered in onions, or a glass of brandy with age 'onto it,' there is nothing 'JIMMY' loves more than independence. He gave a little touch of it the other day. I had noticed a keen-eyed, peculiar sort of a character in JIMMY's ale-house: one of those men who think that society is all wrong from beginning to end. This man was excessively severe on Yale College. Having some little knowledge of medicine, or 'yarbs,' he had formed an idea that all institutions of learning had banded together for the express purpose of putting him down; and as he was obliged to battle against tremendous odds, he frequently resorted to JIM-

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\* Yes: and we wish you would send us two bushels, in the shell, of those little black but exceedingly flavoured 'Dragons.' 'A vermillion edict. Respect this.'

my's for artificial encouragement. He was very graceful in his gestures, and if he had a fault, it was the amiable one of wishing to impart what he knew to others—who did not wish to know any thing about it. JIMMY had no desire to listen to his red-republican notions. JIMMY preferred reading the New-York papers, and was seriously annoyed by the loquacious reformer. By way of illustrating some point, the stranger said, addressing himself to JIMMY :

‘ ‘Now, Sir, if myself and others did not frequent your place, you, Sir, could not live a month !’

‘It was the most unfortunate remark the stranger could have made. JIMMY, after laughing at the absurdity of the assertion, and naming over an unconsumable quantity of provision which his kitchen and cellar contained, commanded the reformer to leave his house. The stranger rose, and putting one hand in the breast of his coat, (which was buttoned to his throat, as the next best thing to a shirt,) and raising the other to the ceiling, remarked in a tragic tone of voice, that he should no longer look upon JIMMY as a gentleman of refined feeling and massive intellect ; and that he never more should visit JIMMY's establishment. JIMMY requested him to propel, which he did with dreadful dignity and flashing optics. When JIMMY took his shutters down on the following morning, the stranger was waiting on the steps for a glass of brandy and water. All of which goes to show that JIMMY is independent ; and that rabid reformers have some of the weaknesses incident to the human family.’

‘I SEE,’ writes ‘FEATHERSTREAM,’ a Broome-county friend, ‘in the last number of your Magazine, an inquiry concerning the authorship of a poem entitled ‘NAPOLEON'S Prayer,’ which I am unable to tell you any thing about ; but I remember a poem of a somewhat similar character, by LEWIS, the ‘Lynn Bard,’ the first stanza of which ran as follows :

‘Oh, bury me not in the dark old woods,  
Where the sun-beams never shine ;  
Where mingles the mist of the mountain floods  
With the dew of the dismal pine ;  
But bury me deep by the bright blue sea  
I have loved in life so well ;  
Where the winds may come to my spirit free,  
And the sound of the ocean-shell !’

These lines always struck me as being very felicitous.’ ‘FEATHERSTREAM’ may send the ‘Parody.’ - - - Good gracious ! what are we coming to ! What will posterity say of the present age, as compared with that of Salem memory ! Isn't it merely a question between *live* witches and *dead* ones ! Now, while the ‘*Spiritual Rapping Delusion*’ is spreading, and persons of unexceptionable character and undoubted standing are firm believers in it, let us permit a friend to ‘ask a few questions, and make a few remarks’ from a hurried letter to the Editor : ‘Can the advocates of spiritual rappings,’ he inquires, ‘have overlooked the fact, that when they call up SHAKESPEARE, FRANKLIN, BEN JONSON and others they have invariably lost their talents, and sunk to the level of their ‘medium’ ? I think I can fancy ‘GEMOTICE’ holding a spiritual communication with the spirit of SHAKESPEARE on the guilt and general character of the elder Mrs. HAMLET. Two to one he would have the best of the argument. Let some enthusiastic individual ask DAVY how he finds the base of the alkalies in the other world, and in all probability the revived knight will have forgotten his previous knowledge in relation to his own discoveries. Think of General WASHINGTON rocking a table, or causing a chair to dance a horn-pipe, to amuse a company of ‘rappers ;’ NAPOLEON BEONAPARTE endorsing the legitimacy of NAPOLEON the Third by three raps on a pine-table ; or Lord BACON profoundly writing common-place nonsense with a lead-pencil stuck through the finger-holes of a pair of scissors ! Call up the spirit of PERKINS, and ask him what he now thinks of his ‘tractors’ of forty years ago, and if he does not say their properties were too complex for the erudition of the present day, he knows nothing of the powers of the ‘rap-

pers!' Oh! what a set of 'philosophers' are handing our compliments down to posterity! If you wish to ascertain the extent of this rapping and table-moving delusion, just try to buy a pine-table, and you will find the article monopolized. Every carpenter in town and country has been engaged in making them since the joiners and cabinet-makers were sold out. Within a few weeks it has been discovered that a shingle, placed on two glasses, and partly covered by the hands, would revolve, and lo! *shingles* are eagerly sought for: almost every young lady, and not a few young gentlemen also, are engaged in trying the experiment of making the shingle revolve. A few days since, I visited a friend's house in Philadelphia, who assured me that tables would run around his parlors in a most extraordinary manner, and that persons seated about them had nothing to do with the movement, except to place their hands quietly upon them. Another table, with a marble top, (with the top removed,) would tilt on its hind-legs and pirouette amazingly. I went to see this exhibition, and by watching the ends of the fingers of the operators at table number one, I could see that the color of the ends of the fingers of all the *right* hands on the table was redder than those of the left hands, or at least of so many of them as assisted the table in its gyrations. This might not have shown that the pulling with the right hand and pushing with the left was intentional, but it at least showed that pushing and pulling *did* occur, whether involuntary or not. Table number two was of the kind known as a 'pier-table,' and so balanced in its proportions, when relieved of its marble top, that the least force would tilt it backward, while a great amount of force was required to tilt it forward. One operator alone sat at the rear of this table. I noted particularly the color and convexity of the ends of his fingers; and as the table tilted, the color changed and the termini of the digits convexed! As the table turned on the rear feet, smooth at the bottom, the operator followed, holding his hands more flatly, and relieved the ends of the fingers in part from their excess of blood and rotund appearance. It had been stated that great power would be required to force the front feet of the table down to the floor. I tried it, and found the required force about equal to the mechanical advantages by leverage which the operator had over me; but his exertions to keep the table up restored the color and rotundity of his finger-ends, as well as other local suffusions to his hands generally. He asserted, however, that his hands simply *touched* the table, and that he intentionally exerted no controlling influence over it. My host discovered, also, that in this particular instance there appeared to be design, but he said he was sure the former trials were free from collusion, as he was himself, among others, seated around the table. The greatest amusement I have had from this delusion, is in noticing how many persons who are entirely truthful on *other* occasions, will stoutly aver their confidence in these fooleries; and it is still more curious to notice, that more than half the parties present are readily convinced, as lookers-on, of the truth of the whole affair! Now, what is to arise from all this? In past times, after a child arrived at the age of six years, the parents commenced to instil into their minds that ghost-stories were fabrications. Will it not prove necessary, at an early day, that the children shall take the *parents* in hand, and try to relieve their minds from fear, by convincing them of the untruth of spiritual rappings? The best joke of all is, to hear these wiseacres calling this table-turning juggle 'electrical!' Spirit of FRANKLIN, do rap 'No!' to all such attempts! Even unknown results are attributed by charlatans in science to electricity. And it is very convenient for a lecturer, whenever he meets with an effect which he cannot under-

stand, to call it 'electrical.' Wake up, old KNICKERBOCKER! and wheel this nonsense to the right-about, and save the present generation from being written down zoologically, like our old friend DOGBERRY! Apropos of 'The Rappers,' here are two letters, which have been sent us by a judicial friend in the pleasant Susquehannah region, which will be 'read with interest,' as somewhat illustrative of the not altogether disinterested character of the 'operators' in these proceedings. The first letter is from a sewing-girl, who has become a 'medium:'

'Rap Hollow, Feb. 4th, 1853.

'DEAR PRY: I am enditin this epistil al in a kuiver. The Wrappers hav bin here, and I'm a mejum. I do n't do no mor werk, but I sits in the parler & wraps fur Mistress and Mastur. Weave had Missuses Grandpa and uncle up in the parrier, and had em tell al howe it loked in them wregins of blis, where they ar putin up when last heerd on. Her grandpa sez he stands it purty tolerabul for an old man, kunsiderin the suddin change of klimate. Her unkel sayes a northern klimate was his preferents, but spozes he'll git used to the suthern lattituds. Tuther day I wrapped up Pa, but rather konklud the old gentleman was out of sorts. I asked him if he was hapee where he was. He said he wood be if he haddent got sich a lazee darter. I hain't wrapped Pa up since. We hadd kozin BEN up yesterda, butt the poor felow stuttered so, that we couldent git any thing out of him. We wraps up Missuses oldest boy every mornin before five. He used to lay a bed so late, and Missus wants to larn him gud habets. One day I kalled up bill edmonds, him that used to spark me sumtims, butt he acted kinder bashfool, and wood nott kummunikat till evry uther pursun hadd left the rom but me. Then I asked him if he was hapee. He said he wasent. I asked him whi? He said because I was nott there. I asked him what he wantid of me. He said 'the buttons was al off frum his vest, and he haddent had eny mendin dun now goin on three munths!' Poor felo! how he must sufer in that fur off kinty! Weave hadd JIM CROCKER up, him that died with the Erysipeless in the fase, but didd nott git a very long kommunikation out of him, seeing as how his fase pained him orfully when he talked. Weave hadd a gud meny uthers up. Weave hadd the lame Saddler, the big butcher, the one-eyed shomaker, and al the rest of yur old friends up, butt didd nott git anithin very sensibul out of em. We hav nott moved eny tabuls yet, butt xpect evry minet the green wash-stand will leav the premises. Tuther morning there was a piece of liver and bef's tung misin, butt rather konklude Towzur got it, as he refused his bones at dinner.

'So you see, PRY, I ain't a werk girl eny mor; I am only a mejum, and if you will kome and see me, I will wrap up eny bodi you say.

'no mor frum yur sinnseare  
'friend,

'SALLY MANIFEST.'

The second letter is from a young lad of twelve or fourteen years, who is strongly in favor of having the 'rappings' go on. Perhaps the domestic omissions of which he speaks so exultingly may not be altogether fancy in many a house where 'mediums' most abound:

'Rapahanock, Feb. 9th, 1853.

'COUSIN BOB: Jump on to the first train, and come down and see me; mam's gone crazy and Dad's out a-gunning. The Rochester Knockers are here, and I'm boss and all hands. Mam's out calling up spirits, and the cover's off from the brandy-peaches, hurrah! Such jolly times! No body watches me, and I do just as I please. In the morning, mam goes over to the 'mediums,' and wraps up Grandad, and asks him if he's comfortable. In the afternoon she goes over and wakes up Uncle SYKES, and asks him how he averages: so it goes, rapite, rap, rap! She ain't here a half an hour in the day, and I'm darned glad she ain't. Come down, Bob, come down! We'll shoot at the chickens, tie crackers to the cat's tail, make squibs, steal the sweet-meats, and lay it all to Grandad and Uncle SYKES! Hurrah for the Rappers! The barn-door is off from the hinges, there's a mud-wasp nest behind the looking-glass, and Dad hain't walloped me in six months. Take the first train, Bob, and bring all the boys you can find.

'N. B. — Don't forget to steal your father's powder-horn, and do n't forget the bass-drum and the tambourine, and the triangle, and the dinner-horn, and the squaks. We'll have a concert!

'Your affectionate cousin,

'BOB NOISEY.'

Don'r you like to see a young couple, soon to be 'twain of one flesh,' going the rounds of the metropolis, and selecting their little things for their first house-

keeping! Doesn't it bring back to you your own achievements in that kind! the 'good bargain' that you made in the considerate purchase of this or that little article of ornament or necessity! Oh, how much there is in it! What are the 'things' for that you are selecting! They are to make up the inanimate, the dumb adjuncts of a HOME. We were thinking of this to-day, while seeing a beautiful young girl, with her affianced by her side, indicating and ordering at BERRIAN'S the various things required in their first house-keeping: a little gloved hand placed here and there upon various kitchen-'traps,' and a pair of bright 'asking' eyes turned ever to one whose merest nod was approval. We 'blessed them unaware,' and inwardly invoked for them a happy home, 'when time and place should serve.' - - - If you doubt the truth of the following, just ask J — B —, of Amenia, who avers that it is 'verily veritable.' Moreover, he says that there are *more* such delicate persons 'thereaway:' 'A young lady called at the shop of a cabinet-maker in this village to leave directions with him about making a table which she had previously ordered. Among other 'particulars,' she enjoined it upon him to make the 'limbs' small; adding, after some hesitation, 'You know what I mean, I suppose!' With a very vacant look, the cabinet-maker replied: 'You mean LEGS, don't you!' This disregard of the lady's modesty was altogether too much; the *bare* idea, so suddenly presented, almost overcame her!' - - - THE lines entitled '*Napoleon's Prayer*,' concerning which an inquiry was made in our last number, have been sent us by an obliging friend. They are credited to 'M'CARTHY.' Who is M'CARTHY! We never heard of any poet of that name. Perhaps his light is 'under a bushel'—of Irish potatoes:

'Yes! bury me deep in the infinite sea;  
Let my heart have a limitless grave:  
For my spirit in life was as fierce and free  
As the course of the tempest-wave.

'As far from the reach of all earthly control  
Were the fathomless depths of my mind;  
And the ebbs and flows of my single soul  
Were as tides to the rest of mankind.

'Then my briny pall shall engirdle the world,  
As in life did the voice of my fame;  
And each mutinous billow that's sky-ward curled  
Shall seem to reëcho my name.

'That name shall be storied in annals of crime  
In the uttermost corners of earth;  
Now breathed as a curse, now a spell-word sublime,  
In the glorified land of my birth.

'Ay! plunge my dark heart in the infinite sea;  
It would burst from a narrower tomb:  
Shall less than an ocean his sepulchre be  
Whose mandate to millions was doom?'

EVERY body, capable of appreciating strong-writing,' used to 'laugh consumedly' at the peculiar style of the grave and learned editor of '*The Bunkum Flag-Staff*,' a journal which has been for some time suspended, but which is yet to 'burst forth like a Feenicks from its ashes;' but here are two 'editorials' from a veritable newspaper, published within twenty miles of the former residence of the editor of the 'Staff,' which could not be excelled, even by that master of condensation and force of style. 'Listen, that you may hear, and be silent, that you may understand:'

'THE attention of our readers are *particularly* requested to an advertisement in another column of this paper, under the head of HOMESTEADS for fifteen dollars! by C — W —, which, if common report speaks from any where within the neighborhood of truth, is unsur-

passed in *beauty of location, goodness of soil, and cheapness of price!* That those Lots and farms are now being disposed of at a rapid rate—so rapid, that in a very short time there will be none or few to be had, and those at an advanced price. The location of this most *desirable spot* is within two or three hours' ride of the city of New-York, from which you may come or go by public conveyance a number of times every day, at very little cost, and by private conveyance as many more times as you may think proper; a *Spot* where the industrious *foreigner* has already pitched his *tent*; having, on a long *viewing excursion of inspection*, through different states and climes, being here brought to a *stand*; first, by the *beauty of the location* combining the retirement of the country with the immediate *proximity* to that city which is the greatest trading-mart on the continent, and *right about face*, 'The loveliest village of the plain!' where dwells *health, pleasure and contentment*, and over head naught but a clear and unclouded sky between himself and the heavens, bracing every nerve in his body; and under his feet naught but his own *HOMESTEAD* founded on a rock!—which is, and ever will be to the possessor, the *CORNER-STONE* to his own liberties; where nature, ever acting on the sublime platform of a *free soil*, holds in her hand the *grand crucible* wherein the *industry* of man is placed, and which that *great Alchemist* immediately *transmutes* to the purest *GOLD*; a *GOLD* that *rejects* all *alloy*, being drawn from a *free soil* in obedience to the God of nature, who first willed it, and which the *prudence* of man has so recorded in the world's extended record—A *FREE SOIL!*'

Does n't that 'out-Bunkum Bunkum?' The Italics and small-capitals are all the editor's, not ours. The next specimen is in a playful vein, but yet embodies 'principles' of a very high order:

'**MILITARY PARADE.**—Marks of respect—on *principle*. We the more readily notice the voluntary movements of the OLD 76's, accompanied by the new *Hose Company* of this place, which were out on parade yesterday; who, before they started for B——, determined on leaving their respective *Depots* to give us a salute at the Old C—— *Office*, but understanding that we had for sometime been confined to the house by ill health, observed then, we will salute the C—— *Office*, which has for over thirty years promulgated *principles* which are our own! Now this is as it should be: *support principle, wherever found!* Many similar marks we have received, and no doubt on the same *score*, which we have taken them on; our agency in promulgating them without *clipping* to our own benefit, but were fully content with what it gave us, the honor of the agency in recording it, and with these we were fully satisfied.

'Our good wishes remain with those two useful bodies of citizens: the one with powder and ball to bring the enemies of the country to a stand, and the other with *cold water* to wash away all misunderstandings.'

But for the fact that 'The Bunkum Flag-Staff' never surrenders!' we should tremble for the fate of its too-long-silent editor. - - - We do not often give place in these pages to juvenile verse; but the following simple effusion, accidentally discovered among the 'scribblings' of a little girl of eleven years, will be deemed, we think, to justify publication. They are entitled 'The Three Wishes:'

'I wish I were a golden cloud,  
To veil the setting sun,  
And from the eyes of mortals shroud  
Its rays till it is gone.

'I wish I were a little bird,  
With plumage gold and bright:  
Oh, I would be a nightingale,  
To sing throughout the night!

Piermont, (N. Y.)

'I wish I were a rain-bow bright,  
Hung o'er the hills so green,  
To deck a robe for IRIS,  
When she comes before the queen.

'And yet these thoughts are very wrong,  
I clearly now can see:  
I'd rather have the mortal soul  
That God has given me.'

a. s.

Our neighbor PORTER's journal, the '*Spirit of the Times*,' has come out with a new and very handsome dress, the only thing in which it was susceptible of improvement; and right glad are we to know that its extensive circulation works its types so hard that they soon become old. Long life to '*The Spirit*,' and its genial, whole-hearted editor! - - - THE following bill is before our State Assembly. We have placed it in the hands of our old friend and correspondent, RUSSELL SMITH, Esq., Chairman of the Bank Committee in the House, who will 'put it through.' It is based upon a 'claw' in VI. VICTORIA, § 8. See also decision in VATTIL v. PUFFENDORF, on the 'Law of Nations,' and the 'ruling' on 'sasherarer' in the case of SNODGRASS v. DUSENBURY, in the Supreme Court of Wisahickon:

§ 14. BE it enacted, That from and after April the fourth, 1853, any and every man, boy, or other juvenile of either sex, found '*Slings a Kite*' held by another boy, and sailing upon the high seas of air, shall be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanor, the penalty whereof shall



be a fine of not less than two hundred and fifty nor more than five hundred dollars, and imprisonment at hard labor in the State-prison at Sing-Sing for a period not exceeding ten years. If the party so offending shall leave the State, a *nolle-prosequi* shall be entered in his behalf, and the case may be 'carried up' by a *fieri-facias* or *habeas corpus*.'

We'll soon see, *now*, whether any boy in Gotham will be found throwing a stone, with a string attached to it, over the line of another boy's kite, (thus showing the *quo animo* or 'moving why,') while navigating the Empyrean, and draw it down to his own contemptible level! If we had never done any thing else, our agency in originating this stringent bill would be sufficient honor for a life-time. Boys, remember us! - - - We hail with great pleasure the re-appearance of an old friend in Philadelphia — the '*Drawing-Room Journal*.' Many of our readers will recollect the regret felt at the sudden cessation of this charming weekly, about a year ago, occasioned by the departure of the editor from the city. Mr. COOKE's numerous friends have at length persuaded him to remain among them, and to resume the conduct of a journal which, we venture to say, is unexcelled by any paper in the country, in the points of beauty of typography, fairness of paper, convenience of arrangement, and of general elegance. Mr. COOKE has our most cordial wishes for the prosperity of his enterprise. Assisted as he is by the contributions of most of the best pens in the Quaker City, as well as many in other parts of the country, he cannot but succeed — and succeed brilliantly. Nouvellettes, tales, sketches, legends, essays, editorials, poems, news, gossip, etc., are all to be found in choice profusion in the ample columns of '*The Drawing-Room*,' which is, and has every right to be, the '*Home Journal*' of Philadelphia. The cheap terms of its publication insure it a speedily extended circulation. - - - 'So '*The Attorney*,' writes a Pennsylvania correspondent, 'is to be re-printed! Good! I ascertained its merits years ago: I read it, laughed over it, (and might have cried over it, had I been at all used to 'the melting mood,') over and over again. Well do I remember Mr. QUAGLEY, who made boys 'smart' by applying his knuckles to their heads; Mrs. VIOLET Dow and AARON; Mr. RAWLINS and his dog 'BITTERS,' (great dog that!) and 'the stunted marker.' I say 'remember,' for the book, having been going, going for a long time, is GONE. I clung to it as to a pet. 'T was borrowed, recovered, borrowed, recovered, and so on for years; and then borrowed and *not* recovered. Much good may it do the 'book-keeper' that has it! Put me down for five copies of the new edition. By the way, I once inquired of *Knick*, by mail, in my amiable way, who wrote it. No reply. If the authorship is a secret, why don't 'Old KNICK.' say so!' No secret at all: JOHN T. IRVING, Esq., a nephew of WASHINGTON IRVING, is the author; and he is in himself an exemplification of the fact, that genius, like lightning, may 'run in a family.' - - - We were shown, 'on yesterday,' A. PINK, which was six feet one inch in length, and weighed nearly two hundred pounds! He was originally 'caught' at 'Little Rock,' as it is termed, in the Arkansas, and was as fresh and lively as if he were still in his 'native element.' - - - If our friends the publishers will 'bear with us yet a little,' their publications, which have thickened upon us, shall receive adequate notice at our hands; not the less acceptable, let us hope, that we but reawaken public attention to them. Notices of several works, (including DE QUINCEY's writings, STODDART's new book, etc., etc.) are already waiting insertion. Six pages of 'Gossip,' embracing several matters hinted at in our last, crowded out of the present, will appear in our May 'issue.' We shall hope to answer many private correspondents by letter soon.



# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## MEN, MANNERS, AND MOUNTAINS.

BY ROBERT M. RICHARDSON.

### PICTURES OF BADEN-BADEN.—THE ARRIVAL.

THE transition from HEIDELBERG — its antideluvian castle — its supralapsarian seats of learning — its NECKAR of philosophic flow — its Philosopher's-walk — its ark-like tun — its cloudy Königstuhl — its quaint Museum-club — to the glades and gay halls of BADEN-BADEN, may afford a fair parallel to some of the swift scene-shiftings in the '*Divina Commedia*.' Bright BADEN typifies the FAST, HEIDELBERG the STEADFAST principle of life.

Again traversing the Bergstrasse vale! How royally does our railroad rattle through swelling seas of corn-field, hops, and vine! The double and triple chain of mountains which borders so majestically the route, echoes and proclaims the volcanic chariot's approach. The breeze rises and descends in high spirits among the luxuriant walnut-trees that drop their shade around. And on we glide, like the train of Spring, surrounded by the rosy-bosomed Hours: never were cars tenanted so blithely. But a single hour ago, and the Hydra, Dullness, was among us; the pipe gave out more cinders; the heavens, now so blue, looked dingy; and we were, both in speed and spirits, a slow coach. How is it now, that such a change is wrought? The Hydra hides his head; nor was Comus's crew more cheerful than we. Not to keep you in suspense, the solution of the gay mystery is, that at Oes station we took the special train which diverges to BADEN-BADEN, so that the GARDEN OF GERMANY is henceforth our happy bourne. All — all — all, then, of our passengers are travelling in pursuit of *life, liberty, and pleasure!* What prospect more pleasing, even if the Garden of Eden were our destination? How different the mood of my fellow-voyagers from that of ordinary occupants of public conveyances, which so often bear affinity to the

French paintings of Revolutionary victims, riding in their tumbrels to the guillotine!

Not a care broods around. No talk of stocks, of elections, of disasters, of dry-goods. Every thing is tabooed that could possibly tire the ear; and even as Cleopatra sought to charm the rude winds into sweetness as they drew near her pleasure-freighted bark on the Cydnus, so did we triumphantly essay to smooth into dalliance every influence that encountered our swift course.

'MESSIEURS ET MESDAMES, VOUS VOILA A EMBARCADERE DE BADEN-BADEN.'

What, already! Then 'open sesame' to our immured baggage, and down with the portcullis on incipient flirtations. Only I hope to heaven that that pair of landscape eyes which begemmed the seat opposite are destined for the same hotel as myself.

*Probatum est.* And here now we are at the HOTEL D'EUROPE. For once MURRAY is right: it is the pink of hotels.

To take possession of a chamber—to make fast and loose my baggage—to throw up a window which 'gave' upon a sheet of water as pure as my white bed-toilette—to 'make a clean breast' of it—to hasten down to the *table d'hôte*—these are occupations as natural as agreeable. My rail-road beauty is not there; but her absence is supplied by roses and lilies not less fair; and for one always prone to look at things *en rose et en blanc*, numbers are something, after all. Beside, is it not written in behalf of gregarious beauty—in *medio tutissimus ibis*?

#### THE COUP D'ŒIL.

As the merman in the story, after long roaming through countries which pleased him not, having at length obtained a glimpse of his beloved sea—its waves—its sparkles—its dancing play—sprang forward to greet it with a delighted shout; so, and with such alacrity, did I, my dinner ended, dash out of doors into the bosom of the scene which wooed me with a glance.

*Mais retiens toi, ma plume!*

The Hotel d'Europe immediately faces the camp-ground of the beautiful. Its front-steps descend almost upon the Lichtenthaler Allée—the Corso, Chiaia, or Champs Elysées of Rhineland. Wide, smooth, and shady, the sun never strikes between the interlacing branches of its arboring trees, but, breaking his ruder beams on high, sifts his softer radiance through in a mist of gold. Mid-summer temperature here is that of the Moslem Paradise:

'Warmth without heat, and coolness without cold:'

as those two Byzantines, just moving past in a britzka, seem to think. What a maze and wilderness of equipage is here! The eye becomes fatigued with the march and countermarch of coupé, coronetted calèche, cane-tilburys, crimson-lined carriages of the Carlsruhe *bourgeoisie*, phaetons, droshes, Americaines, lumbering landaus, with blazoned or barren panels, grass-hopper vehicles of St. Petersburg—a combination of wheels

and horses as long as the Great Mogul's marriage-procession, as various as the spring promenade of Longchamps. But pass we on: this is forbidden ground for pedestrians, with the exception of *foot-men*. A finer panorama lies beyond, the illusion of which varies with every point of view: a quadrilateral sward, girt with stately oaks and graceful acacias, intervenes. Over beyond this incomparable *Jardin-Anglais* rises the *Maison de Conversation*, (or Kursall,) in front of whose Corinthian pillars is disclosed a spacious promenade. Matchless in white symmetry, the KURSALL stands amid bowery trees, against the back-ground of a shady hill.

If these portals enclosed Paradise instead of Pandemonium,\* they could scarcely be guarded by spirits more fair. How to re-produce the scene that floats before us? Can Claude Lorraine be copied?

It is six o'clock. The Kursall Colonnade, strewn with seats, is a Samian parterre of beauty. The band has just this moment clustered beneath its light pavilion. How beautiful is orchestral music, even among the foremost files of things beautiful and lovely! And this is no ignoble band, such as tortures the tired ear with iterating sounds in most of pleasure-gardens. The harmony which enchants the hushed air, from yon pavilion, bespeaks the presence of the artist-soul, tempered in the caverns of expression, in whose depths Weber and Mozart have wrought. How the lively pace of the promenaders relaxes as the magnificent overture begins! Infallible test! Thus music becomes the spirit's telegraph, as it strikes electric emotions to the inmost soul, and writes unerringly thereon a language known to all.

What a rain-bow of bright humanity seems to span the promenade! Flowers, natural and figurative, spring up at every step. Faces and graces swarm in these precincts: fair enough to stir up the soul *instantly, after dinner*: and in making such a concession as this, I conceive that the most delicate compliment to their power is expressed which the warmest encomiast of beauty could possibly convey. Beauty, certainly, is lacking least of all; costume, its embellishing Abigail, is also elaborate and replete: they have paid attention, beside, to the *science* of promenading — the little witches — flitting and flirting along, like 'gay beings, born to flutter,' as most of them are. But from the tasteful and perfect plumage of these pretty 'birds of passage,' you can hardly distinguish the Peri from the Pariah — the queenly Bird of Paradise from the Paris Peacock, who struts hither from a *magazin des nouveautés*, to flaunt the flounces of her own handi-work.

See the little demoiselles, exulting in an escapade from the stocks of refinement; how gladly they have left form for frolic, and exchanged the dancing-master for a donkey in the sylvan valley. Then here bears down toward us an asthmatic dowager, surrounded by satellites who lionize her till she blushes above her rouge; then the suite of tuft-hunters and fortune-hunters — the shrewdest of sportsmen — led upon their hound-like scent by a 'lively sense of future favors.' Landgraves, Palgraves, and Margraves, too, are looking as gay as other men.

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\* THE slang name given by Englishmen to the Kursall is 'Curst-hell' — for obvious reasons.

The panorama keeps in motion, and now brings around the Misses Darkle and Sparkle, the blonde and brunette of the great city 'mapped by Mogg.' The moon and the comet are scarcely less sisterly in aspect than these twain scions of the B—— family: the one is a form of air, the other of *avoirduois*. Close behind comes the flock of partlet mammas, following their younger selves with a complacent cluck. 'Tis early in the season, as yet, and the matrimonial market is not overstocked. A little later, and the sales will be more brisk, and the prices range less high: the tactics of manœuvring mothers will, in the same ratio, lose much of their delicacy and refinement, and assume a more vigorous and decisive character, prior to a withdrawal for the season. Strange it is, how men may be dragooned into matrimony when persuasion fails! The flower of Frankfort has been culled this year for exposition in the Baden market; but the BARING among the marriage-brokers is an Englishwoman — a *cosmo-polite* in Hood's sense of the word, being polite to all nations except her own. A more *usée* and *rusée* dame, more conversant in the tricks of her trade, never lured the unwary or outwitted the *knowing* bachelor, to his destruction. But of her, more anon.

The diversity exceeds description. Russians in regiments, white-coated Austrians, the succinctly-corsetted French *militaires*, multi-colored Greeks, (the physiognomy of the *Ægean* as well as of the black-leg,) uniforms and officers — the two not necessarily being in conjunction — men-milliners, tagged with various orders — punctilious parvenues and titled peers; knights, bishops, queens, owners of castles, and common pawns — all move according to their bent over this checkered and check-mating scene.

Amusement, as well as misery, makes strange mates. But, between the relaxation of dignity on the part of the munificos, and the assumption of it on the part of the insignificants, you may imagine that a *juste milieu* is here attained quite as nearly as unbalanced human nature will allow.

Amused and amazed, you take a seat at one of Mellerio and Buffa's tables, in whose airy restaurant luxury still holds festival, although the dining-hour is past. Hats and hauteur are there easily thrown aside, while you sit and dream over your *chasse café*.

'Oh, my stars!' exclaimed an old lady, at seeing the *Crown-Prince of Prussia* lounging in one of these wooden chairs. Two *aides-de-camp* were beside him, and the Nestor of German diplomats, a plain-looking personage in black, with an eye like Talleyrand, completed the group. The Prince was attired in a uniform of great simplicity: the two sons of Mars each wore, in addition to numerous other badges, a star of glittering brilliancy, though as unlike in appearance as Mercury and Saturn. The Minister had no visible decoration. It seems that Butler was not far out of the way in his bold assertion, that

'THERE'S but the twinkling of a star  
Between a man of peace and war.'

The Prince, suddenly unsphered, mingles in the galaxy, and condescends to enjoy himself.

Look at that old Dutch dunderhead, who has left his 'business and bosom' behind for a week, and run down to meddle, if possible, with those of other people. Mein Herr, why do you so belabor that little Strasburg singer with your heavy starings? Is it to tamper with *her* peace that you left Amsterdam, your *frau*-guarded home, under plea of 'urgent necessity?' German students, of course, are not absent: you see that the uncouth beings, like their barbarian fore-father, INGOMAR, have relinquished their menagerie habits for a season, and, slowly 'submitting to the soft collar of social esteem,' are in fair training to be mitigated into courtiers. Battening in ease, here as at home, are groups of German Barons, looking 'uncommon seedy,' whose sempiternal promenade between their small principalities and Baden-Baden affords an annual pleasant interstice in the woof of ennui which spreads over their existence. The brow of the statesman, marked with the corrosion of care or of disappointment, is discerned amid happier faces: at this resort he has thrown up his dignities like a bitter drug, and seeks, perchance, to breathe awhile an untainted air. Mistaken hope! responsibility and labor will pursue him every where. Even here, in this throng, in whose light communion he craved relief, is he sure to meet a political enemy, or, worse yet, a political colleague. Too often is his genius required to flow like an Alpine river—most actively in the warmest summer.

A novelist would have unreeled, through a sea of manuscript, the descriptions which I have thus cast off, in a hurried coil. To return, and to return. Still the human stream flows on; now lingering, now fitfully fainting and leaping into new life, as music regulates the motion. Calembourg, criticism, sylvan sentiment, anecdote, rapture, rhodomontade, all fork forth from felicitous lips, like a *feu-de-file* of fire-works. The very gravel seems responsive to the measured pulsations of patent-leather, brodequin, and nice-like feet. Certes, the feet of the *belle assemblée* move more in unison than do its tongues. Some say that when Babel was broken up, its topmost detachment moved *en masse* and founded Baden-Baden. Else, whence this irreconcilable confusion? It can never be harmonized; even by the tongue of time.

'Tis the hour of composure and anticipation: we are on the frontier of evening. The pursuits of the day are over, and the pageantry of night is not yet open. *Tout le monde*—the gleaners of pleasure and of profit—the ambitious of cash or of conquest—the languid and the alert alike—seem, for the space of an hour, to have bivouacked in fraternity upon this trysting-ground.

#### THE TRINKHALLE.

Music and morning came hand in hand. The sun ascended glowingly over both. My earliest duty and first pleasure was, of course, to reach the TRINKHALLE.

The new Trinkhalle, or watering-establishment, stands about a polka's length from the Maison de Conversation, and is altogether the most flattering fane ever erected to Hygiena. Entering by a tasteful path, which farther on skirts a little river, you first pass into an elevated and elegant promenade, which serves the water-drinkers as a protection in wet, and

as a promenade in all weathers. On one side is a range of neat pillars, supporting Moresque arches; on the other, a continuation of benches presents itself; above which the long wall is covered with legend frescoes by GOTZENBERGER, varying in merit from good to bad and indifferent, though chiefly partaking of the two latter styles. At the upper extremity crouches a feeble figure of Health, which, from its emaciated bust and faded face, is evidently far gone in consumption. The grand hall, containing the mineral-fountain, to which you are at once ushered through the central door-way, is immense; but the fountain itself, although supposed to be the nucleus of Baden-Baden, is in no manner a remarkable or attractive object. Surrounding, is a circular balustrade, imprisoned within which is posted a hot-water Hebe, who, stooping and rising with the mechanical precision of a steamboat-piston, dips forth glass after glass to the visitors, with impartial good-humor. How much handsomer, indeed, is it in M. Benazet to appoint such a fair ministrant as cup-bearer, than (as is but too often done at the Spas) to station an abominable tanyard-colored mendicant, who deals you forth a boiling, sulphurous beaker, and an excoriating scowl, in the same breath — causing an imaginative hypochondriac like myself to think of a dirty devil incarnate, ladling up infernal draughts from the brimstone tanks of his father Lucifer.

There is an esoteric or exclusive class of drinkers, who, giving the go-by to the *grande fontaine*, repair to a minor saloon on the right. In this contiguous retreat are exposed for sale all the aqueous products of Germany; and, as if so many varieties of the transparent element might not be sufficient for the thirstiest crocodile in any zone, there is also annexed the completest dairy beneath the milky-way. Goats'-milk, asses'-milk, white cows'-milk, black cows'-milk, whipped-milk, butter-milk, and, for aught I know, chicken-milk, together with all possible and improbable combinations of creams and clabbers, are served up, either *neatly* or in fusion with the waters, by a man in the Tyrolean garb, who *yodles* forth a ballad while moustached mouths around imbibe his immaculate fluids.

If the visitor is not yet disposed to cry, 'Hold, enough!' he has access to yet another apartment on the opposite side, wherein is exposed for absorption a yet more remarkable assortment — I mean the vegetable waters, comprising all varieties of Kirchwasser, Bordeaux, Burgundy, Rhine wines, spirits, and *liqueurs*. *Chacun à son goût*, certainly; but I do n't see how the d —; your pardon, polite reader, but I really do n't see how the —; I disclaim all intention of being coarse, but I really do n't see how these miscreants can find it in their consciences (even supposing those consciences situated in their stomachs) to prowl around the pure premises dedicated to Health, quaffing mulligatawny waters, robbing young calves of their proper nourishment, and guzzling all manner of vinegar-wines before breakfast. Such practices call for the reprobation of all who claim a rank in creation above a human churn. For my own part, I viewed the vinous proceedings with a temperate disgust that would have won the heart of a pious Hindoo.

You will readily conceive that the Trinkhalle bears little resemblance to the scene of yesterday. The morning and the evening constellations find their contrasting images in the Trinkhalle and Kursall. The first



characteristic to impress the visitor at the former, is the imperturbable gravity maintained throughout the ceremonies. In sullen defiance of the brightness of Aurora, and the fresh melody which the matin-band contributes without stint, it still seems as if some dull decretal had gone forth against cheerfulness. From the manner in which the sweet strains swelled forth, from the air of perfunctory determination in which the hot goblet-draughts were swilled down, it appeared to an observer that the water-nymph is indeed a very formidable but a most irresponsible and unjoyous rival of the musical muse.

The fashion is, at the Trinkhalle, to make funereal bows; the same person who dashes off a Taglioni salute toward evening, now makes you a dejected obeisance, that might well become a dervish doing penance. How to account for this singular depression in social intercourse on beginning the day — as gloomy as the opening of Don Giovanni; whether the undiluted dignity proceeds from a superstition that hilarity is incompatible with the brightest benefit derivable from the potations; or whether it be out of consideration for the primitive styles of dishabille in which it is usual to appear, remains a mystery which I am no Solomon to solve. Certain it is, that my inveterate morning companions, the Blue-Devils, this morning found good company.

Up and down we plodded on the cheerless promenade — looking neither to right nor left — as spectres doomed for a certain time to walk the earth in morning-gowns, swelling with sulphureous emotions. It was impossible to fall in the ranks without picturing to yourself the gaunt procession that wanders on the banks of Styx. Females whose forms were suffering from perfect inanition of apparel, so lankly hung their morning-robes, loitered along in the travesty of veiled prophets. An old Italian podesta, whose face seemed the tart index of his soul, which must have been squeezing the lemon of melancholy to its inmost core, strode by, every five minutes jerking out his watch and bellowing to his *anima di porco* of a valet, who followed with watchful eye and a bottle of the hot liquid, to ‘hold up and give him a drink’ — quick — guggle — gug-g-g-l — and off he starts afresh, to count another thousand.

Tramp — tramp — tramp — go the sulky spectres. Just before me, like a leader of the ‘forlorn hope’ of our imbibing army, with his arms carefully folded behind his coat, stalked a blue-looking Englishman, in a deep brown-study. Burnt-bistre can afford but a faint shadowing forth of the intense sobriety in which his sombre soul was wrapped. Atlas in autumn, with the world upon his shoulders and the neuralgia in his neck, could hardly have looked so sere and serious. A rusty battle-axe, a regular spike-and-falchion cast of countenance, in no wise relieved the expression of illimitable gloom under which every joint of his dismal person seemed to groan. It was an appearance ever to be shuddered at. Really, however little of a chameleon by nature, it was impossible to refrain from succumbing to the operation of such russet influences: insensibly I began by degrees to partake of the color of the world I moved in; and despite of the ridiculous, I began at length to recognize myself as wearing the brownly-blue-dyed uniform of the sedulous and silent troop. Why, even my little beauty of the caressing glances, who but yesterday



in the cars had eyes like opals, shifting their color with the light of every new-transmitted look, this morning has surrendered to Iris all her prismatic glories ! The clarified nymph of clear-starching herself could not demean herself more stiffly. Whither, pray, can all those plastic and elastic graces have flown ? Behold her mamma, too ! It is but yesterday I thought her the lovely mother-of-pearl in appearance. The scales are fallen : what a metamorphosis her altered looks disclose ! She stands the very mother-of-vinegar confessed ! And her cavalier ! Such a *cross-beau* was never meant to instigate Cupid's arrow. My Dulcinea may be freely confided to the custody of that ultra-rueful countenance.

*Sauve qui peut* from such a vaporous assemblage ! Let us seek oblivion once more in the spring which tastes so much like chicken-broth. Whew ! how it burns my mouth ! A callous invalid alone, whose palate has long ceased to discriminate in savors or temperatures, can consent to become the diurnal recipient of such a kitchen-spring. The man in the fable was right : one mouth was never intended for both hot and cold — water at least.

In Germany, where every stream, every mountain, and every ruin has its legend, every fountain its peculiar spirit, please inform me truly what is the nature of the Naiads assigned by tradition to these bubbling springs which peep forth throughout the land as stars on the soil of heaven. Who but a Dutchman can see romance in a parboiled Undine, an amphibious salamander, a Nymph-Zantippe, simmering out her existence at home in perpetual hot water ? The Rhine is composed (if so turbid a stream can ever properly be said to be *composed*) partly of glacier tributaries from the Alps, and partly of these caldron-contributions which course adown its banks, refusing to freeze all winter. The philosophic notions on the subject of the rushing river in which 'heat and cold strive for mastery,' have been incontrovertibly settled ; but, as in poetry it is permitted to take sides according to tastes, every sentimental investigator will, I conceive, agree that the bands of beauteous spirits whom a charming mythology recognizeth along the Rhine, are of Alpine, not of Brunnen origin.

But to turn from poetry to the positive. If, as many aver, faith in the physician is half the cure, these waters must start with an incontestable *moral* advantage over the resources of any disciple of Hippocrates ; for, if it be permitted to draw inference from the prodigious number of patients — no two of whom resemble each other in any respect save assiduity — any man not a panacea-vendor would be prone to conclude that by faith alone their salvation must be wrought. So many maladies, so many men. Hither resort the Bengal nabob and the fog-drenched Hollander, whose composition is innocent of bile ; the victim of smoke and vapors, and the victim of calomel ; the soldier whose sinews have been strained beyond his powers, and the alderman who never strained a nerve except his stomach ; the long, lean *justizrath* from the courts-of-law, and the dropsical dowager from the courts-of-ease. These are a few foremost types of the characters who at Baden drink and drip internally, flushing their temperaments with hot water, if not with sanguine hope. Peace to the shade of PREISSNITZ !

## V A L E !

'In spite of rock and tempest roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on!'

LONGFELLOW.

'HEAVE ho!' the ponderous anchor heave —  
Heave round the capstan-bars!  
Mid-summer night begins to weave  
Her tresses thick with stars.  
Too long I tarried by thy side,  
O maiden of the heart of pride;  
Hence treacherous lures and specious show —  
All hands weigh anchor — ho! heave ho!

Unfurl! while outward sets the tide,  
And softly blow the western gales:  
How dimly is the land descried,  
While one by one fill out our sails!  
Farewell! thou heart so proud and cold;  
Fling forth our pennon's careless fold,  
And bid the sea-ward chorus sound —  
We, with the tide, are 'outward bound!'

'Far out at sea!' the moon gone down,  
And quenched that early, starry light:  
How murkily yon wild clouds frown,  
How flash the wave-tops, yesty white!  
Rest in thy bower, O heart of pride;  
The ocean plain is long and wide,  
The moon gone down: but what to thee  
Is the lorn rover, far at sea!

'All hands on deck!' our vessel lies  
Thrown down beneath the maddened waves;  
This is that hurricane-surprise  
That sends whole crews to deep-sea graves!  
O heart of pride! so far away,  
Dost ever for the sailor pray!  
Perchance — but then *our* ghastly wreck  
Is naught to thee — 'all hands on deck!'

'Stand by to cut away the mast!'  
The struggling hull may yet arise;  
Cut! 'tis our only hope — our last:  
All clear! away the ruin flies!  
E'en yet, O moveless heart of pride!  
The wanderer's bark may stem the tide,  
Though to the cruel surge be cast  
Each riven sail, each shattered mast!

The morning breaketh cold and gray:  
Ah, dismal scene! ah, stern, dark sea!  
So! keep the staggering hulk away  
O'er the huge billows, manfully!  
For thee, proud heart, that sent us here,  
May never day arise so drear!

God's mercy guide the cast-away  
Whose morning breaks so dim and gray!

'Land ho!' for many a weary day  
Since that gray morn, with scanty sail  
And jury-rigged, we've held our way,  
With hunger and with watching pale.  
Art beating still, O heart of pride,  
In thy fair home, o'er ocean wide?  
Perchance! — All hail, ye breezes bland  
And new-born hopes, with 'Ho! the land!'

'Cast anchor' in this peaceful bay:  
To-night, no capstan-bars  
Shall bring it from its bed away  
When sparkle out the stars!  
Would thou couldst know, O heart of pride,  
How, safely moored, far from thy side,  
We smile remembered scorn away,  
At anchor in this peaceful bay!

*Boston, Mass.*

W. W. M.

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## THE REFORMATION OF HARRY CORNWRIGHT.

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BY PETER RAOS.

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At the period immediately preceding the Revolution, when the first moanings of the approaching tempest had commenced, there lived near the green, now called Boston Common, a worthy blacksmith, named John Cornwright. He was a sturdy, honest old fellow, of no remarkable parts; a sound believer in the rights of the colonies, and an admirer of the fervid eloquence of James Otis. But valuing his daily occupation above politics, he followed diligently his trade; and if the fanciful acts of the mother-country shook his loyalty a little, he only buried his feelings in his own heart, or calmed his agitation by hard knocks on his anvil, rather than by turbulent speech with his fellows. Strong was the belief, however, in John's mind, and increasing daily in strength, that it would be more profitable to the colonies to be governed in an open way by a few quiet citizens in black knee-breeches and home-spun hose, on this side of the Atlantic, than by titled gentlemen, residing in magnificent establishments over the water; possessing high-bred and fascinating manners, doubtless, but having, unfortunately, no very clear idea of the mess they were getting the colonial business into. Meantime the blacksmith toiled at his trade. History is silent touching the part he performed in the struggle which transformed the colonies from children to rivals of England, nor has the present sketch aught to do with that portion of his existence.

John Cornwright was a widower. Rumor blabbed, with her thousand tongues, that he did not take on very badly when his amiable wife de-

parted. Remark was made that he looked happier, and strode home to tea with a more confident step, after that lady slept under the turf at Copp's Hill, than before her decease. Gossips noticed that now he never was first to leave a jolly good party at the tavern; and, indeed, it was sneeringly stated, in a general way, that things were quite different before Mrs. Cornwright died.

The old wooden house was now under the mild reign of sweet Kate Cornwright, a pretty damsel of eighteen, who carried it with a high hand among the beaux of Boston, receiving even many a passing compliment from those sprouts of nobility who, in the red-and-gold livery of his Majesty, vexed the town in the shape of army-officers. Perhaps the compensating power of PROVIDENCE gave this beautiful girl as a solace for the distress which her wild brother Harry wrought in the heart of the old blacksmith.

Harry should have been a lord, for he got as drunk as one; and he kept quite as bad company as George the Fourth himself did in after years. Loving his sister dearly, and entertaining a respect for his parent, still the influence which they possessed over his actions was very limited. Dreadful tales were told of his revels by the old men, though all confessed that a spice of fun and a share of wild courage entered often into his frolics. A poor widow at the North-end blessed Harry as he passed, as the preserver of her boy from a blazing house where others dared not enter; and the broken nose of a sergeant in the —th regiment testified to the strength of his fist on an occasion when the aforesaid sergeant was too pressing in his attentions to a young lady in the public street. Yet these facts do not free Harry from blame for excesses and street-encounters, which, under modern light, are justly visited by fines and imprisonments; nor do they diminish the culpability of his sitting for a whole afternoon at a time at the bar of the Green Dragon tavern, wasting John Cornwright's hard-earned money in drink, with as shiftless a set of young fellows as could be collected together in that ancient place of entertainment. He knew, indeed, that his father possessed a heart that neither he nor any other evil-doer could break; but he was also aware that his unfilial behavior had caused it to beat very painfully at times. Oh! much farther in the broad, straight path had wicked Harry advanced than he supposed.

But to the matter of the story.

One summer morning, after her father had departed for his shop, while Kate sat at the window which looked toward the common, she chanced to observe, picking his route among the cows which drew their sustenance from the gracious bosom of the green before her, an Indian making for the house. Within a few yards of the dwelling the savage paused, and, with the sharp glance of his race, took measure of it from top to bottom, as a warrior would of a castle he intended to storm. He was rather a dirty and mongrel sample of a once gallant tribe, and his personal appearance was quite note-worthy. Necessity had forced him to combine the aboriginal and European costume in such an anomalous style as to make it painfully apparent that poverty, in his case, had utterly destroyed taste. About his neck the savage love of tawdry finery had induced him to hang several strings of huge glass-beads of a quaint and ancient

fashion; the self-same baubles, probably, that from his ancestors had purchased many an acre of Indian territory. A gaudy but greasy military cap crowned his lank black hair, and the balance of his costume was composed of an old English coat, a pair of soiled buckskin leggins, odd moccasins, a common case-knife, and a hunting-pouch, associated in a manner which defies description.

To the quick eye of Kate, who gazed at him unobserved from behind the curtain, the 'brave' appeared to be, even at that early hour, a trifle in liquor; having altogether a debauched look, which plainly asserted that he had been making a night of it. She turned from the window in disgust, rustling the curtain as she swept away, which being observed by the warrior, he uttered a grunt and trotted off.

That an intoxicated Indian should gaze for a few minutes at John Cornwright's house was not an extraordinary fact in itself, albeit there was nothing striking in the appearance of that modest pile; but, adding it to a conversation overheard by Miss Kate in the afternoon, a startling picture was presented to her imagination.

At the rear of the house was a large and neatly-kept garden, in which Kate passed much of her time in the summer-months. She was quietly sewing in a pretty little arbor near the foot of this plot, when she distinguished the voices of two persons, who appeared to be approaching by a narrow lane leading to the garden; pausing as they reached the fence, they continued their conversation in a low but earnest voice:

'Me tell you; me know! Just easy, brudder, as turn your hand—so.'

And the speaker, who, from his peculiar use of the English language, appeared to be an Indian, seemed to perform the motion alluded to.

'Hold up!' answered a gruff voice. 'Give us English, and none of your blasted Indian gammon.'

'Me spoke Ingleese dam good,' replied the savage, whose feelings appeared touched at the opinion held of his proficiency as a linguist. 'Me learn quick when papoose—so big.'

'Nonsense,' growled his companion; 'tell me, now, when you were in the house, and what you know about the matter.'

'Two day ago, me go into the kitchen. Beg meat. Nigger girl give me meat and cider, good! See 'em cleaning silver plate. Oh! so much! big lot! Old man, Cornwright, he catchee me; call me red rascal; say kickee me out, catchee me there some more.'

Following this lucid explanation came a short pause. At the mention of her father's name, Kate's heart beat quickly, and, pale with agitation, she listened for the remainder of the conversation.

'Was there a dog about the house?'

'No, no dog. Me askee the maid why she no give meat to dog, instead to poor Indian. She tellee, got no dog.'

'And whereabouts do they keep the silver? Do you know that?'

'No, but we findee him to-night, sartin,' answered the native.

The pair now seemed to be examining the height of the garden-wall; and while they muttered farther plans of wickedness, Kate stole softly from her hiding-place, and, darting into the house, threw on her street-apparel, and walked with a careless air toward a turn in the adjoining street, whence she knew the two gentlemen whose conversation she had

overheard must emerge. There, indeed, she encountered them. In one she recognized the Indian whom she had observed in the morning. The person of his companion was unknown to her. He was a stout, half military, half ruffian sort of a fellow—one of that class from which Great Britain occasionally in those days recruited her army and navy. The present specimen, as he wore no uniform, was, no doubt, a deserter from some Southern regiment, a fellow whom even the iron rule of King George's service had not forced into proper discipline.

Taking no notice of Miss Kate, they passed on, and she proceeded swiftly to her father's shop. The worthy mechanic was in a grimy and heated state, the ordinary result of labor at his particular trade on a warm afternoon, and the information that an attempt at an appropriation of his property was to be made that night, did not tend to an immediate cooling of his blood.

A council was held by Kate and the blacksmith on the spot.

'To-night,' said the old man; 'rather a short notice, but we'll endeavor to be ready for them.'

'It would be better to get two or three of the neighbors to watch with us, father,' said Kate; 'don't you think so? As there are only two of the scoundrels, they can be easily captured.'

'Ay, Kate, only two, and one of them a drunken Indian!' answered the blacksmith; 'I think we can manage them without the aid of neighbors. We will be independent, and do it ourselves.'

'Perhaps, father, after all, it would be better to have them sought out and arrested before night; then all danger and trouble would be avoided.'

'And suppose we find them, my dear, before night; we could prove nothing; the villains would escape; they could not be punished by law. No, Kate, that wouldn't do. Harry and I will attend to them personally.'

'Harry!' exclaimed Kate, shaking her pretty head; 'where will you find him? He's not been home since yesterday morning, and you know he sometimes remains away for days.'

'The young scoundrel!' muttered John Cornwright, with a sigh. 'Just at the time when his father needs his aid! Kate, I'm satisfied no good will ever come from that boy. Gone out of the town on some wild tramp, of course: the old blunderbuss and your father, then, will be enough, and I'll go home immediately and fix the weapon. After all, Kate, you may have been foolishly frightened, and misunderstood this talk; and if such be the case, and we should bring in the neighbors on a false alarm, the whole town would laugh at us, you know.'

'There's Dinah,' suggested Kate; 'arm her; she would do for the Indian, I think.'

'Blow the nigger!' exclaimed the old man, testily; 'don't allow her to know any thing about it. She would raise a howling sufficient to wake the dead.'

And John Cornwright, relying on Anglo-Saxon courage, and despising Ethiopian aid, ordered his apprentice to look to the shop, and escorted his daughter home.

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RETURNED from a hunting-excursion, Harry Cornwright and a band of kindred spirits that night held a grand wassail at the Green Dragon

tavern, which wassail included a jolly good supper and plenty of punch. Master Harry was at the head of the table, doing the honors in magnificent style, and Will Wilkins, of North-end—a glorious fellow at a song—supported him on the right, while a round dozen of jolly dogs spread out on both sides of the table. Brave fellows were they, but dreadfully fallen away from grace, and, as a general thing, utterly unworthy of the Puritan stock whence they came; fellows who were eyed askance by modest maidens, shunned as followers of the Devil by well-behaved young men, and regarded by the elders as fit only for targets for Indian rifles on fields of frontier warfare.

Hurrah! There they are at it. Indeed they are. Observe Harry now, giving a toast; and notice the company of scape-graces rise, with mock reverence, to drink it. Mark that fellow at the foot of the table, with hands meekly crossed, and eyes horribly squinted. Should you suppose any thing but mischief resided in his bosom? Nothing else, depend upon it! Hark! ‘Fill your glasses, gentlemen.’ And we have some disloyal toast concerning King George. Rebellion is commencing at the Green Dragon.

The hours passed on: the streets were quiet; a rattling fire of toasts and songs continued; but wit was drowning itself in punch, flashing out only in obscure gleams; and gentlemen who stretched their mouths to laugh, found it a difficult matter to shut them again, so relaxed were the muscles. Will Wilkins, the singer, in a state of unconsciousness slipped under the table, where he was used as an uneasy foot-stool by Harry Cornwright. A drowsy glare was observable in the eyes of the revellers at the foot of the table, where the biggest punch-bowl was stationed, and two weak heads had fallen quietly to sleep, their beating brows reposing on their plates, while one of their abandoned companions lazily poured cold punch on their heads to sober them.

Although Harry Cornwright was endowed with good gifts in the art of punch-drinking, he at last exhibited signs of repletion; and when he heard the clock strike the hour of twelve, a glimmering of sense admonished him to retire. So he stole away to procure a room of the landlord, intending to remain at the Green Dragon all night.

‘I can’t do it,’ said the host. ‘It’s impossible. I’ve only one room containing one small bed unoccupied, and Will Wilkins and Bob Hunter engaged that in the early part of the evening; they said they knew they should get drunk, and ordered me to see them conveyed to bed.’

‘Home, then,’ thought Harry, ‘the nearest way.’

Off he started, conversing to himself for the sake of companionship.

‘How my head swims! Devil take those last three glasses of punch! I’ll never do so any more, upon my honor. Harry Cornwright, you drunken wretch, you ought to be ashamed of yourself; no doubt you are, my boy. Hold up your right hand and pledge yourself, in the presence of these witnesses, never, so long as your unfortunate life may be spared, to drink over six glasses of punch at a sitting. You solemnly promise this, to love, honor, *et cetera*, till death do you part. Easy, Harry; you’re ashore on the marriage-ceremony.’

And our friend made for a wooden post at the corner of the street, to take a new departure.



'Pity 't is,' continued he, audibly, 'that no fine fellow is at hand to give me aid and assistance home; it will be the Devil's own job to do it alone. Now, Harry, my boy, you solemnly promise —— Julius Cæsar! how my poor head swims!'

Toiling along with a reeling gait, he proceeded for his father's house, his head, truly, more sober than his legs; but as he staggered by the pillars of the stone chapel, a heavy pitch in his motions brought his heels in contact with a bundle of fantastic rags lying within, coiled up in one corner of the porch. Over went Harry, while the bundle, with a grunt of astonishment, extricating itself, started to its feet, and half unsheathing a knife, stood gazing at Harry, in doubt what course to pursue. By the light of the moon, the young man saw that he had disturbed a sleeping Indian.

'Gentle savage,' exclaimed Harry, gaining a sitting position against the wall, 'I beg your pardon. You're the very man I've been looking for. Come, give me that dirty hand of yours, and aid me to my feet again, and then help me home. Come, Indian — by-the-bye, what's your outlandish name?'

'Me call Wonnybackker,' growled the Indian.

'Well, Wonny,' continued Harry, 'give me your hand. There — so far, so good. And now, Wonny, you see me home, and I'll give you a shilling. See, my head is clear enough, but my legs, you notice, are weak.'

'Yaas, me see: Ingleese dam drunk!'

'True, amiable native; but don't tell me of it quite so plainly, or I may pound your head a trifle. Oh! don't finger that rusty knife of yours. You wouldn't use it, you know you wouldn't. Come, let me lean on your arm, and we'll go home.'

'No,' said the Indian. 'Wonnybackker has business; he no go.'

'I'll give you *two* shillings, provided I have that amount in my purse, which, I may be allowed to say, I something doubt. Don't be mercenary; two shillings is a great price. I never gave more than one before, upon my honor; and I've sworn since that last trouble, not to budge another foot alone. So, Wonny, bear a hand.'

'No,' persisted the Indian; 'sleep here; night warm: Wonnybackker won't go.'

'But you shall!' answered the self-willed Harry, with drunken violence seizing the Indian. In the course of the struggle, Harry felt a heavy hand upon his shoulder, and turning, he beheld a new antagonist; this was a stout, rough-looking personage, of a very unamiable cast of countenance.

'Be quiet,' said he; 'drop your hold of the Indian. It's after midnight, and time for you to be at home, whoever you are.'

'Ho, ho!' said Harry, gazing from one to the other. 'A new arrival. Oh, I perceive: a bosom-friend of old Wonnybackker, my red friend. A nice couple! Pray, what wickedness keeps you out so late? you, particularly, Wonnybackker? What will that old squaw, your wife, say, when you get home?'

'Leave us,' said the last comer, sternly, 'and get to bed.'

'I shall do no such thing,' replied Harry; 'I have taken a liking to

you both, and I'll not leave you. Wherever you go, I'll go too; and see, my legs get steadier every minute.'

'Pshaw, you drunken fool! Go home, or I'll raise the townsmen,' said the other gentleman.

'Soft words! soft words!' said Harry. 'What are you about so late! Perchance the pillory might be your reward if sober townsmen were called. Beside, I want you to understand distinctly, I *won't* leave; so take it as easily as you can.'

It is evident that the plotters, whose designs the sister had discovered, have been encountered by the brother, and the pair, fortunately, knew him not. His decision, just expressed, annoyed them, and they held a consultation apart: their first intention was to run and leave Harry on the spot; but the Englishman suddenly conceived a new plan, which he determined to follow. This was to take the youth, who appeared to be a drunken scape-grace, ready for any wickedness, with him, and use him as a stalking-horse in the villany about to be attempted.

'Have you a mind for a piece of sport to-night, my fine fellow!' said the man to Harry; 'or is this noise mere bullying of yours?'

Now Harry's courage was not the valor of punch, and he boldly spoke:

'Nay, try me: I'm ready for any sport; my legs get steadier every minute.'

'I wonder,' continued he, with a serious air, 'why my drunks could n't be more equally divided between my head and my heels: I must manage that in future. Well, your fun; what is it? Neither you nor the noble chief seem to be endowed with very sportive faces. Rather a gloomy kind of fun you must engage in, I opine.'

'You must know, then,' answered the man, 'that we are to enter a house opposite the green; I have an appointment with the girl there; she is bound as a servant to the owner, and we are to get her off clear of the town before day-light. 'Tis our only chance. Honorable intentions—marriage—you know: ha! ha! ha! Wonnybackker aids me for a guinea, and the same amount I'm willing to offer you for your services, to make sure.'

'Whose house is it?' inquired Harry, pricking up his ears.

'Old Cornwright's; the girl is his servant, and beautiful as an angel.'

'The devil she is!' thought Harry. 'There are no servants there but Dinah, and she's as black as a crow. Good,' continued he, aloud; 'I have a grudge against that same Cornwright, and I'll go with you with all my heart.'

Notwithstanding Harry leaned heavily upon the Englishman's arm on the route from the chapel to the green lane leading to his father's garden, the fumes of the punch were fast disappearing under the danger that threatened his family.

'Here we are at last,' whispered the Englishman as they reached the wall. 'Now, Wonnybackker, give us your shoulder to scale this.' And over went the two, followed by the agile Indian.

'Bother it!' said John Cornwright, as he observed them from a dark corner of the shed; 'there are three of them; one more than I bargained for.'

Stealing to the back-door of the house, the leading ruffian took out the implements of the trade and commenced his work.

'If the girl be willing, as you say she is, she ought not to have left you any of this business to do,' said Harry, approaching, followed by the Indian.

'Keep quiet, boy!' savagely whispered the burglar; but at this moment the report of the blunderbuss, and a scream from the house, were heard at the same moment, and the man with a heavy groan fell to the ground. The gallant Indian, uttering a poor imitation of the war-whoop, turned to fly toward the fence, but Harry seized him with a grasp of iron, and they rolled on the ground together. Then out rushed old John Cornwright, and with a heavy oaken cudgel, wielded by an arm accustomed to a sledge-hammer, he pounded the pair lustily.

'For Heaven's sake, stop, father!' cried Harry; 'don't you know me—Harry?'

But the old man heeded nothing, until Kate and Dinah came running from the house with a lantern, and then Harry and the Indian were found senseless.

'My God!' exclaimed the blacksmith; 'my own boy in league with house-breakers!'

'No! no! it is not so, depend upon it!' cried Kate. 'You have hurt him dangerously, father; pray God you have not killed him!'

And contemporary chronicles relate how the two villains were secured, the Englishman mortally wounded: how Harry was conveyed to the house: how he had a brain-fever on account of his injuries from the cudgel: how he was brought to the brink of the grave: how, when he recovered, a strange but glorious revolution was discovered in his habits: how he was never afterward seen in liquor: how he married the young lady for whose dear sake he had broken the nose of the British sergeant: how he afterward became a captain in the Revolution: and how Wonybackker, the debauched brave, received his deserts, which, you may rely upon it, was no easy affair in those days.

#### A M I C I T I A .

'T was twilight's lonely hour when first we met,  
And now, in twilight's lonelier hour, we part;  
While Memory breathes in tones of sad regret  
Her mournful music to the mournful heart.  
The harp-strings of thy deep affection, strung  
And tuned to all the songs of Friendship's lyre,  
Full oft have chased the tear which gloom had wrung.  
And 'rayed my spirit in some gay attire.  
Alas! those dulcet-tones shall wake no more  
The deepest thoughts that lie within my soul;  
But now the dull, damp cloud of gloom spread o'er  
My heart, shall sway without that heart's control.  
Spirit of Love! thy last and solemn knell  
Is tolling now, as now I breathe, Farewell!

## T O T H E C A Y U G A L A K E

BY CHARLES LELAND FORTER.

GIVE me a pen, for thoughts come thick and fast,  
 And thou their inspiration. Softly now!  
 For the clear laugh of ripples greets my ear,  
 And I would dwell upon their winning power,  
 And drink their music ere it dies away.  
 Give me a pen, for voices are around me;  
 And though alone, yet I am not alone;  
 For each glad rivulet, with its silvery voice,  
 Is whispering memories of other years;  
 And every crest upon the curling wave,  
 And every bubble in the snowy crest,  
 And every rainbow-tint upon the bubble  
 Hath its own spirit-voice — they speak to me!  
 Give me a pen, for I would hold converse  
 With thee; would tell thee of a yearning heart  
 That hath a pulse for every thing of true,  
 Of good, of beautiful. Ah! I can talk with thee  
 Thou listenest now; the winds are listening, too;  
 And as they softly breathe, I'll tell it thee:  
 Yes, thou art beautiful, and I have loved thee!

Slow sinks the setting sun; and pauses now  
 To gaze once more, ere he departs to rest,  
 At the rich jewel, as it lies encased  
 Amid the emerald hills. Nor emerald all,  
 For Autumn's hand hath placed the ruby there,  
 Jasper and jacinth, and the poplar's pearl,  
 All blending in the richest harmony,  
 Glad to behold the diamond they surround.  
 Oh, this is gorgeous! Pillars of golden light  
 Support the hills, and stretch from shore to shore  
 And gold is deepening into orange-tint,  
 And orange now to crimson gives the place;  
 And crimson mingles with the violet,  
 Soft as the play of light upon the cheek  
 Of ruddy infant in the land of dreams.  
 The scene is changed; and now a cataract pours  
 From the remoter to the nearer shore;  
 And breathing softly, you can almost hear  
 The roar and trembling of the mimic flood  
 That steals the trusting senses quite away.  
 Oh, look again! The clouds have left their throes  
 Glad to repose upon so fair a bosom,  
 Thrice willing there to sink to balmy rest.

Thou art sleeping, thou art sleeping,  
 And I'll not disturb thee now;  
 Stars are 'mid the cloudlets peeping,  
 Dew-drops on the rose are weeping;  
 Stars above and stars below  
 Come and go,  
 Longing to be jewels set  
 On thy brow of snow.

'Mid the green hills glancing,  
 Sleeps a gentle lake ;  
 Lovely are her waters,  
 Sleeping or awake ;  
 Charming in the star-light,  
 Beautiful at dawn ;  
 Bounding and resounding,  
 Bounding like the fawn.

And the stranger feels that a holy power  
 Is there, as he gazes hour by hour,  
 And listens again to thy gentle roar,  
 Dying upon the pebbly shore ;  
 Ever singing thy joyful song,  
 That follows the dancing ripple along :  
 Ripple and song together at play,  
 Till ripple and song have faded away.

Aurora, N Y.

#### OUR CLUB AT THE ADRIATIC.

I AM a plain, old-fashioned man ; quiet, sedate, and timid in company ; not exactly amounting to downright bashfulness, but rather a becoming modesty, appropriate to the unobtrusive habits of an elderly gentleman. I love at times to sit down, in quiet contemplation, by myself ; to turn my eyes inwardly, and search myself ; ransack the old furniture within ; mark what effect time and circumstances have had upon it ; look back into the past, and all its checkered scenes ; recall to mind the sweet remembrance of things long past ; the glorious day-dreams of the boy man-ward ; to conjure up again the gorgeous air-built castles which none but the hopeful young can build ; green spots of memory, like oases in the dreary, sterile deserts of Nature ; to ramble once again o'er the 'tangled wood-walks and the tufted green ;' bounding joyously, buoyant with hope, 'rioting with warm blood and blue veins ;' the heart welling up and gushing over with unalloyed happiness ; eager to take our stand among men, and courageously ready to meet a world in arms : but *cui bono* ? — where's the good ? As the poet has been parodied :

'Thinking is but a waste of thought,'

and I rise from my reveries a sadder if not a wiser man. I wake to the *stern realities of life* : these are stubborn facts, which neither sophistry can blunt nor metaphysics obliterate from the world.

Yet I do not repine. I would not, if I could, live my life over again. I would *not* be 'a boy again.' I console myself with the thought that I have carried myself through the world, unstained by any serious crime :

'I HAVE not caused the widow's tears,  
 Nor dimmed the orphan's eye ;  
 I have not stained the virgin's years,  
 Nor mocked the mourner's cry :'

Although I may not have been as good and moral in my deportment as many men, yet I believe I have been uniformly better than a good many

others. I have struggled hard to attain position; and the balance of my life will require all the attention I can give it, to prevent back-sliding.

Excuse me, my friends; but Age has one prerogative — the right of being garrulous. I cannot tell a story as I was wont, half-a-century ago. Memory crowds its facts and fancies too forcibly upon us; and although past doing, will tell what *has* been done.

I sat down with the intention of telling you about our little Social Club at the 'ADRIATIC:' the only favor I ask in return is, that you shall bear with my infirmities.

After the cares, the labors and the anxieties of the day are over, I love to go out for an hour or so, and hold communion with a few friends, in an easy, quiet, sociable, sober way; to talk over the news of the day, and then listen to my younger companions, who I know only tolerate an old man among them, because they find in him a good listener. Occasionally they condescend to ask me some questions about olden times. This flatters me exceedingly; and, at times, I have to check myself about the details. I mark evident uneasiness in their manners, which is almost equivalent to saying, 'Dry up, you old fool! you are getting prolix.' I know they would not say so; but I am very sensitive, and can read their thoughts well enough by the twitchings of their facial muscles.

We rarely get together before nine o'clock. The first on the ground is Mr. Bovis, a gentlemanly, sprightly, affable young man, who has read a good deal, and travelled more. He seems to be an off-hand business man, very conversable; reads all the daily papers, and is consequently fully posted up in the current news of the day; and as my eyes are old and dim, I generally avail myself of his abstract: moreover, I always find him ready to tell me how late it is; and as I do not carry a watch, this is a very great convenience. That I do not carry a watch, is a mere prejudice on my part; perhaps poverty has something to do with it — possibly an amiable weakness; but I would rather insinuate, in the mildest manner, that I am afraid it is mere vanity — a pardonable vanity. I read '*Pelham*' some years ago, and I was forcibly struck with a very singular aphorism of the author; it coincided so fully with my sentiments that I adopted it at once, and sold my venerable 'bull's-eye' to a jeweller for old silver. The aphorism was this: A gentleman, wishing to know how late it was, accosted Pelham: 'Pray, Sir, can you tell me what time it is?' 'Time,' said Pelham, '*time*, Sir! what the devil has a gentleman to do with *time*?'

Pardon this episode: Am I getting tedious?

The next who makes his appearance is another young man; a married man; an uxorious man; a model family-man; by name, Mr. SILK. He has always been observed to bring a *pitcher* with him; and hence I once mustered up boldness enough to accost him, at one of our meetings, as 'Our friend and pitcher.' It was a mere pleasantry on my part, and I was so delighted with the laugh that followed it, and the most perfect good-humor with which it was received, that I immediately jumped up, rubbed my hands together, and came very near inviting 'the party' up

to the bar. Mr. Bovis happily remarked that the old gentleman was getting waggish. Mr. Silk very complacently nodded assent, and asked us what we would take to drink.

I am very partial to Mr. Silk; for in the lull of conversation on matters before the club, or sometimes before meeting commences, he freshens my memory, and leads me back to my Benedict days, by the life-like, graphic little pictures — gems, perfect gems — of wedded-life, which he describes with vivid faithfulness, and imprints them on the tablets of memory, with all their freshness, saliency of outline and coloring, as truthfully as Heliography paints upon the plate the beauties of nature. As he details them, some might think him tedious, because he recognizes around him all the little *mélange* that makes up a family-circle. Those who would quarrel with him about these niceties are not close observers themselves, and could not appreciate those little studies of the Flemish painters which delineate every minute feature of the scene as faithfully as the centre-group. To one who has passed through these scenes of domestic life; who has helped to raise up those little responsibilities whose existence forms the links which unite us with the future; who has felt the sweet, warm breath of infancy fanning his cheeks, whilst watching the little innocent as it draws back its head from a too close contact with your rough face, as it playfully slobbers over your lips, and feel its little tiny nails scratching or pinching you, and would let it pull, mumble, and frowse your hair, to please itself; but, when tired with play and fretful for sleep, who never felt a want of manliness in walking the floor and singing nursery lullabys to induce its soothing slumbers, until a discovery is made that its mother is wanting, in consequence of a humidity sometimes ludicrously found out, in regard to its underpinnings — is more or less than man.

Silk is a verbal artist: he can and does describe nature in words with all the care and graphic skill which the painter uses when he outlines the picture on the canvas. Silk in his conversations also shows that he is a reader, and has travelled somewhat; for I remember he told me once that he had been to Niagara and Paterson Falls, Saratoga, and Lake Mahopac, beside sundry excursions to Tuckahoe, Communipaw, Babylon, Jericho, and Sheep's-head Bay.

After our preliminary conversation is over, we sit in silence, sometimes for half an hour, like an 'old salt' on a poor lay, perched at the mast-head, looking out for a whale; intently watching the door for the pleasure of having the first sight of our Gamaliel, at whose feet we sit for pleasure, edification, and mental refreshment. At length one whispers to the other, 'Lo! he comes.' We rise to receive him: he complaisantly rubs his hands over his face, generally blows his nose, and then salutes the company: 'Ah! Bovis, how do you do?' 'Silk — all well?' 'Well, old gray-beard, how do you feel to-night?' Each one responds separately for himself, and each one again rises and solicits him to take his seat.

I am not jealous; I never had any selfish feelings: I know that I am old; but I cannot help observing that he invariably sits down next to Bovis — thrice-happy Bovis!

Bovis and Graver — Graver and Bovis — are so inseparably linked together in my mind, that I really fear, if Graver should sit next to me



that I should involuntarily imagine that I was Bovis, until, like Des Cartes, I should put the impression through a regular process of ratiocination: (E. G.) Cogito: Ergo sum Oldschool.

Graver is a gentleman, an artist, and a scholar; one who embodies the ideal and the real. In appearance, there is something between Dr. Johnson and Dr. Wolcott, only on a lesser scale, both in stature and roundness. His head is well-developed and carried erect, indicative of self-confidence and the merest tinge of aristocracy. He is the great lion of our club, but for whom we should be nil — nothing — no where. He is a man of many and varied abilities; poetic, prosy, prolix, didactic; courteous, but dogmatic; grave, gay; dull, agreeable; sententious, desultory; light, ponderous; consistently inconsistent, and perseveringly determinate: an Ollapodian encyclopediac; a locomotive lexicon; a devoted artist, and a confirmed authority in æsthetics and gastronomics: in fact, a motley compound of incongruities, incompatibly blended; the acid and the sweet, the weak and the strong, so harmoniously amalgamated into a sort of living, moving, thinking, speaking human punch, which the most fastidious Epicurean must admire and linger over.

Greatness, thy name is Graver!

Graver usually opens the conversation for the night by some well-timed and pleasant remarks on the pleasure enjoyed at our last meeting, and his lucubrations thereon on his way homeward. The young men, Silk and Bovis, then open the flood-gates of *their* eloquence, occasionally interrupted by a correction from Graver on their errors of sentiment or philosophy; a wrong quotation, or perhaps a chronological anachronism, or something of that kind. I am modestly compelled to listen, and rarely, except with great diffidence, ever undertake to say any thing about the matter; but then there are always opportunities in such conversations to slide in a word edge-wise. I never undertake it unless I feel well-fortified by authorities to back me.

I was once, however, indiscreet enough to hazard my opinion on some matter, the nature of which I do not now remember, and the 'scare' that I got on that occasion has obliterated it for ever from my mind. It was strongly opposed by Graver. I deferentially attempted to sustain myself, conscious that I was right; but, alas! I was soon convinced of my error. The subject was dropped that night, and, as I trusted, for ever; but, as Seneca truly said: 'Let no man consider himself happy before he is dead.'

At our next meeting Graver called the attention of the club to my conduct the previous night. He gravely charged me with insanity, and directed the members to resolve themselves into a '*Commission de lunatico inquirendo*.' I was instantly impeached, and ordered on trial at once. I was taken by surprise; I cast an anxious, inquiring look upon my triers — all was blank. The trial proceeded; Graver put in his specifications; I attempted my defence, firm in my belief of the mighty truths I had uttered. I felt courageous. Truth was on my side. I always was firm in my faith that 'Truth was great, and would prevail.' In the language of one of our living poets:

'TRUTH crushed to earth will rise again;  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But Error wounded writhes in pain,  
And dies amidst her worshippers.'

I quoted in my defence many learned authors, but was stopped by Graver, who contended that it was an unnecessary waste of time to proceed farther with the trial. I had already condemned myself by the very course I had pursued in my vindication; that if it did not evince total madness, it plainly indicated an idiosyncrasy amounting to a monomania. I had quoted ridiculous extracts from great men, when he doubted whether I had ever read their writings; I had talked incoherently, and, what was more conclusive, excitedly: he had watched my eyes; they betokened a wild energy so utterly at variance with their previous placidity, that if they did not intend to make their sittings permanent, a verdict had better be rendered at once: beside, it was getting late, and he wanted to go home. I replied that I had heard that argument used before: 'The man must hang, because the jury want to dine.' He turned upon me a bitter scowl, and I thought of the Grand Inquisitor at Goa. I appealed to Bovis, and entreated him, in moving terms, to side with me; to 'stand by the old man;' to be careful and not take from me the only pleasure, next to meeting with them, that I possessed — my own self-reliance on my unclouded judgment. Bovis said he had nothing to do with feelings; he regretted the crisis, but had long anticipated it. Justice must be done, 'though the heavens should fall.' He whispered to Graver: I saw my doom was sealed — fool that I was, to appeal to *his* sympathies — *his* tender feelings; a butcher — one who ruthlessly and systematically puts his bloody knife across the throats of the most innocent creatures that browse upon the face of earth. Butcher — I do n't mind those who kill filthy swine, or knock on the head great big brutes, with ugly, murderous horns upon their heads, or even noisy, bellowing calves; but little lambkins — symbols of innocence — a man who murders *them* without sentiment is worse than a butcher: he is —

I find I am getting warm. I love lambs — even Charles Lamb; but my own case is on hand. I am lamb-like; but, being old, perhaps I had better compare myself to a bell-wether — others may possibly say, an old ram. I gave Bovis a last imploring look; he shook his head: 'Can't do it, old fellow,' said he: 'Salt won't save you!'

I looked at Silk: I thought I beheld a benevolent glow upon his finely-chiselled features. It was like the polar-star to the ship-wrecked mariner — my only hope. 'My dear friend, Mr. Silk,' said I, in my blandest and softest tones, 'is not this carrying the joke too far?'

'Joke!' said he, a deep shadow flitting across his face; 'do you consider this a JOKE? Now I am better satisfied than ever that you are — I am sorry to say it — irrecoverably *non compos mentis*.'

Graver nodded approbation; Bovis ha-ha'd, and Silk indulged in a huge guffaw. I was made to feel that Oldschool was an unfortunate, friendless, victimized individual.

At the next meeting they passed a formal resolution that I might continue my visits to the club on condition that I acted more discreetly for the future. I accepted the boon gratefully: had they expelled me, I should have been as much perplexed as the man who had courted a lady nightly for seventeen years, and being asked why he did not marry her, promptly replied: 'If I do marry her, where the deuce shall I then go to spend my evenings?'

Mr. Graver ever after this event treated me with more than usual condescension. One evening, I remember, the other members being absent, he invited me to take a walk with him. I was too happy at the compliment to say a single word about my rheumatism: he said his physician had recommended him more exercise than he usually had: he took me round a circuit of two miles and upward, agreeably shortening the distance by a chronological and personal history of all the kings of England from Ethelbert and Edgar down to William the Fourth, which he finished just as we entered the door of our club-room, on our return. I was overcome with admiration, and I could not help recalling Goldsmith's description of the village school-master:

' Whose words, of learned length and thundering sound,  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head should carry all he knew.'

Lately I find that Graver is becoming deeply read in physiology. He discourses with a great deal of unction about the heart, lungs, liver, and the viscera generally; diaphragm, midriff, arteries, veins, absorbents, ducts, secretions, congestions, etc.; and he carries his remarks even to the bar: says that brandy mines great holes into the liver; that gin, while it ruins the liver, acts on the kidneys, and is a great assistant in dissolving the calculus in the bladder, and the like. The terms in medical science are all so very learned that it very perceptibly affects his ordinary language. He has lately almost discarded monosyllables and dissyllables, rarely uttering any thing less than a trisyllable, and not unfrequently, and very unexpectedly, bang! out comes a thundering sesquipedillion.

Nevertheless, 'Greatness, thy name is Graver!'

There is also another character: he does not belong to our club; but, as he is an original, and is frequently spoken of by us, all of whom are personally acquainted with him, I think it but an act of simple justice that he should be spoken of in this connection. His name is Mr. Bob. I have observed particularly his eccentricities for a long time. He is very conversable, shrewd, and rather disposed to be agreeable. He usually come in about nine o'clock, salutes his acquaintances, and then walks up to the back of the room, takes a chair, and puts it in a good situation for the light; looks up at the gas, as if to see that it is fully on; takes up the newspaper, and having carefully rubbed his spectacles with his handkerchief, holds them up to the light to see that they are perfectly clear; then deliberately puts them on, adjusts them properly on his nose — settles himself comfortably in his chair, and then — is *fast asleep* in less than three minutes by Shrewsbury clock. After sleeping an hour or more, he wakes up, puts the paper back on the table, takes off his spectacles, shuts them up, puts them in his pocket, goes up to the bar and imbibes a glass of wine, and does not look at the paper again until the next night, and then under precisely the same circumstances.

I should consider my subject incomplete if I were to omit speaking of our principal host; a gentleman, and decidedly a man of exquisite taste, as the arrangements of his house abundantly show; for a more appropriately-arranged room, combining more comforts, or more strictly chaste

in its decorations and pictures, is not to be found in Gotham. Our host has an honest, frank independence about him, that will always secure the best order in his house; and under no circumstances will he permit any abuse of his rights as landlord and proprietor. If persons visiting his place are not willing to comply with his orderly arrangements, they must leave it. His establishment is systematically ordered, and he will not submit to any infringement on his system by friend or foe. Every man is equal there so long as he behaves himself, but no longer. Our host is always more or less engaged, and it is seldom that he can favor us with his company; but when he does, he is always agreeable; full of anecdote, for he has seen life in all its phases, and is a keen observer of men and manners. He has been to California, and frequently delights us with descriptions of life on the Isthmus and in the auriferous regions. He is decidedly good company; so that if, with a good host; pure liquors, moderately imbibed, and of the best quality; generally a select company, and a room that combines all the essentials of comfort, decorated and furnished with an elegance that will favorably compare with a Union-Square parvenue parlor — if, I say, a man cannot enjoy himself there, he had better turn anchorite and hide himself in a cave.

If our club should hereafter increase, and the reader should be willing to tolerate 'the old man,' he may add a supplementary sheet to the present desultory sketch.

ZACHARIAH OLDSCHOOL.

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N I N E .

I cannot tell what lovelier grace  
Thy growing years may add to thee,  
What fairer charms of form and face  
Our partial eyes may see :

I only know thou canst not gain  
A purer spirit than is thine ;  
And I would have thee e'er remain  
The simple child of nine.

Couldst thou but keep in riper youth  
The virtues of this tender age,  
And join to innocence and truth  
The virtues of the sage :

Could future years unto thee bring  
The strength of life without its stain,  
Oh! thou wouldst be too rare a thing  
For mortals to retain.

I ask all blessings Time imparts  
To crown this gentle child of nine ;  
A child so dear to many hearts,  
So very dear to mine.

CHARLES W. BAIRD.

## THE DYING ATHEIST.

## A LESSON OF WARNING.

I HAVE looked my last on the glorious earth,  
And the golden light of day;  
For the sun that rises to-morrow morn  
Will shine on my lifeless clay:  
The beings above me still will act  
The drama of life and death,  
While I shall be sleeping a dreamless sleep  
In the damp, cold ground beneath.

I have trod the earth but two-score years,  
Yet I find it a weary path:  
I have borne with the scorn and hate of fools,  
And the bigot's fiery wrath,  
Because I would not be their slave,  
And could not stoop to bow  
As a meek and humble suppliant  
To a God I do not know.

But that is past: it matters not;  
I care not now for that;  
I've paid them back with scorn for scorn,  
And ten-fold hate for hate:  
I envy not their coward fear  
Of their tyrant-God's decree;  
And the Heaven they would revel in  
Would be a Hell for me.

But oh! that the friends that loved me once,  
And shrank from my side in fear,  
When wakened thought first urged me on  
To my dark and lone career —  
That only *one* were here, to soothe  
My fearful anguish now;  
That the gentle hand of love might wipe  
The death-damp from my brow!

But it may not be: I have lived alone,  
And alone I fain would die:  
I would have no bigot here to mark  
My dying agony;  
To wait, with curious zeal, to catch  
My last wild, faltering breath,  
And read, in the pang of the parting soul,  
A craven fear of Death.

Afraid of DEATH! — I shall joy to see  
His ghastly form by my side;  
And I long to clasp his skeleton-hand  
As a lover clasps his bride:  
For his coming will end the weariness  
Of a sorrow-burdened breast,  
And lead me away from a joyless life  
To a long and dreamless rest.

## CIRCUMSTANCES, AND THEIR VICTIMS.

BY GIL CRACKERTON.

HE who said that language was a contrivance for concealing our thoughts from others, was either wholly wrong or but half right. Conceding he was right as far as the definition extended, we submit whether he should not have added that it was a device by which we could hide from ourselves what we were really thinking about, and by which we could drug reflection and thought altogether.

‘Why, Robert, what *has* kept you out so late this evening?’ ‘Circumstances, my dear; a combination of circumstances.’ The better-half of our friend Bob drops the subject. She is a sweet and amiable little woman, who married for love; and that same love, which five years ago was fed very considerably on moon-light, honey-suckles, and the songs of whip-poor-wills, was after all the genuine article; and in spite of the conservative state of Bob’s affairs from year to year, has made no efforts to get out of his windows. His reply surely is not very explicit, and affords no very clear exposition as to the causes that *did* operate to prevent his coming home at a more seasonable hour. His passive little mate has heard this explanation before; and with all her powers of cross-examination, even were she inclined to employ them, she feels it to be a clincher, and a very quietus to farther inquiry. Now this little woman, as she has been a hundred times before, is an easy and unconscious ‘victim of circumstances.’ But she is not the only victim that sits in that small yet tastefully-furnished chamber, for Bob, sinner as he is, has just been fleeced of his last ‘quarter’ at billiards.

Bob (we call him by the only name he goes by; and to designate him here as *Mr.* — any-body would, to say the least of it, be cracking a joke in an unsuitable place) had entered upon his ‘lawful age’ with all the advantages or disadvantages, as the case may be, of a fine person, cleverness, and the reputation of being a down-right good fellow. He fell in love, and dashed into matrimony just as a self-relying, three-day kitten would make an expedition down a flight of stairs — to wit, blind: blind in love, and stark blind as to what he was going to do with a wife, or how or where he was going to keep her. But fortune favors the brave, thought he; and he recollected Franklin’s injunction to marry early. Indeed, he felt *called* to get married, by the force of circumstances which he could not control, and which, like a true knight and a sensible man, he says he would not have controlled if he could. But, rich as Bob has been in the possession of a pearl ‘richer,’ as he calls her, ‘than all his tribe,’ his worldly estate, in other respects, has not thriven. True, he has occasionally ‘taken up arms against a sea of circumstances,’ but, owing to some little trifles touching the opposition thereof, has never conquered. He has flung into the bosom of the waters the chains and fetters of dominion; but only, like Canute, to be laughed at for his pains. If he does really set himself down before a fortress of hostile

circumstances, there is sure to be a combination of other circumstances to raise the siege. And thus it has ever been; (we have our knowledge from the martyr himself :) he gets the worst of it, and is a very 'victim of circumstances.'

'Bob,' inquires an old school-mate, after some half-a-dozen years had expired since their joint release from academical bondage, 'how goes the world? Made your fortune, eh?' Answer: 'Why, so-so. Can't say that I have made a fortune, or any thing like it; and — being a married man — to tell the truth, I have scarcely made my living. The fact is just this: circumstances have been against me.' Now we have an opinion of our own about the state of matters, and fancy it would be interesting just to take a peep into the chambers of Bob's noddle at this moment, and witness the doings and carryings-on of things thereto appertaining. It probably would not be very wide from the mark to say, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, this same young gentleman, while giving these explanations and excuses, has no precise or definite idea of what he is talking about. He is asked, as it were, to give an account of himself, (a decidedly awkward position sometimes;) he is a little embarrassed at first; but there is a way of escape; and with an unerring instinct of self-defence, he knows where it lies. It is in one mystical and all-powerful word of four syllables: '*Circumstances.*' He summons it to his aid; envelops both the interrogator and himself in a fog, and of course makes the best retreat he can.

If a vigorous and muscular man should be placed in the channel of a stream, with a staunch boat, well-furnished with poles, oars, and paddles, we should consider him in no very critical position; but, on the contrary, very fairly provided with appliances for managing his own affairs. If we should afterward find this same lusty gentleman slowly and lazily revolving in some eddy below, bewailing his position, and charging the flowing waters with the burden of his state, we doubt if we should have much sympathy to spare in his case. Sympathy! No. We should rather feel inclined, if he began to tune his *Æolian* harp, to kick him into a sense of his responsibility for neglecting the means of self-direction which had been placed in his hands. Such is the stream of Life: and such is the fate of too many who journey thereon. Such is the reward of inaction: and such, it may be suggested to those who saddle 'circumstances,' so-called, with burdens which belong to themselves, is the kind of consideration they will receive from the world.

The plea of circumstances as a defence is in the majority of cases a sham. It may hush the impertinence of idle curiosity, but does not satisfy the mind of legitimate inquiry. It is a counterfeit; and though current to some extent, it seldom deceives. It is at best but a vaporish excuse; an apology; a pretext. It is an old trick: very dexterously used sometimes; but the 'knowing ones' are up to the dodge. It is wrong in conscience; and, as a matter of policy, 'no go;' and therefore let us away with it.

There is, however, a class of circumstances to which we have not alluded, and which, by way of distinction from those we have mentioned above, which may be termed circumstances *apologetic*, we will call circumstances *conditional*. There hangs about this latter class a positive and



fearful interest; an interest which may justify us in dwelling for a few moments on the important part they play in connection with individual action and enterprise.

Business called us not long since to the counting-room of Mr. Anthony Spriggens, importer and dealer in 'merchandise.' He is a thrifty man, both in body and estate. With a placid disposition, always manifest in his gentle deportment toward the outer world, and which has perhaps derived additional blandness from the snug condition of his private affairs, Mr. Spriggens could not, with a fair stomach, (and he has one,) be otherwise than fat. Stop! we are wrong. He is not fat; that is, not in any gross sense of the word; but respectably and gentlemanly plump. It is a pleasure to look upon this round, neat, and smiling man on a summer's morning; his countenance is so unruffled and calm. 'Tis doubtful whether he ever perspires, for even in the hottest of dog-days he looks cool as a lobster. If we might be allowed to speak after the manner of the poets, we would say, touching the complexion of this gentleman, it is like the lily of the valley, upon which the rose never intrudes, except when — as on a few occasions it *has* happened — he gets into very, very hot water. But this is a world filled with all manner of envy and uncharitableness; and Spriggens has shared the common fate. There are some who have cut him because he once pleaded usury and made a plum by it; and there are others who have so far forgotten themselves as to call him a hypocritical old scamp.

'The stupid dunce!' says the off-hand Miss —, as Spriggens had taken his leave on a January call.

'Oh, my dear, you should not talk in that way!' says Aunt Charity, 'for you know he is such a *good* man.'

Now, assuming the premises to be true, that Spriggens is a good man, we can assure these ladies that he is not a fool by a long shot. He is a man of judgment and discernment, and claims to understand thoroughly his duties as a member of society. Good as Aunt Charity deems him to be, his favorite maxim is, 'Let us be just before we are generous.' He is, therefore, frequently compelled, in the stern exercise of his quasi-judicial functions, (we have it from his own lips,) to repress those tender emotions which are daily, as he frankly admits, welling up from his heart.

But, in the exuberance of our interest in this good man, we are forgetting that we had a recent occasion to call upon him. We regard it as fortunate, for it gave us a pretext for further cultivation of his society, and a closer appreciation of those qualities which constitute a pleasant and good man.

As we entered his office, he was addressing, in soft and honeyed accents, the following words to Mr. Green, a fast man, dealer in rail-road, mining, and other stocks:

'It will depend very much on circumstances. I should be most happy to comply with your wishes, of course; and, indeed, feel at present inclined to do so; and if circumstances permit, you may count upon the thing as a certainty.'

Mr. Green *seems* quite satisfied, and bids his friend good-morning. Now why does this latter gentleman retire with such serene resignation?

For the best reason in the world : he cannot help himself. The guillotine has fallen upon the very neck and shoulders of his business with Mr. Spriggens that morning. The ready instrument came down, of course, politely : smooth, and radiant with light ; but it performed its work. Spriggens knew it had ; Green *felt* it had ; for Spriggens and Green were both 'old ones,' and knew that circumstances *would*, in some '*unexpected*' way, prevent the first-named gentleman from carrying out his expressed wishes in the premises. The only objectionable point in Green's deportment in this little business transaction, was that, on closing the door gently behind him, he added a very unamiable qualification to the circumstances alluded to by Spriggens, and wished them to — parts unknown. In other respects, Green was wise, and behaved with the most decorous propriety ; for whenever called again upon that morning's business. Knowing what he was in the habit of calling the 'ropes,' he saw at a glance that though the circumstances, behind which Spriggens so readily entrenched himself, belonged to the class 'conditional,' yet the conditions themselves fell under the head of those that are *fixed*, *settled*, and *determined*.

It would seem, therefore, taking our friends Spriggens and Bob as authority for the use of words and language, that there is some propriety in the foregoing definition. The first clearly aimed to conceal his real thoughts and intentions from his neighbor ; and the second, not only to befog others, but himself likewise. The words employed in both cases were merely words ; empty and dry as husks ; they represented no ideas, and had no correlative in the brains of either of the speakers. They became meaningless from the very uses to which they were applied. Bob was anxious to throw a decent veil over the past, and Spriggens to erect a barrier for the future. And the empty word served the purposes of both.

We are not disposed to treat this word lightly. It has a meaning. It represents grave and serious things ; things past, present, and to come ; and when properly employed, is the exponent of those numberless agents which are continually varying, shifting, and modifying the condition of man upon earth ; bearing upon his body and his spirit ; ever making and ever changing the relations which he bears to his fellow-man, and to those invisible but efficient influences which are always around him.

*Smith* took the first honors of his class at college. He well deserved them. He was a hard worker, self-denying, quick and accurate in his perceptions, and ambitious. Nature had given him a robust constitution, ardent feelings, and an intense desire to excel in whatever he undertook. The course of studies was prescribed ; his path was marked out for him ; he entered upon it, and *did* excel. His success was partly owing to natural gifts, but chiefly to the habit which he had formed of doing whatever his hands found to do, with all his might. He was, of course, the marked man of his class ; and no one doubted he would make his mark in life. Twenty years have passed over his head since then ; and though starting in life under favorable auspices for rapid advancement, he is now literally nothing but a respectable and nice sort of a man, who has done but little more than just to live respectably, and do no body any harm. What a realization of school aspirations !

Compared with his means, his life has thus far been a failure; and his failure is perfectly reconcilable with every indication at college. Whatever was *put* into his hands to do, he did, and did it well; and so, we are told, he has continued to do. He was then, and is now, equal to his occasions; but that is all. He has failed in life. He has lived obscurely, and as he is ambitious, not very happily. He is an upright, respected, but disappointed man.

Smith has been, emphatically, a man of 'circumstances.' True, he has not dealt with them exactly *a la Napoleon*, turning defeats into victories; raising magnificent structures from chaotic materials; but he deals with them as he does with invitations to dinners and parties; to wit: 'Mr. Smith accepts with pleasure.'

If in the various aspects in which humanity exhibits its weakness—in its manifold twistings of principle, and contortions of conscience to escape blame—there be one that invokes the indignity of HEAVEN and the sneers of earth, it is when these self-styled 'circumstantial' victims endeavor to cast the whole responsibility of their drawbacks upon PROVIDENCE or the opposition of man. No, no; let us be frank, and own up like men, that in nine cases out of ten our failures are the necessary results of our own sluggish and procrastinating natures.

If a man upon deliberation, and after calculation of the work and self-denial it will cost him, *elects* to give up his chances in the races of life for wealth, honor, and place, very well. Let him do so; the world will not complain. If in compliance with his tastes he *chooses* to be a non-entity, it is pretty certain that society will throw no impediments in his way, but rather, with the sweetest of its smiles, wish him much joy.

But if he has any real and worthy aspirations, if he sets a right value on the good things of this world, which are ready for his taking, then has he indeed something to live for. But this aspiration is not all. His work is not as yet commenced; and he has but a dim glimpse even of what constitutes his mission. How was it with Smith? Did he lack moral sentiments or mental power? No. Was he crushed, or even opposed by outward circumstances? No. Was he wanting in the true conception of what was good, heroic, great? No. Pray, then, it will be asked, what *was* the matter? The matter was this: a mere trifle perhaps in worldly affairs, but nevertheless important to Smith: He did not seem to realize, or, at all events, he did not act upon the distinction between doing whatever *happened to come to his hands*, and *finding something to do*.

In reference to Smith, we have just three things to say: As he is intelligent and amiable, we like him, and put a value on his acquaintance. As he is without envy or rancor in his heart, and never complains about opposing circumstances, we respect him; but as he is ambitious, proud, yet non-progressive, we have other feelings touching his case; but he is the last man in the world to whom we would disclose them.

If we were absolutely the 'creatures of circumstances,' then would we indeed be under the rule of the most capricious of tyrants. A Roman emperor hung his edicts in small characters and on high pillars, that he might ensnare his subjects. But this would be better than that chaotic state of existence wherein there is no code, no rule of action whereby

we could direct our steps and avoid danger ; a state in which we are subject to the whims of a blind and invisible centurion, (under no authority,) who says to us, Go, and we go ; Come, and we come ; a tyrant who exacts of us a complete surrender of our individual wills and the right to work and struggle for ourselves.

But it is far otherwise. We are *not* blind and senseless atoms, to be tossed and driven to and fro by the elements about us. No ; God be praised, we are living beings ; men ; with the divine seal upon us ; armed, gloriously and heavenly armed to do battle with the difficulties and temptations or—what we are otherwise pleased to designate—the ‘circumstances’ of life. But circumstances, we submit, if properly regarded, are not hostile ; for if adverse, they are means which PROVIDENCE employs to discipline our hearts ; and if passive, they are such as HE has placed in our reach, to be used and shaped to our service. ‘But,’ says dolorous inactivity, ‘we *are*, after all, dependent on circumstances, *any way you can fix it.*’ All right ; and so are we on our horses, if we have made up our minds to ride. But if we are dependent on circumstances, and they *are* really to carry us through life, then, for God’s sake, let them be saddled, and bridled, and whipped to our uses. Let them be trained into steeds of conquest, and not accepted as dead weights to be carried on our backs.

Let us not be misunderstood. We do not mean to say that circumstances are *wholly* under our control, but that among the great mass which are often lumped together as the inevitables and inexorables, there are those, and constituting perhaps the greatest portion, which are, or may be made, subject to our own control. We can create them, surmount them, dodge them, or, what is better still, *appropriate* them as means and instruments of progress. But we must discriminate ; for, as we are not to succumb to every event that seems to oppose us, so are we neither to waste time in Quixotic expeditions against such as are clearly the dispensations of the Providential Will.

If there be any thing in what we have written, it seems to us to involve this simple proposition : that our mission in this world is not a passive obedience to the circumstances in which we may happen to be placed, but a resolute and active exercise of all our powers to convert them to the best and noblest uses ; that we should deal with them as a smith deals with tough iron ; pound them, and bend them, and beat them, till they yield in greater or lesser degree to our purpose ; that we should conform to the spirit as well as to the letter of the law which imposes work upon us as a condition to our happiness ; that we should not fold our arms after doing what our hands have *found* to do, but enter upon and, if possible, accomplish what our best impulses *prompt* us to do.

As we are not placed upon earth to act a passive part in its affairs, we may conclude our mission is not to worship merely, but to work also. It is an easy and pleasant thing to linger about the shrine of genius, to study and analyze its works. We love to look at and to talk about results which have followed the exercise of iron wills and patient labor. We have our laurels ever fresh and ready for the brows of true heroism, in whatever department of life it may have been displayed. But our interest and love is apt to be partial, and spent upon results only. It is

upon the splendid edifice completed, its rich architecture and graceful proportions, that our minds, for the most part, prefer to dwell. The cheerless excavations that are to receive the cold granite foundations present no charms even to the devoutest of worshippers. And thus, too, is it with the preliminary steps in almost every pursuit or enterprise in life; and the sooner we learn that *means are requisite for ends*, and that aspirations are *not* achievements, and the sooner we act upon this knowledge, the better. True it is, these means are often dry and dismal; and though we may enter with resolute courage upon our work, and make even Herculean efforts in laying its foundations, the world notes them not, nor cares for them or us. The world is prudent and cautious. It reserves its opinion. It wastes but little love or interest in experiment. It waits for results; and if *they* are right, it is ready to lavish its praise not only upon the end accomplished, but the means by which it was attained.

One word more for both the fortunate and unfortunate 'victims' to whom we have alluded. The world is liberal as well as just. And while it is disinclined to take 'circumstances' as a pretext or excuse for our failures, it will nevertheless, as a general thing, see that 'circumstances' do not cheat us out of the honor of success. To our own good selves will it award the praise for victory, as well as the censure for defeat.

F L O R E N C E L E E .

Oh! the winter-winds are sighing  
Over mount and valley low,  
As the Old Year lies a-dying  
On his pallid bed of snow;  
And I hear the distant ringing  
Of St. CATHERINE's convent-bell,  
And the nuns as they go singing,  
Chanting slowly, 'All is well!'  
'All is well!' I mutter mildly;  
'All is well!' but not to me;  
For I loved thee, oh! too wildly,  
Earth-lost angel, FLORENCE LEE!

Such a night of last December,  
On the last day of the year,  
Sat we then beside the embers,  
Whispering to each other cheer.  
As we welcomed the new-comer,  
Little thought we of the dearth  
Which the bright, long-looked-for  
summer  
Made around the homestead hearth;  
Little thought we that the roses  
Thou wouldst never live to see;  
For the cold earth now reposes  
On thy breast, dear FLORENCE LEE!

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Through the long, long summer-hours  
Angel-hands upon thy grave  
Planted fair and beauteous flowers,  
For the soft south wind to wave:  
Where the dew-drops of the even  
Sparkled in the morning sun,  
As the stars in yonder heaven  
When the gaudy day is done:  
But the winds of autumn sadly  
Wailed along the sunny lea,  
Scattering all the leaflets madly  
O'er thy tomb, fair FLORENCE LEE!

Oh! the winter-winds are sighing  
Over mount and valley low,  
As the Old Year lies a-dying  
On his pallid bed of snow:  
And I hear the distant ringing  
Of Saint CATHERINE's convent-  
bell,  
And the nuns as they go singing,  
Chanting slowly, 'All is well!'  
'All is well!' I mutter mildly;  
'All is well!' but not to me;  
For I loved thee, oh! too wildly,  
Love-lost angel, FLORENCE LEE!

## LYRICS OF THE MODERN CONQUEST.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY COPPER, UNITED STATES ARMY.

## THE BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO.

PLAN del Rio, Plan del Rio,  
Nature's gate\* to Paradise,  
Through thy mountain-gorge in thunder  
Fast the Northern soldier flies.

Ha! thy portals check his fury;  
Ha! his cannon-wheels are still;  
Lo! he sees your bristling thousands  
High on Cerro Gordo hill.

Halt not long; now fly the axes;  
Fast we clear a wood-land way,  
And ere yet the foe is 'ware it,  
Bursts upon him our array.

Now we man the nearest hill-top;  
Only lies the vale between:  
List! a single voice comes floating  
Faintly over the ravine.

'Tis a voice of scurril language,  
English words, and plainly said:  
'Come, ye cowards, come and take us!  
Come! of what are ye afraid?'†

'Whist! my men, give back no answer;  
Now in silence 'bide your time;  
Keep your voices for the morrow.  
When their eyrie-height we climb.'

Scarce the tropic dawn is glowing;  
Scarce your eye can pierce the dark.  
When one voice breaks through the stillness:  
'T is our gallant leader — hark!

FORWARD! — like the pealing thunder,  
Thousand voices swell the sound!  
While mid groans, and smoke, and fire,  
Far it echoes round and round.

Every eye is glaring wildly;  
Every sabre swinging high;  
Every musket at the shoulder,  
Ready all to do or die.

All are doing, many dying;  
God of mercy, how they fall!  
'Forward ever!' fast and fearless,  
Now we reach the outer wall.

Here we halt to close together;  
Here one 'Anglo-Saxon yell,'  
And like surging billows breaking,  
Pour we on their citadel.

Then thy palisado'd ravine,  
Plan del Rio, heard the cries;  
Now the 'Bravo Santiago,'  
Now the shrill 'hurrahs' that rise.

Swords are dripping, bayonets bloody,  
Prayers and curses blending high;  
'Three times three! the fight is over;  
Three times three for victory!'

On the 'royal road' retreating,  
Like the heavings of the sea,  
O'er the fields like spray dispersing,  
Every where for life they flee.

Scarce the battle-din is fainter,  
Still the wind brings back the shout,  
When like tigers from their coverts  
Our dragoons are on the route.

'Spare, oh spare!' the hot blood boileth;  
Still the sabres whirl in air;  
'Spare! oh spare!' the rich blood poureth:  
'For God's holy Mother spare!'

Now the smoky clouds are lifting;  
Earth lies drunken, dark and red;  
Now, through dead and dying roaming,  
Woman comes to seek her dead.

'Brave American!' she sobbeth,  
Tossing wild her arms in air,  
'Tell me where my Luis lieth!  
Tell me, is my Luis here!

'I have waited for his coming  
Where he told me I should wait,  
When we parted yester morning —  
Parted at our cottage gate:

'And alas! alas! he came not!  
And perchance he bleedeth here!'  
On she wandered mid the bodies,  
Wandered on in doubt and fear.

'Ah, that scream! 't is he, her husband:  
Then there comes a long, low cry;  
'T is the sound when hearts are breaking,  
With their kindred hearts to die.

Tell me, when the morning-papers  
Told the gallant deeds of war,  
Thought ye of such sounds that echoed  
Other than the glad 'Hurrah!'

How the ringing screams of anguish  
Welled up from the bloody sod!  
How the fever-thirst cried 'Water!  
Water! for the love of God!'

Cerro Gordo, Cerro Gordo!  
Thy rich slopes with men are sown;  
At thy base the vulture flith,  
Where his luscious prey is thrown.‡

\* The country immediately above Plan del Rio is called by the Mexicans the Paradise of the territory.

† These identical words, with some scurrilous additions, were used by some Mexican who could speak English.

‡ The Mexican dead, owing to the rocky nature of the ground, were not buried, but thrown into the ravine at the foot of the Cerro.

Cerro Gordo, on thy summit  
 War with iron tramp hath trod :  
 Yet how silent hath he left thee !  
 Silent till the day of God.

When the mighty angel's tramping  
 Heaven's eternal arch shall fill,  
 Once again shall battle-thousands  
 Stand on Cerro Gordo hill.

## THE GYPSIES OF ART.

TRANSLATED FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER FROM HENRY MURGER'S 'SCENES DE  
 LA BOHEME.'

BY CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

### CHAPTER THREE.

#### ALI-RODOLPHE: OR, THE TURK PERFORCE.

OSTRACIZED by an inhospitable proprietor, Rodolphe had for some time been leading a life compared with which the existence of a cloud is rather stationary. He practised assiduously the arts of going to bed without supper, and supping without going to bed. He often dined with Duke Humphrey, and generally slept at the sign of the clear sky. Still, amid all these crosses and troubles, two things never forsook him: his good-humor and the manuscript of '*The Avenger*,' a drama which had gone the rounds of all the theatres in Paris.

One day Rodolphe, who had been *jugged* for some slight choregraphic extravagances, stumbled upon an uncle of his, one Monetti, a stove-maker and chimney-doctor, and Sergeant of the National Guard, whom he had not seen for an age. Touched by his nephew's misfortunes, Uncle Monetti promised to ameliorate his position. We shall see how, if the reader is not afraid of mounting six stories.

Take note of the banisters, then, and follow. Up we go! Whew! one hundred and twenty-five steps! Here we are at last. One more step, and we are in the room; one more yet, and we should be out of it again. It's little, but high up, beside the advantages of good air and a fine prospect.

The furniture is composed of two French stoves, several German ditto, some ovens on the economic plan, (especially if you never make fire in them,) a dozen stove-pipes, some red clay, some sheet-iron, and a whole host of heating-apparatus. We may mention, to complete the inventory, a hammock suspended from two nails inserted in the wall, a three-legged garden-chair, a candle-stick adorned with its *bobèche*, and some other similar objects of elegant art. As to the second room—that is to say, the balcony—two dwarf cypresses, in pots, make a park of it for fine weather.

At the moment of our entry, the occupant of the premises, a young man, dressed like a Turk of the Comic Opera, is finishing a repast, in which he shamelessly violates the law of the Prophet. Witness a bone that was once a ham, and a bottle that *has been* full of wine. His meal



over, the young Turk stretches himself on the floor in true Eastern style, and begins carelessly to smoke a *narghilé*. While abandoning himself to this Asiatic luxury, he passes his hand from time to time over the back of a magnificent Newfoundland dog, who would doubtless respond to his caresses were he not also in red clay, to match the rest of the furniture.

Suddenly a noise was heard in the entry, and the door opened, admitting a person who, without saying a word, marched straight to one of the stoves, which served for secretary, opened the stove-door, and drew out a bundle of papers.

'Hallo!' cried the new-comer, after examining the manuscript attentively, 'the chapter on ventilators not finished yet!'

'Allow me to observe, Uncle,' replied the Turk, 'the chapter on ventilators is one of the most interesting in your book, and requires to be studied with care. I *am* studying it.'

'That's what you tell me all the time. And the chapter on stoves—where are you in that?'

'The stoves are going on well; but, by-the-way, Uncle, if you could give me a little wood, it would n't hurt me. It is a little Siberia here. I am so cold, that I make a thermometer go down below zero just by looking at it.'

'What! you've used up one faggot already?'

'Allow me to remark again, Uncle, there are different kinds of faggots, and yours was the very smallest kind.'

'I'll send you an economic log\*—that keeps the heat.'

'Exactly, and does n't give any.'

'Well,' said the uncle as he went off, 'you shall have a little faggot, and I must have my chapter on stoves for to-morrow.'

'When I have fire, that will inspire me,' answered the Turk as he heard himself locked in.

Were we making a tragedy, this would be the time to bring in a *confidant*. Noureddin or Osman he should be called, advancing to our hero with an air at the same time discreet and patronizing:

To console him for his reverses,  
By means of these *three* verses:

'What saddening grief, my Lord, assails you now?  
Why sits this pallor on your noble brow?  
Does ALLAH lend your plans no helping hand?  
Or cruel ALI, with severe command,  
Remove to other shores the beauteous dame  
Who charmed your eyes and set your heart on flame!'

But we are not making a tragedy, so we must do without our *confidant*, though he would be very convenient.

Our hero is not what he appears to be. The turban does not make the Turk. This young man is our friend Rodolphe, entertained by his uncle, for whom he is drawing up a manual of '*The Perfect Chimney-man*.' In fact, Mr. Monetti, an enthusiast for his art, had consecrated his days to the science of chimneys. One day he formed the idea of

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\* THESE *economic logs* are back-logs made of some sort of composition, which consume very gradually, and take up much of the room which might otherwise be occupied by more perishable fuel. What addition they make to the heat of the room is a matter of opinion.

drawing up, for the benefit of posterity, a theoretic code of the principles of that art, in the practice of which he so excelled, and he had chosen his nephew, as we have seen, to frame the substance of his ideas in an intelligible form. Rodolphe was found in board, lodging, and other contingencies, and at the completion of the manual was to receive a gratification of three hundred francs.

In the beginning, to encourage his nephew, Monetti had generously made him an advance of fifty francs. But Rodolphe, who had not seen so much silver together for nearly a year, went out, half crazy, in company with his money, staid out three days, and on the fourth came home alone! Thereupon the uncle, who was in haste to have his *Manual* finished, inasmuch as he hoped to get a patent for it, dreading some new diversion on his nephew's part, determined to make him work by preventing him from going out. To this end he carried off his garments, and left him instead the disguise under which we have seen him. Nevertheless, the famous *Manual* continued to make *very* slow progress, for Rodolphe had no genius whatever for this kind of literature. The uncle avenged himself for this lazy indifference on the great subject of chimneys by making his nephew undergo a host of annoyances. Sometimes he cut short his commons, and frequently stopped the supply of tobacco.

One Sunday, after having sweated blood and ink on the great chapter of ventilators, Rodolphe broke the pen, which was burning his fingers, and went out to walk—in his *park*. As if on purpose to plague him, and excite his envy the more, he could not cast a single look about him without perceiving the figure of a smoker at every window.

On the gilt balcony of a new house opposite, an exquisite in his dressing-gown was biting off the end of an aristocratic *panatellas*. A story above, an artist was sending before him an odorous cloud of Turkish tobacco from his amber-mouthed pipe. At the window of a beer-shop, a fat German was crowning a foaming tankard, and emitting, with the regularity of a machine, the dense puffs that escaped from his meerschäum. On the other side, a group of work-men were singing as they passed on their way to the barriers, their *throat-scorchers* between their teeth. Finally, all the other pedestrians visible in the street were smoking.

'Woe is me!' sighed Rodolphe: 'except myself and my uncle's chimneys, all creation is smoking at this hour!' And he rested his forehead on the bar of the balcony, and thought how dreary life was.

Suddenly, a burst of long and musical laughter parted under his feet. Rodolphe bent forward a little, to discover the source of this volley of gaiety, and perceived that *he* had been perceived by the tenant of the story beneath him, Mademoiselle Sidonia, of the Luxembourg Theatre. The young lady advanced on her balcony, rolling between her fingers, with the dexterity of a Spaniard, a paper-full of light-colored tobacco, which she took from a bag of embroidered velvet.

'What a sweet cigar-girl it is!' murmured Rodolphe, in an ecstasy of contemplation.

'Who is this *Ali-Babi*?' thought Mademoiselle Sidonia on her part.

And she meditated on a pretext for engaging in conversation with Rodolphe, who was himself trying to do the very same.

'Bless me!' cried the lady, as if talking to herself, 'what a bore! I've no matches!'

'Allow me to offer you some, Miss,' said Rodolphe, letting fall on the balcony two or three lucifers rolled up in paper.

'A thousand thanks,' replied Sidonia, lighting her cigarette.

'Pray, Miss,' continued Rodolphe, 'in exchange for the trifling service which my good angel has permitted me to render you, may I ask you to do me a favor?'

'Asking already,' thought the actress, as she regarded Rodolphe with more attention. 'They say these Turks are fickle, but very agreeable. Speak, Sir,' she continued aloud, raising her head toward the young man, 'what do you wish?'

'The charity of a little tobacco, Miss; only one pipe. I have not smoked for two whole days.'

'Most willingly: but how? Will you take the trouble to come down stairs?'

'Alas! I can't! I am shut up here, but am still free to employ a very simple means.' He fastened his pipe to a string, and let it glide down to her balcony, where Sidonia filled it profusely herself. Rodolphe then proceeded, with much care and deliberation, to re-mount his pipe, which arrived without accident. 'Ah, Miss!' he exclaimed, 'how much better this pipe would have seemed, if I could have lighted it at your eyes!'

It was at least the hundredth edition of this amiable pleasantry, but Sidonia found it superb for all that, and thought herself bound to reply: 'You flatter me.'

'I assure you, Miss, in right-down earnest, I think you handsomer than all the Three Graces together.'

'Decidedly, *Ali-Baba* is very polite,' thought Sidonia. 'Are you really a Turk?' she asked Rodolphe.

'Not by profession,' he replied, 'but by necessity. I am a dramatic author.'

'And I an artist,' she replied; then added, 'My dear Sir and neighbor, will you do me the honor to dine and spend the evening with me?'

'Alas!' answered Rodolphe, 'though your invitation is like opening heaven to me, it is impossible to accept it. As I had the honor to tell you, I am shut up here by my uncle, Mr. Monetti, stove-maker and chimney-doctor, whose secretary I now am.'

'You shall dine with me for all that,' replied Sidonia. 'Listen: I shall reënter my room, and tap on the ceiling. Look where I strike, and you will find the traces of a trap which used to be there, and has since been condemned. Find the means of removing the piece of wood which closes the hole, and then, although each in our own room, we shall be as good as together.'

Rodolphe went to work at once. In five minutes a communication was established between the two rooms.

'It is a very little hole,' said he, 'but there will always be room enough to pass you my heart.'

‘Now,’ said Sidonia, ‘we will go to dinner. Set your table, and I will pass you the dishes.’

Rodolphe let down his turban by a string, and brought it back laden with eatables; then the poet and the actress proceeded to dine—on their respective floors. Rodolphe devoured the pie with his teeth, and Sidonia with his eyes.

‘Thanks to you, Miss,’ he said, when their repast was finished, ‘my stomach is satisfied. Can you not also satisfy the void of my heart, which has been so long empty?’

‘Poor fellow!’ said Sidonia; and climbing on a piece of furniture, she lifted up her hand to Rodolphe’s lips, who gloved it with kisses.

‘What a pity,’ he exclaimed, ‘you can’t do as Saint Denis, who had the privilege of carrying his head in his hands!’

To the dinner succeeded a sentimental literary conversation. Rodolphe spoke of ‘*The Avenger*,’ and Sidonia asked him to read it. Leaning over the hole, he began declaiming his drama to the actress, who, to hear better, had put her arm-chair on the top of a chest of drawers. She pronounced ‘*The Avenger*’ a master-piece, and having some influence at the theatre, promised Rodolphe to get his piece received.

But at the most interesting moment, a step was heard in the entry, about as light as that of the *Commander’s* ghost in ‘*Don Juan*.’ It was Uncle Monetti. Rodolphe had only just time to shut the trap.

‘Here,’ said Monetti to his nephew, ‘this letter has been running after you for a month.’

‘Uncle! Uncle!’ cried Rodolphe, ‘I am rich at last! This letter informs me that I have gained a prize of three hundred francs, given by an academy of floral games. Quick! my coat and my things! Let me go to gather my laurels. They await me at the Capitol!’

‘And my chapter on ventilators?’ said Monetti, coldly.

‘I like that! Give me my things, I tell you; I can’t go out so!’

‘You shall go out when my *Manual* is finished,’ quoth the uncle, shutting up his nephew under lock and key.

Rodolphe, when left alone, did not hesitate on the course to take. He transformed his quilt into a knotted rope, which he fastened firmly to his own balcony, and in spite of the risk, descended by this extempore ladder upon Mademoiselle Sidonia’s.

‘Who is there?’ she cried, on hearing Rodolphe knock at her window.

‘Hush!’ he replied; ‘open!’

‘What do you want? Who are you?’

‘Can you ask? I am the author of ‘*The Avenger*,’ come to look for my heart, which I dropped through the trap into your room.’

‘Rash youth!’ said the actress, ‘you might have killed yourself!’

‘Listen, Sidonia,’ continued Rodolphe, showing her the letter he had just received. ‘You see, wealth and glory smile on me; let love do the same!’

. . . . .

By means of a masculine disguise, which Sidonia procured for him,

Rodolphe was enabled to escape from his uncle's lodging. He ran to the secretary of the academy of floral games, to receive a crown of gold sweet-brier, worth three hundred francs, which lived

— 'as live roses the fairest —  
The space of a day.'

A month after, Mr. Monetti was invited by his nephew to assist at the first representation of '*The Avenger*.' Thanks to the talent of Mademoiselle Sidonia, the piece had a run of seventeen nights, and brought in forty francs to its author.

Some time later—it was in the warm season—Rodolphe lodged in the Avenue St. Cloud, third tree as you go out of the *Bois de Bologne*, on the fifth branch.

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L O S T P R A Y E R S .

BY THOMAS M. HOWARD

---

UPON Time's outer verge I stand, while laves  
My feet Eternity's immortal waves,  
Knowing that all things which have been before  
Shall be to me no more:  
That dreams, emotions, vanities, desires,  
Hope's incense on the altar of Youth's fires,  
And man's ambition, that have been before,  
Shall be no more:  
No more the grief,  
The sting, the passion, penitence, relief;  
Sweet memories, the pearls of Life's brief story;  
Sad memories, that dim the rising glory;  
Joys which are spent, and sorrows gone before,  
No more, no more!

O God, before I go,  
Permit my heart its new-born zeal to know,  
To know and understand, as well as feel;  
My soul within this mantle broad and real  
To wrap itself from woe:  
A day, an hour, a moment yet impart  
To hear the prayers of my o'erburdened heart:  
Withhold the swoop of thy suspended sword  
One moment yet, O Lord!

O spirit mine!  
How many hearts have mingled, dust with dust,  
Since first inspired me with immortal trust  
Thy spark divine!  
How many dwell in rapture or in woe  
Where now I go!

And each hath felt in turn, as I to-night,  
Remorse, dread, hope, peace, confidence, delight;  
Each one, *alone*, hath trod the path to God  
Which all have trod,  
Nor found the road of all who turned to pray  
So difficult, when Reason led the way;  
And I, though at this hour I know not why,  
Have always deemed it difficult to die:  
This body, which my soul shall know no more,  
This body, which God lent me, to restore.

But now at last  
The Future's radiant beams dispel the Past;  
And with the lid  
Of HEAVEN's mysterious eye is Error hid,  
While angel-voices — I can hear them — hymn  
A requiem:  
Error may be the sin and shame of Time,  
But not the crime;  
May cloud the soul with shadows, but may not  
Its glory blot;  
May bar external light, to earth akin,  
But never that within.

Hear and forgive,  
O LORD! the penitent whose time is near;  
The suppliant who soon shall cease to live,  
Forgive and hear.  
My heart recalls its visions from the past,  
The earliest, and the last;  
The brilliant hues that streaked the morning skies;  
The morning wings on which I sought to rise;  
The failing effort, and the soothing balm,  
The restoration to its early calm;  
The pause, the flight, the sudden ebb, the flow,  
The progress, and the end of all below;  
All seem restored, commingled into one,  
The transient rain-bow of my setting sun:  
And ah! how vividly in that recall  
I see, I feel the vanity of all!  
Rejoicing that whate'er of wrong there be  
Thou seest, and none else have need to see;  
Thou knowest, and none else can ever know  
The guilt, abasement, pain, repentance, woe!

O FATHER, spare  
The soul that passeth now all mortal care!  
Receive and bless  
The spirit here released from earth's caress!  
In mercy bend  
Thine eyes upon the voyager toward his end,  
And lift his heart  
From out the dust of which it bears no part!  
Forgive and hear,  
O LORD, the penitent whose time is near!  
The suppliant, who soon shall cease to live,  
Hear and forgive!

## S P R I N G .

SHE comes at last, the soft, sweet Spring:  
 Once more the birds begin to sing,  
 Again the fragrant flowers fling  
 Their sweetness on the air.  
 The bright waves sparkle on the rilla,  
 And blossoms bloom upon the hills;  
 The air with sweetest music fills,  
 And flowering fields are fair.

All blessings on sweet Spring, which brings  
 Such happiness to earthly things,  
 Such joy upon her golden wings,  
 Such blessings in her train.  
 Her face with hope lights up our dreams,  
 And o'er our souls her sweet smile gleams,  
 And we grow glad in her bright beams,  
 For Spring has come again!

*Hartford, (Conn.) May, 1852.*

## The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERSE MEMBERS OF  
 THE FUDGE FAMILY.

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE

### CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH

A. Malum mihi videtur esse mors,  
 M. Tisne qui mortui sunt, an his quibus moriendum est?  
 A. Utrisque.

TWO QUERIES.

MR. BODGERS being dead, was mourned over. Most dead men become great favorites in society. It is an old story, but worth telling again in this connection, that nothing so helps a man's reputation as — dying. I do not mean to commend it to my friends, lest I might be thought invidious and ungenerous. But yet I could lay my hands upon the shoulders of a great many capital fellows, whose hopes do certainly lie largest in that direction, and whose names will scarce be currently known, or on the lips of men for a week together, or, indeed, make any deep impression whatever, until they are cut in marble.

I do not mean, however, to say aught in crimination or to the discredit of TRUMAN BODGERS. There were those who spoke in praise of him before, and with much good reason. But now, all Newtown repeated his eulogy. The old house-keeper, who could hardly have survived a week without some bickering with TRUMAN, now put on as honest bombazine as ever grew tawny with wear, and said, with cambrio to her eyes, 'N'erry a man can fill the Squire's place.'



And the wicked carpenter next door, who had often with his plane-iron whisked off a curling 'D — n the old Square!' was now grave and thoughtful, and said that 'few men, in the long run, were cleverer than Uncle TRUMAN.'

Squire BIVINS smoothed his wig very solemnly, and spoke in town-meeting, (called for the purpose of expressing the indignation of the inhabitants of Newtown at that culpable carelessness which on a recent occasion had desolated hearth-stones) — he spoke, I say, of 'that eminent towns-man who had been cut deöwn in the flower of his days, and in the prime of his usefulness, leaving behind him hundreds of afflicted hearts, and — as he had himself reason to know — a large propity. Far be it from me,' continued Mr. BIVINS, shaking his wig more tightly to his head; 'far be it from me to enlarge upon the public spirit and enterprise of our distinguished and diseased teöwns-man. Prior to this melancholy disaster, I had occasion to draw up some important business-papers for Mr. BODGERS, (a manifest interest on the part of the towns-people,) and I think I may say, without breach of confidence, that it will be found on examination of the Squire's papers, that he has not forgotten the poor of his native teöwn. (Sensation.) My friends, he has gone from us; hurried off by a sad and cruel catastrophe — a catastrophe, allow me to say, as execrable as it was ill-timed, and one which has hurried into eternity our most excellent teöwns-man, who was an honor to the place and an ornament to the county.'

It is well and natural that these honors should gather about the dead. For what we do that is wrong and envious springs, for the most part, from the temptations and bedevilments that belong to our weak, frail bodies; and when once these are shaken off, and we have given our low-lived mortality the go-by, why, pray, should we not be credited with the goodness which belongs to us, and which pertains, and will pertain ever more, to the ethereal part that is gone? The hand that smote us, and the tongue that belied us, and the eye that rebuked us, are dead: they cannot harm us any longer; nor any longer can they hurt him who held them, and who used them with earthy appetites. But the essence that shone in charity, and that kindled generous emotion, and that bowed the MAN in silent worship of DEITY and goodness, is living still, (who knows how near?) and claims, by all human sympathy and all spirit-bonds, that we recognize it kindly.

The country-clergyman improved the occasion in an elaborate sermon; commending the Christian worth and dignity of the old gentleman who had been nipped in the flower of his days; making Squire BODGERS, in short, only less eminent in the Christian graces and charity than the NAPOLEON of Mr. ABBOTT's history.

The newspapers, moreover — those hasty and impassioned eulogists of nearly all dead men — came boldly to the support of Mr. BODGERS's reputation. 'We have again to record,' said they, on the day succeeding the event, 'one of those terrible calamities which succeed each other with frightful rapidity, and which call for something far more effective than a mere out-burst of popular indignation. We trust that an example will at length be made of those who thus trifle wantonly with human life. There seem to us, in the present instance, no palliating circum-

stances. It is down-right murder! The country demands a thorough investigation; and woe be to the reckless men who have thus put all considerations of humanity at defiance! Among the unfortunate victims, we are pained to notice the name of that highly respectable citizen of Newtown, TRUMAN BODGERS, Esq., a most worthy and valuable member of society. His loss, to his family and the country, is irreparable. Again we say, shall the abettors of this infamous outrage be brought to justice? We pause for a reply.'

Two days thereafter, the newspaper qualifies its remarks thus: 'We understand, from a highly respectable gentleman who chanced to be on board at the time of the recent unfortunate casualty to the steamer Eclipse, (we speak of Mr. BLIMMER, of Blimmersville, whose advertisement may be found in another column,) that the boat was making only its usual speed, and that the fire was one of those untoward accidents which no human fore-sight could possibly have prevented.

'Mr. BLIMMER, having exerted himself in a noble manner on the occasion alluded to, is still suffering severely. We are informed through him, that Mr. BODGERS maintained his presence of mind to the last, and intrusted to him (Mr. BLIMMER) sundry commissions of *considerable importance*. All the efforts of Mr. BLIMMER to secure the safety of the old gentleman proved unavailing. We are happy to learn that Mr. BLIMMER is in a fair way of recovering from the effects of his efforts in behalf of the unfortunate deceased.

'The paragraph characterizing the accident as murder, we beg to state, was written in the absence of the senior editor of this journal.'

Mr. BLIMMER, I have already remarked, is a wide-awake man, and part-proprietor of the steamer Eclipse. Mr. BLIMMER was not familiar with the family of Mr. BODGERS. The paper in his hands might be of service — to himself. The hint thrown out in the '*Daily Beacon*' might induce some advances on the part of those interested. It seemed to him an ingenious way of conducting observations.

Mr. and Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE lamented the fate of Mr. BODGERS. And having recovered from their lamentation, discoursed in this way over the breakfast-table, (cousin WILHE being in bed:)

Aunt PHÆBE. 'Do you know, SOLY, if TRUMAN leaves a large estate?'

SOLOMON. 'Mrs. PHÆBE, I think it must be large — quite large. The tan-works were profitable, very. He has a house or two in town, and considerable stock in our bank.'

'And — SOLOMON — who — do you think, dear, are his heirs?'

'Nonsense! PHÆBE; as if you did n't know that you and your sister FLEMING were the nearest kin.'

'But if he made a Will, SOLY?'

'Why, then he did, my dear.'

'La, SOLOMON! do you think he did make a Will?'

'How should I know what to think?'

'There now! so short, and I suffering — (handkerchief to face forbids distinct utterance) — family friends — affliction,' etc.

'You can't alter the Will, if it's made, can you, PHÆBE?' says Uncle SOLOMON, relenting, and helping himself to a chicken-leg.

‘No, SOLOMON ; who said that I could ?’

‘No body.’

‘Well ?’

‘Well !’

‘I hope he did n’t, SOLOMON !’

‘So do I, PHOEBE, for your sake. You were never much a favorite with TRUMAN.’

‘But he was so vulgar, SOLOMON.’

‘Ah, yes : Newtown man, PHOEBE.’

‘There now, SOLOMON !’

The colloquy, however, finally ends in a promise on the part of SOLY to visit Newtown and investigate matters.

Poor KITTY, with her best friend (saving only her mother) gone, is quieter and sadder. To her comes up the thought that she will not see again the kind old face that smiled on her ; that she will not hear again the kind voice that called down blessings on her ; that she would never welcome him, nor thank him, nor watch for him, nor meet him, ever again. Not once, as yet, comes up to her the girlish thought, the reflection that both she and her mother had been almost dependent on his bounty ; nor once does the sense of any approaching want disturb her.

Is not the old home-stead there, with her hopeful and welcoming mother, and the trees and sunshine, and God’s providence over each and all ?

Our best mourners will prove, ten to one, the quietest ones ; and they whose tears will be better than masses performed for the gentle rest of our souls, will weep silently and out of sight.

But it did flash over KITTY, as she struggled with her grief, that she could stay no longer in the town, but must go back now to cheer the old homestead. And there were unpleasant thoughts joined to this leave-taking. The town grows strangely upon the affections of an impulsive, enthusiastic girl. Even its glitter and show flatter the eye, and woo the fancy strongly. The music and the French of town teachers attune a vagrant heart of seventeen to the gallant speeches and the gallant airs of the town.

The Mr. QUIDS are not wholly despicable characters ; far from it. They possess considerable tact and grace, and very great knowledge of dress. They are not unfrequently possessed of an easy and trifling amiability, such as finds an approach to the hearts of innocent girls.

It must be borne in mind, moreover, that the spinster cousins, the amiable Miss JEMIMA and Miss BRIDGET, were naturally enamored of young men in fashionable life, or who appeared to be in fashionable life ; and it is not hard to believe that they should have transferred a portion of this enamored feeling into the bosom of pretty KITTY FLEMING.

Nor, to tell truth, was KITTY very hard-hearted ; she had a great deal of kindness in her composition — kindness to Uncle SOLOMON, kindness to me, kindness to young men in general. It was not altogether strange that she should feel kindly, then, toward a genteel young fellow who left bouquets at her door, such as would have utterly astonished the whole village of Newtown, and who, on one or two occasions,

had been instrumental, as she learned, in a very pretty serenade, which quite startled the spinster-cousins, and which was the means of giving the grocer opposite an unusual view of Miss BRIDGET in her night-cap. I would not give a fig for a girl who has not her own share of pride; and KITTY had this; and she had felt it mortified sometimes by the bearing of Aunt PHŒBE and WILHELMINA; and it was a good offset to this hurt feeling to have stolen away the most stylish of cousin WILHE's admirers.

Not that she would really harm cousin WILHE: but then there was a little gratification, when walking with ADOLPHUS QUID, to meet with her showy cousin: and pray, what young girl of eighteen would not have felt the same?

ADOLPHUS, too, was rather a pretty name. Not so bluff-sounding as HARRY FLINT, for instance; nor so honest-sounding, perhaps: but, as BRIDGET said, a 'sweet name.' In French, too, which she was studying, it rendered up gracefully into ADOLPHE, which agreed with that of a good many lively heroes of novels, with which girls studying French are apt to become acquainted.

Now I do not positively affirm that all this train of thinking passed through the mind of little KITTY, as she mourned and speculated upon her uncle's death: but association is a strange thing, and sets our imagination gadding often in strange quarters, and often breeds fancies which sooner or later turn into feelings and resolves. I do not think any such matter of KITTY. I am sure that she was very discreet; and that she mourned heartily and bitterly; and paid very little heed to the next bouquet from ADOLPHUS; and did not triumph so much over WILHELMINA; and tried harder than ever to love her Aunt PHŒBE; and looked sweetly in her black bonnet; and cried like a child at the grave of poor TRUMAN BODGERS.

Mr. QUID, Senior, bore the family bereavement differently: I say family bereavement, meaning our FUDGE bereavement. Mr. QUID, Senior, appeared, however, much interested in the lamentable event.

'Gad!' said Mr. QUID, as he read the announcement of Mr. BODGERS's name in the list of the lost; 'the old fellow's gone at length. Good!'

'It's an ill wind,' says the proverb, 'that helps no man.' Mr. QUID appeared excited, and walked his little room, ruminating deeply. Not that the demise of Mr. BODGERS brought home to him any thought of his own possible death: he was not the man for such imaginative forays.

He did, however, set about a very earnest examination of certain packages of letters which lay in an odd corner of an old secretary that equipped his chamber. Some few of these he laid aside with much evident glee; now and then rubbing his hands, as he met, perhaps, with some special phrase of endearment; and throwing aside others which, if truth were known, showed even more tenderness of expression, with a shrug of indifference.

After spending a good half day in this sort of mourning over the luckless souls who had gone to the other world under command of Captain ———, Mr. QUID, Senior, dropped a little note to Mr. QUID, Junior, asking him, in an affectionate way, to come and see him quietly on very important affairs.

I shall not undertake to say here what was the result of this interview, save that Mr. ADOLPHUS left in very cheerful spirits, and taking a buggy next morning, drove out to the quiet country village of Newtown.

Nothing was more natural than that a young gentleman of Mr. QUID's brilliant exterior should make a stir in the little village of Newtown; and when it was understood that he was making inquiries in regard to the business and habits of the late Squire, curiosity and expectation were on tip-toe.

Good Mrs. FLEMING was not without her conjectures upon the subject: and they were such as might naturally have been expected from a very worthy old lady, who loved her daughter worthily, and was very ignorant of the world. Now Miss KITTY's letters to mamma had not been without their mention of Mr. ADOLPHUS QUID, 'an elegant young man, who was very kind, and who visited frequently the Miss FUDGES.' It is true there was no enumeration of the bouquets which he had sent, or, indeed, of those particular attentions which KITTY (natural-acting girl, that she was) chose to keep the record of in her own bosom.

Nevertheless, good old Mrs. FLEMING, associating the name in KITTY's letters with the elegant young gentleman who, upon the report of Miss MEHITABLE BIVINS, had just come out to Newtown, had no manner of doubt that, being deeply interested in KITTY, and foreseeing that KITTY would be interested in the settlement of Mr. BODGERS's estate, he had come to Newtown to confer with herself, and to do whatever might be needful and gentlemanly and son-in-law-like under the circumstances.

Acting on this suggestion, Mrs. FLEMING arrayed herself in her best bombazine, new-dusted her little parlor, reërranged the books upon the teapoy, and waited the arrival of Mr. QUID.

Mr. QUID, in utter innocence of these motherly arrangements, was meantime making inquiries after the legal adviser of the late Squire BODGERS, and presently after called a most extraordinary blush to the cheek of the somewhat lean MEHITABLE BIVINS, by appearing, with his short, ivory-headed cane, at the gate of her father's yard. MEHITABLE accomplished her Sunday-school toilet in an incredibly short time, but to very little purpose. Mr. QUID desired only to see the Squire on business, and was directed to the office previously described.

The Squire received his city-visitor after his usual manner, and relieving himself of a considerable excess of tobacco-juice, he beckoned to a chair opposite.

MR. QUID, (with the ivory head of his stick at his lips :) 'Mr. BIVINS, I believe, Sir.'

SQUIRE. 'That's my name, Sir; yes, Sir: ' (raises his spectacles to the top of his head and plats his wig behind.)

QUID. 'I believe, Sir, you were legal adviser of Mr. BODGERS?'

'Did some bizness for the Square; yes, Sir: ' (looking now very narrowly and curiously at the stranger.)

'He leaves, I understand, a large property?'

'Well, yes; the Square was a fore-handed man — what I call a fore-handed man.' (Tobacco-juice among the ashes.)

'He left no direct heirs, I believe?' says Mr. QUID, interrogatively.

BIVINS stirs himself slightly in his chair, plats his wig, seems to possess himself of a new idea, and resumes the colloquy, thus:

‘Well, no, I guess not; not, as you might say, in a direct line!’ And Mr. BIVINS, perhaps at thought of the stately MERRITABLE, winces at his own joke.

‘Ha! ha!’ says Mr. QUID; ‘very good, Mr. BIVINS, very good.’ Upon the strength of that complimentary sally, and the encouraging twinkle in Mr. BIVINS’s eye, he goes on to say to Mr. BIVINS that he is interested to some extent in the estate, and as he shall have occasion for the professional services of Mr. BIVINS, he begs to hand him now a small retaining-fee.

Mr. BIVINS, in a little wonderment, removes his spectacles from his head and lays them in a careless way upon the top of the bill which Mr. QUID has laid upon the table, as a sort of conditional retainer on his part — of the money.

‘And now, Mr. BIVINS,’ says QUID, ‘will you be kind enough to tell me if Mr. BODGERS made any Will, to your knowledge?’

Mr. BIVINS looks carefully at QUID, at his cane, his moustache, plats his wig, considers for a moment, relieves himself of a new excess of tobacco-juice, and —— is interrupted by a smart but formal rap at his office-door.

The new-comer was no less a personage than Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE. Mr. BIVINS knew him at a glance: he dusted his arm-chair with his pocket-handkerchief, and begged the Squire would be seated.

‘Perhaps you are engaged, Mr. BIVINS?’ said Uncle SOLOMON, in his stately way, at the same time giving a formal nod of recognition to young QUID.

‘Oh dear me, not at all, Squire; glad to see you. Sad thing this, about Uncle TRUMAN.’ And he removes his spectacles from the bill of Mr. QUID, as a kind of tacit relinquishment of claim until he shall have understood the business of the rich Mr. FUDGE.

Now Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE has occasionally caught sight of Mr. QUID within his own door, and has heard, moreover, somewhat of his wife’s gossip about his attentions to their country-cousin, KERRY. Hence, it occurs to him that he must be making private inquiries about KERRY’s chances in the old gentleman’s estate; and acting upon this thought, he enters formally upon his business with Mr. BIVINS — ‘presuming that Mr. QUID, from some reports that he has heard in connection with Miss FLEMING, is kindly looking after her interest in the estate of his kinsman, Mr. BODGERS.’

A new light suddenly illumines the countenance of the cautious Mr. BIVINS, and, replacing his spectacles upon the bill, he prepares to give the gentlemen just so much of intelligence in respect to Mr. BODGERS and his property as will pique their curiosity and make his exertions desirable and necessary throughout.

‘A large estate, gentlemen, very large; and the Square consulted me freely; indeed, I may say that I drew up some papers of importance, with reference to his estate, which I guess we shall find at the homestead. What do you say, gentlemen, to calling down at the old place?’

And Mr. BIVINS, throwing the bill adroitly into the table-drawer, and turning his key, accompanies Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE and ADOLPHUS QUID to the late home of TRUMAN BODGERS.



The two last men in the world that the old gentleman would have chosen for such a visit of inquiry. But in dying we have to give up not only our characters but our papers to the prying eyes and the careless hands of the world: it is well to keep both in order. Death, as Cicero says, is often a very bad matter: both for those who have gone through it, and for those who have got it to go through.

D E S P A I R .

BY L. J. BATES.

Once — distinctly I remember  
Still, with shuddering sense of fear;  
It was in the chill November  
Twilight of the waning year —  
In the forest, prone reclining  
On the damp earth, cold and lonely;  
Through the boughs the stars were shining,  
And the stars were shining only.  
And the sobbing and the sighing  
Of the wind amid the trees —  
Ever mournfully replying  
To the murmur of the seas —  
Stirred my soul with bitter feeling;  
Memories of the buried past  
Thronged around, young hopes revealing,  
Hopes, alas! too pure to last:  
Life is so like stream divine,  
Whose sweet fount is nearest heaven,  
Flowing down the slopes of time  
To a dim and desert even;  
And the purest joys we know  
Spring beside the limpid rill,  
Which, a river grown, will flow  
Foul and dark with garnered ill.

Long I pondered, sad and dreary,  
O'er the buried hopes of yore,  
Asking, till my soul grew weary,  
'Shall the parted meet once more?  
Tell me, O thou moonless even!  
Fairest at the altar-shrine,  
In yon dim and distant heaven  
Dwells this angel-love of mine,  
Lost and lovely CAROLINE?  
By the blessed seals that keep her,  
Answer — may I meet her there?  
Deep the shadows grew, and deeper:  
Silence answered to Despair.

In an endless, long succession,  
Motionless the tall pines stood;  
In an endless, still procession,  
Through the shadows of the wood  
Move the solemn midnight-hours,  
Leaving, each, as they depart,  
Frost upon the drooping flowers,  
Frost upon my drooping heart.  
Wake the evening breezes, swinging  
Through the darkness, to and fro,  
All the mossy branches, singing  
Solemn dirges, sad and low.  
'Tell me, voices of the even,  
Do I vainly hope to borrow  
In yon pure and holy heaven  
Respite from this weight of sorrow?  
New-York, Feb. 7, 1853.

VOL. XII.

In the dim and dark hereafter  
May not hope be wrung from prayer —  
Hope be wrung from earnest prayer?  
Answered they, with mocking laughter,  
Only answered they, 'Despair!'

Fell the frost more white and hoary  
On the flowers and on my heart;  
Seemed the stars to pale their glory,  
As the dreary hours depart:  
'If not here to me is given  
Respite from the demon Care,  
Shall I not in death be shriven?  
Is there no deliverance there?  
Humbly, as the old evangel,  
Longing for yon holy Aiden,  
Is it sin to love an angel —  
Sin to love a sainted maiden,  
Rescued from this world of sorrow,  
With her soul all pure and fair?  
May I hope for such to-morrow?  
Only answered they, 'Despair!'

Then, methought the weary hours  
Never, never would depart,  
Bringing sunshine to the flowers,\*  
Leaving frost upon my heart  
Bowed I low, in weak submission  
To a higher will than mine;  
Not in meekness and contrition  
Kneeling at the altar-shrine,  
But, as crushed to earth and weary,  
Humbled 'neath this weight of care,  
Feeling all the utter, dreary,  
Full fruition of despair:  
Not a joy life ever cherished  
Left to cheer my lonely way;  
Asking still, though hope had perished,  
Asking for the better day.  
'All the blessed dreams of youth,  
Ceaseless longings after glory,  
Dim foreshadowings of truth  
Are they — or a fleeting story?  
Honor that shall baffle death,  
Faith as pure as mother's prayer —  
Part they with the parting breath?  
Still the branches wailed, 'Despair!'

Therefore do I now remember  
With a shuddering sense of fear,  
Still the cheerless, cold November  
Twilight of the waning year.



## S U M M E R   L O N G I N G S .

BY D. FLORENCE M'GARTHY.

'I SEND you a poem which you will, I think, admire. It is named 'Summer Longings,' and was written, I believe, by MCCARTHY, after whom you inquire in your 'Table' for this month. MCCARTHY is an Irishman, and, if I am not mistaken, he has injured himself, with English critics, by sympathizing too strongly with those who desire for Ireland a separate nationality. He is, without doubt, a man of genius. He published, some time ago, a volume of poems, which I have never read ; and he contributes occasionally to the '*Dublin University Magazine*.'

NOTE TO THE EDITOR.

AH! my heart is ever waiting,  
     Waiting for the May ;  
     Waiting for the pleasant rambles  
     Where the blooming hawthorn brambles,  
     With the woodbine alternating,  
     Scent the dewy way.  
 Ah! my heart is weary waiting,  
     Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
     Longing for the May ;  
     Longing to escape from study  
     To the young face fair and ruddy,  
     And the thousand charms belonging  
     To the summer-day.  
 Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
     Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,  
     Sighing for the May ;  
     Sighing for the sure returning,  
     When the summer beams are burning,  
     Of sweet flowers that dead or dying  
     All the winter lay.  
 Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,  
     Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing  
     Throbbing for the May ;  
     Throbbing for the sea-side billows,  
     Or the water-wooing willows,  
     Where, in laughing and in sobbing,  
     Glide the streams away.  
 Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,  
     Throbbing for the May :

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,  
     Waiting for the May.  
     Spring goes by with wasted warnings,  
     Moon-lit evenings, sun-bright mornings:  
     Summer comes, yet dark and dreary  
     Life still ebbs away.  
 MAN IS EVER WEARY, WEARY,  
     WAITING FOR THE MAY.

# Contes des Comtesses;

O R . T A L E S O F C O U N T E S S E S

BY CHARLES G. IRLAND.

NUMBER TWO.

## THE COUNTESS AND HER POET.

'PFAFFENTRUG und weiberlist  
Geht über alles, wie Ihr wisst.'

Priestly cheat and woman's wit,  
Naught on earth may equal it.

GERMAN PROVERB.

Who serves his ladye faithfullie  
Ne loueth two, ne loueth three;  
Ne leman coueteth ywis,  
Save she who's troth's yplyghted his.

JEMAN MONIOT, FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

'BETTER,' said the Poet to himself, '*better a donkey which will carry me, than an Arabian which throws me!*' Now this was a proverb which he had learned in Spain. Saying this, he left the boudoir of the Countess Clementine, and went to take supper with a black-eyed maiden who was *not* of noble birth.

For the Countess was that evening in her '*tantrums*.' Every pretty woman has a right to be in them *occasionally*.

She has the right by usage and custom, by will and way, *de jure divino et jure gentium*, by authority, prescription, and precedential confirmativeness. And the Countess was pretty, *very* pretty.

But alas, my ducks! of what use is loveliness when it ceases to excite love? or of comeliness when a lover is determined to *go*? *None, none, none.* Fair maiden, hie thee hence; the bells are ringing—*Nun!*

'THE green-wood echo, the rain-bow gay,  
And woman's beauty, soon pass away.'

Perhaps, after all, — who knows? — feminine beauty is only a flickering deception — a gilded, gleaming zero — the aureole of Folly!

WHEN maidens stand in dancing row,  
The fairest leads the floor;  
When goslings to the mill-pond go,  
The first one walks before.

And perhaps

— Now may I become the prey (gloves and all) of the biggest bug-a-boo that ever prowled in Moloch's nursery, if I work any longer on this infamous sentence — this cursed train of nonsense!

AND the author was as good as his word. Or some body else was as good for him. For every other leaf of the manuscript has been *torn out*, for the purpose of forming, from the delicately and daintily-bound

volume, an album or scrap-book, on whose alternate pages have been pasted scraps of poetry, with other fragments, fractionments and figments of light literature. And the next page reads as follows — albeit, somewhat carelessly written :

## O V E R T U R E - R E V E R I E .

(*Sounds from Home.*)

Music sweet,  
Passing fleet —  
Bid Memory waken  
Her loveliest dream,  
Brave shouts on the mountain  
Sweet songs by the stream  
Yet no vision of beauty  
In memory can live,  
Unless woman in spirit  
The impress doth give.

(*Swiss Air. Jodeln.*)

My love is young, my love is fair,  
Her foot-step light as summer air ;  
Such beauty well my soul might move,  
And yet 'tis not for this I love.  
*La, la, la, li u va !*

My love is young, but passing wise ;  
She reads my first thoughts in mine eyes :  
When I in hers will reader be,  
Oh, naught but love I there can see.  
*La, la, la — li o la !*

And this I mark and this I know,  
She learns my deeds where'er I go ,  
And this I too can well descry,  
*That she is sharper far than I !*

Oh, happy should the lover be  
Whose sweet-heart has more sense than he ;  
The soul of love he ne'er has known  
Who loves for beauty's sake alone.  
*La, la, la — la li u va !*

And on the next page the original narrative again appears. What part or portion thereof is covered up by the preceding poetry, I know not. Paste, like Brummel's starch, plays the Devil — occasionally. And thus the tale runs on :

'JEANNE !' said the Countess to her maid, after she had fretted, hummed, laughed, cried, and admired her ring, with the remarkably small white fingers which adorned it — 'Jeanne, in which direction did the gentleman depart ?'

'Up the street, Madame ; up — for I saw him !'

'And he saw thee, too, I dare say ?' To this question Jeanne replied with the French expression of '*Parbleu !*' Correctly speaking, she should have said, '*Edepol !*' or, 'By Apollo !' or, perhaps, '*By Pollux !*' since that is the classic origin of the gentle oath. But Jeanne was not invariably correct in all her words or actions. She had run or been sent on too many of her mistress's love-errands to be over-particular — (*Rare vaga virgo pudica est*) — and had unfortunately never paid very marked attention to that passage of the holy father and saint, Ambrose, addressed to virgins, in which he assures them that silence is a synonym

for modesty and decency: '*Claude vas tuum ne unguentum effluat, claude virginitatem verccundiâ loquendi et abstinencia.*'

'He saw her,' reflected the Countess, 'and as soon as she was kissed and out of sight, he of course turned and went down in the other direction. For such is human nature, and thus do men deceive!'

These were her thoughts, and she really believed that they formed a whole, entire, deliberate conclusion. But from the deep, mysterious, wonderful abyss of her woman-soul rose, well-nigh inaudibly, the faint, feathery ghost of a conscience-whisper:

'For I should have done so myself.'

'And it was for *this*,' said the Countess Clementine, glancing around at the room, and catching a glimpse of her own beauty in the mirror; 'it was for *this* that I had this small apartment of mine so daintily scrubbed and comfortably warmed. It was for *this*,' continued she, seating herself at the supper-table, while she inclined her beautiful head and swan-like neck, sipping, meanwhile, like a bird, a few drops of red wine from a silver goblet, 'that I ordered my best Burgundy. For *this*' —

And lolling back luxuriously, she turned to her maid and said:

'Jeanne! put a stick on the fire!'

On the next page sequentially I find:

#### LOVE FOR EVER!

Pax Deos, valde invidendum est amare mulieres secundum illud carmen SAMUELIS poetæ:

'Disce, bone clerice, virgines amare  
Quare sciunt dulcia oscula præstare  
Juventutem floridam tuum conservare.'

Quia amor est charitas, et Deus est charitas: ergo, amor non maiores. Soluat mihi illud argumentum.  
EPISTOL. OBSCURORUM VIRORUM.\*

SING, if ye will, of the banquet-hall,  
Troll the praises of card and wine;  
I have measured the depths of such pleasures all,  
And still found them wearisome, silly, and small,  
Unless some young beauty touched glass with mine.

Drink, drink, drink, till ye roll on the floor!  
Play, play, play, till ye've swept the field!  
But five minutes' love, though quickly o'er,  
Is worth, ye will grant, five thousand times more  
Then all that Bacchus or chance can yield.

Long live the glass, with its morning-beam!  
Long live good fellows, wherever they're found!  
But what were the sea, if no sun-light gleam  
E'er flashed on its darkness, e'er wakened its dream,  
Or guided the gay barks which circle it round!

But here and there doth the wine-berry grow;  
Beauty all over the earth I find;  
Languishing eyes, 'mong the high and low —  
More of them, too, as older I grow;  
For love never leaves a good fellow behind.

\* 'By the gods' but it is a pleasant thing to love woman, according to that song of the poet Samuel:

'Learn, O jolly student friend, to love the ladies dearly!  
For then the darling little souls will kiss you so sincerely,  
And Youth will ever glide along right merrily and cheerily.'

'For love is charity, and God is charity: therefore is love no evil thing. Settle me that argument!'  
ULRICH VON HUTTEN.

The best of hearts and the best of lives  
 The best of songs were all born of love ;  
 And the best of good fellows are maids and wives ;  
 And the merriest laugh is where Cupid thrives,  
 In the kitchen below or the hall above.

— AND found that he had indeed gained a loss by jumping from the patrician frying-pan into a plebeian fire ; or from aristocratic fume into a vulgar *flame*, as the Romans termed it. For actresses are but ashes, danseuses but dust, grisettes but gimcracks, all maidens but mortals ; and a love of low degree can demi-devil it like a duchess — particularly with a gentleman to whom the dew-impearled eye of beauty is ever-moving, be it in May, Marian, or an empress.

Upon which point of the womanly-weakness of these poor girls, a reflection strikes me. It hath been usual to compare all such and similar to butter-flies, which flutter with wings of crimson-golden sheen through the sun-shine and over the flowers of life. But if so, they are *inverted* butter-flies. For that beautiful bird, from a worm or *bug*, (as American children term all creeping insects,) becomes the tenant of a cocoon, and eventually a fluttering beauty. But the ornamental pets of whom I have spoken generally retrograde degradingly from a state of quivering loveliness and youthful winginess to the condition of the cocoon, and eventually that of the bug — I mean, of course, to a dull, unprofitable middle-age, and a weary, thoughtless decrepitude.

— He received but a dull greeting, found that a string of the love-lute was broken, a seal of the soul-flask opened, and drank a draught of wine which made him recall, with bitter regret, the Burgundy and bright eyes of the Countess.

THE next page being pasted over and adorned with the ballad of

#### THE COUNT AND THE GRISETTE.

It may not be — it may not be ;  
 Life is too short to waste with thee ;  
 I claim no hand which wears no glove —  
 So fare thee well, thou vulgar love.

I own that thou art very fair,  
 But bad thy taste and worse thy air ;  
 While every varied glance and smile  
 Hints at an education vile.

In vain I seek, from day to day,  
 A trace of something *distinguée* :  
 Such trace in thee no soul could find,  
 In form or feature, style or mind.

Why wilt thou e'er my soul distress  
 By thy con-found-ed taste in dress ?  
 A garnet robe — an orange shoe,  
 And facing *green* — good heavens ! — with *blue* !

Thy lips are like an opening rose,  
 But, *Dieu* ! when once the floweret blows,  
 Oh, then thy voice, in dreadful shout,  
 Flies like some vulgar insect out.

I deemed that love had power to change,  
 And lift above her low-born range  
 One who no taste in perfumes had,  
 Save for patchouli strong and bad !

And now, thou lost one, fare thee well !  
 At nobler shrines my love I'll tell ;  
 Lost, lost for ever — must it be !  
 Lost to good-style, good-taste, and — *me* !

— THEREFORE, Jeanne, let one of our servants run to the apartments of the Sieur d'Adelstein, and tell his valet that his master's patron, the Bishop, is dangerously ill, and desires to see him immediately. If he be in the town, that valet will find him ; if he find him, he will first return to his own house ; if he return to his own house, he must needs pass our door ; and if he pass our door, do thou tell him — any fib thou pleasest which will make him mount the stairs !'

And the Countess, having given out her orders with the precision of a General, fell back, lounging voluptuously on her throne-like sofa, drawing up the ermine around her splendid snow-white shoulders, and wondering (as did Jeanne for three seconds ere she left the room) where on earth he could find a more magnificent bust whereon to pillow his good-for-nothing head. Yet I never regarded her as a vain woman, nor was she practically half as vain as her lover.

NATURE had gifted her with great amiability, wonderful beauty, ready wit, and a certain modicum of *energy*. THE WORLD had increased these gifts, and to the increase thereof had added experience. THE FLESH had granted her charity, and THE DEVIL a spice of coquetry, rather too much philosophy, and a penchant for *light literature* — Adelstein, the poet, being her last essay in the latter article.

'For there is many a good thing in the literary way,' said she, 'which never went to press. Great are the sins of omission : Let us patronize Genius !'

AFTER which expression comes a poem, entitled

W O M A N S W I L L

'Com la muger y el dinero  
 No te burles, compañero !'

'Companion mine, ridicule not money or woman !'

SPANISH PROVERB

'MANY a charm is round thee,  
 Many a spell hath bound thee !  
 Though awhile I give thee leave to range,  
 Soon, thy wild flight o'er,  
 Soon, no more a rover,  
 Back thou 'lt fly, and never dare to change.  
 If thou wilt go flutter  
 Here and there, to utter  
 Burning vows to all with wanton will —  
 But thou canst not leave me ;  
 No — nor once deceive me ;  
 And in chains I hold thee captive still !

To some love enchanting  
 Every favor granting,  
 Go and sigh — I bid thee — 'tis in vain !  
 For no woman clever  
 Lost a lover ever,  
 When she *willed* to hold him in her chain.  
 She who's sure of winning  
 When the game's beginning,  
 Throws away, of course, a stake or two ;  
 But when higher aiming,  
 Bent on bolder gaming,  
 Back they come, and then she holds them true

The which verses may be either said or sung; but if the latter, it is respectfully suggested by Meister Karl that it be done to the air of *La dernière Pensée de Von Weber*, vulgarly known as Von Weber's Last Waltz.

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PANTING, penitent, puzzled, and appearing somewhat pygmean, (or looking 'small,') the poet Franciscus de Adelstein stood in the presence of her whom he had so weakly endeavored to cruelly deceive. He had been summoned most opportunely from the dwelling of his black-eyed pet — just at the instant when he was thoroughly *ennuyée*, and weary of her airs — and, consequently, when he had relapsed into a heart-felt fit of penitent devotion to the splendid Countess.

This she knew, as any woman would have known it, from his air. And certainly, since the Countess had been a woman, (it happened on her eighteenth birth-day, as she said,) she had never appeared so meltingly beautiful as at this moment; and this she knew also, though I cannot tell you myself how she learned it, for I do not know. But it is well for me that such was indeed the case, since it enables me to put my poet before you in the most penitent, beggarly, love-struck attitude possible. It was not even necessary to comment upon his reëpearance. The lady felt this, and fixing upon him a long, deep, mysterious glance, exclaimed:

'Jeanne, you may leave the room!'

To do this, it was, however, requisite to look from Adelstein to the pretty soubrette. She found it hardest to glance gravely at the latter.

'Sit down,' she exclaimed — 'here, by me! Naughty boy, where has he been? Out in all the rain, too!'

[It is with a feeling of peculiar pleasure that I announce to the reader that the poem which was pasted on *this* page came off, leaving the prose in a tolerably legible condition.]

'Adelstein,' said his lady, 'in one word, where have you been?'

'I have been,' replied he, looking up at the ceiling, into the fire, at the Countess's feet, and all around the room, in search of a lie: 'I have been — at — the café.'

'If you have,' she replied, 'you did not remain there long. Adelstein!' she repeated, placing her hand as it were inadvertently among some articles of the toilette which lay near on a table, and then affectionately putting it on his bosom — 'Adelstein, you have been making love — a *great deal* of love — to some body else.'

And waxing confident in her assertions, she added:

'To some woman!'

Horror-struck at the accusation, he started back with an air of holy innocence.

'To a woman,' she continued, 'with black hair. See there!'

Saying this, she pointed to a black hair-pin which stuck in the lappel of his coat, and had evidently been transferred accidentally, in a warm embrace, from some feminine head.



‘*That!*’ he exclaimed, ‘oh! that must have come from your own senses, of course!’

‘My hair,’ she answered, ‘is *light* — and my hair-pins are all composed of silver, gold, or similar costly ingredients.’

Adelstein here began to feel as if the last plank were giving way beneath him, and already experienced in imagination a rush as of many cool spiritual waters over his devoted head. Almost dead with disappointment and shame, he cast himself back on a sofa, exclaiming:

‘All is lost — lost!’

‘Oh, not all,’ exclaimed Clementine; ‘you *must* call once in a while on me — say, once a month. You poets are such *distinguée* visitors that it would never do to lose you entirely.’

‘Had she been angry,’ thought he, ‘I would have trusted to regain her love. But this *badinage* is death.’

And turning somewhat pale and heart-sick, he exclaimed:

‘Farewell, Clementine. God knows that I have deserved all this and more. But oh! I have ever loved you — *indeed* I have!’

And he turned to depart. But at the door he heard the rustle of a silken skirt behind him — saw a small white hand steal over his shoulder — felt the brush of perfumed curls against his cheek —

Adelstein was a gentleman, and consequently did not at this instant affect, as most gentlemen would have done, an anger or indifference he did not feel. He knew that he was horribly guilty, and had been nobly forgiven. In consequence of which, he fell on his knees and kissed her hand as she exclaimed:

‘Will he be good, and not go any more to visit naughty little girls with black hair?’

On the next (and last) page, reader, I find this ballad:

AFAR, afar  
Shine moon and star:  
How dim they are!  
Rise, love, and leave me — the dear night is o’er:  
Haste through the garden — remember the door!  
Cool blows the morning-wind, flower-life to me:  
Adieu to the star-light, to love-light, and thee!

Away, away,  
Ere break of day —  
Thou canst not stay!  
In velvet-black darkness, in silence and night,  
I still saw thee gleaming, my snow-love — my white.  
If in mid-night, deep mid-night, I still saw thee near,  
Oh, how couldst thou hide if the day-light were here!

Far gleams the dawn,  
Its first robe drawn —  
Thou must be gone!  
For ’neath yon pale star a rose-beam I see;  
Light should ne’er shine upon kisses from thee.  
Cold is the moon, but a moon-love is warm;  
Weaker a sun-love, and broken its charm.

And now — thou art flown!  
I count alone  
The joys we’ve known.  
Love is our true life, and life cannot die;  
Love gives a new life, ere life passes by:  
Ere thou didst love me, but one life was mine;  
Now I have two lives, for that life is thine.

# The Bunkum Flag-Staff: Entry.

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF '94: THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK: THE FOURTH OF JULY: LIFE, LIBERTY, LITERATURE, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND A STANDARD CURRENCY.

VOL. 1.

MAY 1, 1853.

No. 1

WAGSTAFF, EDITOR.

CIRKELATE!

## HAVE WE A BAREBONE AMONG US?

A TRULY astounding toptic to be onto any tappis; and the question has now been discussed by public curiosity to such a surfeiting acmy that we no longer forbear it from our columes out of personal discretionary motives to LEWY NAPOLEON, who has got a hard enough row to hoe without our stirring up his people by inflammation appeals. Our readers will bear us witness that 'THE STAFF' is not afeerd to speak out when the time comes, *pro con*, or *nem con*, or *crim con*, as the case may be. We have been accused of timidity, which is without the shadow of a foundation, except our nose was once pinched, if we remember right, wholly, however, ~~as~~ on political grounds; an offence which we regret that we did not more summerly resent it; but we let it slip by until it was too late. A man who will pull the nose of a gentleman is scarcely worthy of notice, and only competent to be treated with silent contemp. If you kick him, it will only raise his inflated opinion of himself, puff out his cheeks like a sweltering frog, to an almost exorbitant pitch of vanity. Let him alone; but if he repeats

the office — mark what we say, if he *repeats* the office — then come down upon him in a tremendous article, and there will not be the smallest iota of a grease-spot left. He will come to you, and apologize gentlemanly for what he done, subscribe for your paper, and go away well satisfy, while you sit in the sanctum laughing at him. This is better than going to Law. Wherever you go, do n't go to Law. It's a long road, and a tremenjus quantity of toll-gates by the way. We would rather be kicked, by a long shot, so far as any actooal suffering is concerned. Thank fortune, we were whipped sound enough at school to make us tolerably tough on that score.

But we must come back to what we was saying, and that is, that we do not think that we shall be perorable to give offence to those interested by saying what we *doo* think about this BAREBONE controversy; a toptic which appears to be gradually swallowing up, if we might so express it, into a universal vorax, every other prominen toptic of the day; the appointments of General PIERCE, President of the Uniteden

Statesen; the collectorship of this town; Hard-shell, Soft-shell, and AUGUSTUS SCHELL; JOHN VAN BEUREN, what he said on the steamboat; Barn-burners, Hunkers, Silver-grays, Renters and Aunty-renters; Aldermen's troubles about the tea-room, and as to what they done as to a rail-road through our principal thoroughfare—we got them there!—as well as about all the news from Australia, California, and Chrystal Palace, which, by the way, we cheerfully recommend to all our fellow-citizen and to all strangers from adjunct towns, as perobable to be a most interesten exhibition, which even church-members may most properly visit without offence to the Derry, and let them not have any scruple. It won't do them no harm, although it is a sort of amusement, and may be objected to by some on that ground.

Moreover, this BAREBONE question, within the last three or four weeks from which we have entirely from motives of Pollycey abstained from it, is swallowing up other important toptics engrossed by the press, such as GARDINER'S Trial; [this individooal got a half-a-million of Dollars out of our Government, in lieu of a Silver-Mind in Mexico, which could not be tracked out to his appropriate spot after a careful Sirvey, he being originally a Dentist, and this the richest plug of leaf which was ever put into Uncle SAMUEL'S tooth: it will be very hard to prove any thing agin the Doctor, and he will pocket the money, and establish his Reputation as a first-rate Dentist, and Mr. PEABODY will employ him.] And this controversy also swallow up Mr. HUNTER, what kind of language he made ust of; arrest of RUSSEL SMITH, Member of Assembly, for contemp of that Body; what Mr.

SMITH said by way of rejoinder; the destroy of the dry-goods in our streets by clouds of dust; what is the ust, say we, of a Croton, if it cannot play at the very time when it is wanted to play? HORACE GREELY, what he keeps continuoaly saying in the '*Tribune*' newspaper about the Main Law, (and if HORACE has his own way he will entirely put a stop to the sale of supposititious liquor in this kedntry, which has reached a most disgusting extent: success to him, say we, although that occasionally tippling at a little good liquor, by way of a change, might possibly do some good to those who are befitted to benefit thereby, but even this we somewhat doubt it; and then the HIPPODROME, of which we should like to see a man onto the backt of an ostrish, or running a Roman Chariot Race driven by women presumptible of a fair character. All this, we say, swallow up entirely by the all-engrossing domain of the controversy,

HAVE WE A BAREBONE AMONG US?

Have we? We should think we have, or oughter, because we produce every thing among us, no matter what commodity it may happen to be; and why not a BAREBONE among the Rest? We wish to present very clearly the facts of the case. Perobably it may not be unbeknown to many of our reading community, that many years ago, in the last century, there lived in a town of France a leading individooal entitled the Sixteen LEWY, *arias* BAREBONE, quite rich, in fack the king of that territory, which is about as Big as our State of Arkansas in the Far West, more or less, (although there was more people in the former, by half,) who was lynched by his executors, the same as we do now for horse-

stealing by the mob in our California. A most unrighteous proceeding! contrary to all order; but sometimes mistakes will happen in the best-regulated families, both of the Old World and the New. They did the same thing with CHARLES in England, at a time, too, when they had oughter known better; cut his head off; treated him according to lynch-law; and we wish that our Bunkum Press had been in action at that time, that we might have gin them a rub. Such a thing would not have been done in our Arkansaw Legislature even to this day, where they have never gone further than murdering a House-Speaker with a Bowie-knife, and that not without great provocation, always honestly in the open day. But mind you, the Insurgent was expelled by us from all the privileges of the House for the offence, and that instantimo. He had to walk; but in France and Englan the insurgen manage to hold for a time the reins.

Well, they done as well as they could for the time being, we suppose, according to the emergency, the same as our Arkansaw or California people have done, and that is the only excuse that we can forge for them. Let us all judge one another, as *we* judge, and not look through a differen pair of spectacles, or mediums! That's the point. When the LEWY BAREBONE died, he left a little boy arter him named DORFIN, a sweet little fellow, who had the scrofula, as most all the King's of Europ's children have, which eat up his knees, and kept him confined to the house. He boarded at a Cobler boarding-house, kept by a man named SIMON, who treated poor little DORFIN like a brute, although he oughter been rocked in a gold cradle. Such is

the mutation of human affairs; but the fack is the French folks at that time were on a bloody spree, and they meant to have it out.

Arter a while they got up a story that little DORFIN could not stand the scrofula no longer, and he gin out, as it was a wonder that the child had not done before. Howsever, here's where the wonder begins; for some say that DORFIN did n't die, but got over it, and is alive when our sheet goes to press; and if so, there is some money comin' to him; and what is more, he is now living in this very place, named Mr. WILLIAMS, to whom all letters respectfully requested to be address to Mr. HANSON, and if he ever gets his money, it will be owing to what Mr. HANSON done for him. Mr. HANSON think that he has proved conclusive in PUTNAM Magazine that Mr. WILLIAMS is the very *identidem* DORFIN, and Doctor HAWKES, of our place, who is quite a good speaker, when he chooses to exert himself, having a voice of more than ordinary pitch—those who have not heard the Doctor had better embrace an early opportunity of so doing, as we think they would be gratified—Doctor HAWKES, who knows history, because he has wrote it to a high pitch of perfection, he thinks that Mr. HANSON is not fur out of the way. Mr. HANSON usually assists the Doctor on ordinary occasions, but in this case the Doctor, who is a clever soul, and always willin to do what he can for a fellow-mortal, comes in to assist Mr. HANSON, because he think he needs assistance, which we are perfectly willing to admit that he does so; and one good turn deserve another. Betwixt the Doctor and Mr. HANSON, which is like bein between two genial fires, of which the Doctor makes the most blaze, on or

dinary occasions, but if he don't look out for his laurels we are afeerd that HANSON will outshine him — (they say that PUTNAM has most kindly volunteered to pay HANSON two hundred pound for that article, in consequens of which report his people will not raise his celery) — we say, in consequens, we do hope that the DORFIN will come out square in this matter, and force the Assiknees to foot-up the bill, which has been running on at compound interest and advertised in the French 'Flag-Staffs' ever since. This would have the effect to send LEWY NAPOLEON back to the fortress of Ham, which is a much stronger fortress than his present strong-hold in the affections of the French populace, who won't stand him long without he will gin 'em a few pic-nics onto the Alps, or a few toasting in the Desert, or in the Kremlin, like his uncle done; and so bring the DORFIN into possession of his property.

But to come back to the toptic, HAVE WE A DOLPHIN AMONG US? which we will consider briefly, as the other press have had their say. It would n't at all surprise us if we actooally had. It looks very much like it, and this DOLPHIN, or BAREBONE, we don't care which, is Mr. WILLIAMS, who was raised by a squaw after SIMON gin him up, till he was ready for preaching, which he did among the Ingens. We have n't seen yet any good reply to Mr. HANSON. The distinguish Western Lawyer do n't amount to any thing. He merely says, 'Pooh! pooh!' to every thing, and that through three long columes of 'pools.' We guess he's a skeptical turn of mind. If there's any think in his letter, it is, that he knows Mr. WILLIAMS and that he *doos* look like an Ingen. We think that we could settle that

pint in the twinklin of an eye. Will Mr. WILLIAMS do us the favor to step round to our offis, and if there's any Ingen blood in his face we will tell him so. Ingen liniments is as strong as BAREBONE; we don't care how many generations. Then, agin, the DUKE DE JOINVIL don't say any thing, as we heerd tell that Mr. PUTNAM had a letter from the Duke contradicting, but if so the letter must be marked 'private,' and so that long talk on the steam-boat with the PRINCE, where the DORFIN was sitting onto a barrel, hold good.

But what does HANSON say, and what says DOLPHIN? What DOLPHIN says is nothing to nobody, but he feels thoroughly persuaded in his own mind that he is every inch a King, and if he had his doos he would be preaching at Notre-Dam, and hanging out his sign at the Two Illeries. He is at present unpleasantly sitoated as to the WILLIAMS family. For the WILLIAMSES say if he wants to condescend to the strappings of loyalty then they're done with him; and it must be WILLIAMS or DORFIN, one or tother. What says Brother DORFIN? Will he gin up all prerogative of royalty, and be a plain, unmitigated WILLIAMS? Will he carry a pear-shaped BAREBONE head upon a ordinary pair of WILLIAMSES shoulders? or tell the WILLIAMSES that he knows how to manage his own geology?

To proceed: HANSON makes out a very fair state of the case — a long chain of pretty good links, but some on 'em don't hold — for instance, scrofula. DORFIN's knees eaten away with scrofula or king's evil, a complaint which is found in Europe, also in this kxlntry: ~~See~~ See our advertising columes. Now Mr. WILLIAMS' knees are scarred, but they forget that he's a

minister, and his praying onto them might account for that, and would be a more consisten way of accounting for it. I have no doubt the distinguish Western lawyer will say that there is not a man in the whole Uniteden Statesen whose knees are seriously affected by praying onto them. That there are wery few individooals whose piety will hurt them, we very free to admit, while those who make the most noise about religiont got about as much as that iron poker.

Let the knees go. It is from this wastage of the knees that the family are called BAREBONE, while DORFIN's father, because the people seized him, was also called LEWY SEIZE.

When the child was sent over from Europ two boxes sent with him, containin medals. Well, now, if they wanted to get rid of the DORFIN appears to us that they wouldn't a-sent these coronation medals with him, but buried him among the Ingens without any royal marks save what he carried on his knees. But, since they did send them, Mr. WILLIAMS oughter have have held on to those boxes, which being without them, places the argooment in a bad box. Here is just where the chain was getting a leetle strong, when away goes the box, and we got to begin again. Then that letter that he got from LEWY FLEEF, King of Franco. That would have been a great docooment, and Mr. WILLIAMS oughter have hung onto it. Where is it? Burnt up by accident. If that's the way the DORFIN takes care of his things, he do n't deserve to have them; he would lose his head, but that appears to be a family failin.

As to what Mr. HANSON says that Dr. FRANCIS says that citizen GENIT said at Dr. Hosacks, it look kind

of queer; but if Dr. FRANCIS says it was said it *was* said, there can be no kind of manner of doubt about that, for the doctor's memory is as good as his doctoring. He is sartin to cure, only gin him any thing like a fair chance. He'll cure you, but we ain't sure that he can set this argooment onto its legs, and we shan't hesitate to continoo to employ him if he do n't.

We are waiting to hear what the PRINCE DE JOINVIL says. Why do n't he write to PUTNAM, and tell somethin about that parchment? There is a great deal of meat on this BAREBONE yet, and we should like to see it very fully picked, for which our columes are open. But there is one remarkable coincident which we will present to Mr. HANSON which he has skipped over. Do n't it appear wery strange that the tribe of Ingens where Mr. WILLIAMS was is called *St. Regis*, thus uniting the clerical character of this descendant of St. Louis with his being a king? We think more of this remarkable cohincidence than all Mr. HANSON's argooment put together; although we do not wish to flatter ourselves. But our paper is going to press; we have our alderman's troubles to attend to; we must leave this BAREBONE controversy. We have done.

**SCROFFULA OR KING'S EVIL.**—Doctor SELNATHAN WIGGINS, at the sign of the Pezzle and Mortar, Bunkum, prepares and sells a Intment that will affectooate a certain cure for the *Scroffula or King's Evil*. The following certificate just received:

'I hereby certify that I was very sick with a swelled head, which the doctors said was internal scroffula of the mucous membrane. Nottink did n't do me no good tel I tried Dr. ELNATHAN WIGGINS' 'Compound Elixir of Kaimeonati-gium,' which reduced my head to the size of my hat in one night, and I have n't been a swell-head sence. JEROTHNAIL P. PEPPINS.'

P. S.—None genuine without stamped with Dr. Wiggins' coat of arms.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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**THE ATTORNEY : OR THE CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN QUOD.** New and Revised Edition, with Illustrations. In one vol. : pp. 384. New-York : SAMUEL HURSTON, 139 Nassau-st. 1852.

THE earlier readers of the KNICKERBOCKER will at once recognize and welcome the 'Correspondence of JOHN QUOD' in its fresh dress. Those, too, who were fortunate enough to become possessed of the volumes of the first edition before it was out of print, will still be gratified to learn that their favorite has reappeared in a new and revised and stereotyped form, in compliance with the peremptory demand of the public. A critical notice of this book in the same pages in which it originally appeared, may possibly seem out of place. It must, however, be borne in mind, that the readers of this Magazine have been at least quadrupled since we commenced the publication of the 'Correspondence,' and Time, which permits us to judge of ourselves and of our own performances with impartiality, should be no less placable when we undertake to examine the work of one of our contributors.

The 'Attorney,' although a work of fiction, is not, strictly speaking, a novel. It has not—it was not intended by the author to have—the usual requisites of commencement, of development, and rounded conclusion which are essential to the romance. It is simply a history in detail of the attempt of an attorney, in the city of New-York, to get possession of the estate of his client by forging his will, by which the only child (a daughter) of the testator is disinherited. From the beginning to the end, the narrative is never lost sight of, although the clever introduction of the individuals of the conspiracy and their associates serves to relieve the story effectually. We have seldom read a book where the portrayal of character is so consistent throughout, and so true to the real. The fault of DICKENS in this particular is that of exaggeration. His villains are such terribly awful and desperate wretches, and his good people are so 'exceeding' good, and his little girls are such dear little creatures, (one wants to be continually patting them on the head and giving them sugar-plums,) that we do fail to recognize in his pictures the real flesh-and-blood characteristics of the living, whether good or bad. From this criticism Mr. JOHN QUOD is essentially free. We do not, indeed, remember to have seen in any one book elsewhere so much



faithful and effective portrait-painting, and such really natural description as in his volume.

Those familiar with scenes frequented by that class, will recognize WILKINS, and HIGGS, and RAWLEY, as familiar faces. It were a work of supererogation to express our admiration of the *characterization* of BITTERS, for the name has, since the first publication of his history, become a household-word in all the 'places' where fast men and their dogs most do congregate. For once, LANDSKER must succumb. The pen of JOHN QUOD has rivalled his pencil and colors! We cannot resist recording anew the description of this amiable quadruped.

'At his right hand stood a large white bull-dog, who seemed to have been squeezed into a skin too small for his body, by reason of which operation his eyes were forced out like those of a lobster. He had the square head and chest of a dog of the first magnitude; but, probably to accommodate the rest of his body to the scanty dimensions of his skin, he suddenly tapered off from thence to the other extremity, which terminated in a tail not much thicker than a stout wire.' This is the animal which figures so conspicuously through the story, and whose movements are detailed in so appreciative and so artistic a manner. We have praised Mr. QUOD's low characters because, bad as they are, they are still men and not demons. We must make an exception of the 'Attorney' himself. Not once do we find him in a relenting mood. We witness no softening, such as WILKINS manifests; and we find for him no excuse, not even the one which HIGGS claims, that he is rendered desperate by starvation. We think if Mr. QUOD had given us a little light and shade in his picture of this man, he would have served his own purpose better. 'The Devil is never as black as he is painted.' Even a thoroughly vicious attorney should not lose the benefit of this maxim. By remembering it, Mr. WARREN succeeded perfectly in his delineation of OILY GAMMON; and although Mr. QUOD's 'Attorney' is, in social life, several removes below the respectable member of the firm of QUIRK, GAMMON, and SNAP, he is nevertheless entitled, in our judgment, to the advantage of the same rule. We are the more particular on this head, because, if there is any thing which will detract from the moral of this story, it is the portrayal of a character as an *example*, which is contradicted by the experience of society. We do not believe our city ever produced a REUBEN BOLTON. Attorneys who have proved themselves to be unmitigated in their villany we have had; but REUBEN BOLTON belongs to no community of flesh and blood, and can be judged by no rules applicable to human nature. He manifests *fear*, to be sure, but so do animals, and doubtless fiends.

We should be pleased to allude to other personages in this volume, and which are so naturally drawn as to appear to the reader like old acquaintances, but the limits assigned for 'Notices' necessarily preclude farther citation. We beg, however, to assure our readers that if the 'Attorney' has not yet found a place in their library, they should lose no time in supplying the deficiency. A distinguished lawyer and jurist, in one of the villages of our 'Southern tier,' informed us not long since, that the story of 'The Attorney' was, without exception, the most *intensely* interesting novel he had ever perused in his life. He found it impossible, he said, to lay it aside, after he had entered upon the story, until he had completed it in the 'small hours' of the morning; and that when at last he retired, he found it impossible to sleep, so strong a hold had the characters taken upon his mind. We should not forget to mention that the volume is very cleverly illustrated with designs by BELLEW.

'THE BATTLE OF THE WORLD:' a Lecture, delivered before the Young Men's Association of the City of Chicago. By BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR. Chicago: A. H. AND C. BURLEY.

WE recognize in the style of this matterful address the facile hand that sketched '*The Old Garret*,' copied some months since into this department of the *KNICKERBOCKER*. Mr. TAYLOR groups his pictures with the eye of a true artist, and his language is often poetical and forcible, in the highest degree. If we were to object to any thing in his style, it would be, in artist-phrase, a too 'crowded composition' at times, or, in other words, a propensity to use too rich a brush. Illustration, although apposite, may sometimes be so accumulated, that its effect may after all be lessened. But when there is so much that is truly beautiful, as in this lecture, it may seem ungracious even to 'hint in a fault' in so young a writer. We proceed to one or two extracts:

'I, from under the clear blue sky of heaven, with its glad gushes of sun-light, we come to an humble chamber, guiltless of ornament. Therein is a man, and he bends over a canvas. The light of the setting sun plays in a halo round his head, and falls upon a picture. 'Tis of a dwelling, an humble dwelling, surrounded by old trees, and a hill rising in the distance, and a stream now murmuring in the fore-ground. His pencil deepens this shadow and that tint. The landscape is almost finished. What do ye here? we ask. A light is kindled in his eye; a glow is on his pale cheek; he dashes his pencil upon the palette as he exultingly exclaims: 'I have recalled it all! There is the very tree from whose pendant limbs I swung, years and years ago; and there is the window through whose little blue panes day was wont to break upon my childish eyes; and there the stream where drifted my mimic sail: and there the hill where whirled my mimic mill. And there the roof—ay with the very moss upon its northern eaves—beneath which I loved my first love and thought my first thought. All there! a transcript from memory' The old house—or so they tell me—is dismantled; the roof lets in the stars; weeds have sprung up in the hearth and the grave-yard is more furrowed than ever. Let it crumble; let its dust be strewn to the winds, but its image shall not fade. Time! do thy work; I have thee now! Efface the picture of that house from memory; it shall not be 'lost to sight.' And ere thy fingers shall dim that canvas, I shall have gone beyond thy potent sweep.' And well does he say, I have triumphed over Time; and well does he exult, that with the noiseless weapon of the pencil he has vanquished the conqueror of kings!'

Equally felicitous is this description of the effect of old songs upon the heart and the memory, although we cannot help regarding the sketch of the obdurate '*Man-at-arms of Minerva*' as a trifle over-done:

'THERE is, as every body knows, a trumpet-shaped little instrument, wherewith the surgeon plays eaves-dropper to the clink of the machinery of life. There is something sublime in the idea, thus to bring one's ear close to the heart's red brink, and hear the tinkling of the crimson tide. But what would you and I give for some instrument, some stethoscope of the soul, whereby we might hear the music of the heart, and the foot-fall of thought in the hall of the spirit! Such utterances we do sometimes hear, and music is the melodious wing that wafts and warms them on their mission round the world; that will not let them droop; that will not let them die. Auld Lang Syne; here it is, glittering with the dews of its native heather; sung last night in a hovel, sung this morning in a hall. 'When shall we meet again?' Since those old years went by, how many lips have asked, how many knells have answered it! Where pipes Cape Horn through frozen shrouds, the mariner hums 'Sweet Home,' to-night; where hearths are desolate and cold, they sing 'Sweet Home' in heaven. With how many blended hearts from Plymouth to the Prairie, Dundee's wild warbling measures rose, those long-gone Sabbath morns—the strain the Covenanters sang—the tune that lingers yet along the banks of murmuring Ayr. The 'Star-spangled Banner,' strong voices hymn on deck and desert, in bivouac and battle, where beats a heart beneath Columbia's flag. The 'Exile of Erin' will sing the mournful strain, while grates his pilgrim-bark upon a foreign shore. 'Those Evening-Bells,' and 'Sweet Afton,' and all that long array of sweet and simple melodies that linger round the heart, like childhood's dreams of heaven; whence came their breath of immortality, if not from lips of Eld!

'And then those sacred tunes that floated round the old gray walls of the village-church, and haunt our memories yet! St. Martin's, St. Thomas, and St. Mary's, immortal as the calendar. Old Hundred, Silver Street, and Mear, and sweet old Corinth; Denmark, Wells, and Peterboro, chance-breaths, caught from the choir above. The faces of the singers have changed since then. The girls are wives; the wives are dead. Those plaintive airs they sang around the open grave beneath the maple's or the poplar's shade! Lay your hand upon your heart, and tell me, what is nearer to them than those old strains? Tell me, can the jar of the battle drown those tones, while that heart beats on! Die, till the Great Congregation, the missing ones all gathered home, strike up the sleeping song anew, in temples not built with hands. There's Tallis's Evening Hymn, the vesper of two hundred years! They sing it yet; sing it as *they* sang, in twilight's hush, and charmed our youthful ears. *They?* Who and where are they? The

loved in Heaven! Perhaps they sing it there. Who will not say, with CHRISTOPHER NORTH, 'Blessed be the memory of old songs for ever!'

The apostrophe to 'good old-fashioned mothers' who 'followed their children with heart and prayer all over the world, living in their lives, and sorrowing in their grief,' and the contrast of these with the 'strong-minded' female 'reformers' of the present day, are very effectively presented. We quote a single illustration: 'It is related of Madame LUCCIOLA, a renowned vocalist, that she ruined a splendid tenor-voice by her efforts to imitate male-singing. Many a sweet voice and gentle influence in the social harmony has been lost to the world in the same manner. There is nothing more potent than woman's voice, if heard, not in the field, or the forum, but *at home*. The song-bird of Eastern story, borne from its native isle, grew dumb and languished. Seldom did it sing, and only when it saw a dweller from its distant land, or to its drowsy perch there came a tone, heard long ago in its own woods. So with the song that woman sings; it is best heard within Home's sacred temple. Elsewhere, a trumpet-tone, perhaps, a clarion-cry, but the lute-like voice has fled; the 'mezzo-soprano' is lost in the discords of earth.' We know not whether this lecture may have been printed for general circulation, but if so, we commend its perusal to such of our readers as may avail of the pleasure which it has afforded us.

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ADVENTURES IN FAIRY-LAND. By RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. In one volume: pp. 240. BOSTON: TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS.

A CHARMING book of tales which ought to be in every family-library, for we know of no more fascinating medium for entertaining and instructing alike old and young. These stories are supposed to have been narrated by the author on the long winter-nights of the week preceding Christmas, when a happy circle of relatives, grown-up men and women, and gay-hearted children, were gathered around the homestead hearth. In the prologue we have a description of this old homestead, which must touch the heart of every reader: it is full of gentle and tender sympathies, showing how our author clings to the memory of the home where his fathers have been young, have grown old and died; where he himself has been a child; and whose roof still shelters the mother that bore him. HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, as is remarked by the author, is the last of the fairy-school; and he, indeed, has well succeeded in throwing around his tales a mystic grace, which captivates and enchants, and at the same time instructs and teaches by the moral conveyed. Mr. STODDARD need have no fear of the result of the comparison of his fairy-tales with the productions of the far-famed Northman, nor indeed of any other of those well-known writers who have delved in the golden and exhaustless mines of Fairy-land. The author is well known to the public as one among the foremost of this country's younger poets: and he has carried the poetic element into this book. To be sure its pages look like prose, but so exquisite is the sentiment, and so rich and glowing the fancy, running as they do through and over every page, and glittering and sparkling in almost every line, that we are forced to exclaim, 'It is a book of poems, after all.' In short, it is a volume which none but a poet could have written; and although he is not under the restrictions of rhythm, and measured syllables, and balanced cadences, the imagination and the inspiration are there. In one respect this work of Mr. STODDARD's is a remarkable production. It strikes us as some-

thing new. There are no unpleasant reminiscences awakened of *other* fairy tales. This is a fault with most works of the kind. Here we have a beaten track within which all is confined, and one tale bears the impress of, and so closely resembles, some other. The sketches of Mr. STODDARD are eminently free from this criticism. There is a freshness and originality about them that must render them peculiarly attractive.

For the style: it is so graceful and exquisitely simple that a child can appreciate its excellence, while men of years and learning might well regard it as a study. Doubtless the author intended his adventures in Fairy-land as a book for children; and while we claim it as a book for all, young and old, we heartily and earnestly recommend it to our youthful friends especially. For in it are inculcated lessons of virtue and truth which, if listened to, will surely produce a goodly harvest. We extract the conclusion of the story of 'The Light Boy of Shadow-Land,' which, if it may not illustrate the author's depth of thought and ingenuity of construction so much as some of the tales in this volume, is, to our minds, one of the most beautiful for its simplicity, and the lesson of love it interprets:

'About this time, the good God gave his parents a little girl to be his sister; but before she had been with them a week, she died, and they laid her in a grave in the old church-yard. This also troubled him; and he asked why they laid her there, and where she went to when they left her alone in the ground. But they could not answer him.

'And now he began to have dreams and visions, and the angels came and enlightened him about these things.

'And this is what they taught him:

'There is no Light-land, (said the angels,) nor Shadow-land, nor Night-land, as men say, either above, or below, or any where in the world, but only in the heart of man, who is all these in himself; and there is no other.

'And those who are laid in graves (said the angels) go not away, as men say, but walk in their old paths, and love their old friends; only men cannot see them any more.

'And the angels themselves (said the angels again) have not gone from the earth, as men say, but haunt it still, as in the old time; only men cannot see them now, because their eyes are stone-blind, and because the angels have no shadows.

'And they taught him farther, (the angels did,) that, when his shadow was gone, a Spirit would come to him and bear him into the Light-land. And he rejoiced thereat, and loved the angels. And his shadow grew less and less.

'And not only his own shadow, but that which hung over the world melted away also. And he walked in brightness, as when the morning breaks through a mist. He lived in a mist of light, and saw the angels on every side, and great temples and palaces of crystal and pearl. And the blessed dead, who died in the Lord, walked there with the angels, hand in hand. And the unhappy dead, who died in their shadows, walked there also, perplexed and sad, groping about for the light, which slowly dawned upon them, as their shadows grew less. And the living were there likewise, the brave, noisy world of men, with all their devices and conceits. But they saw not, and guessed not, where they were, though the angels led them through green pastures and beside still waters. And the dead took them by the hand, and spake the old familiar words, and kissed them with loving lips; but they knew it not, though the memory of old times came over them, and their souls thrilled in tears.

'Among the dead, little LUMINOUS saw the little girl who was sent on earth to be his sister; and she knew him, and kissed him, and sent her love to her dear father and mother.

'And now little LUMINOUS grew familiar with the angels, and learned to know them by sight and name, and their different orders and offices. There was the Angel of the Sun, with a golden shield on his arm; the Angel of the Morning and Evening-Star, and the Angels of Sun-rise and Sun-set, who went before and after the Day in its perpetual journey around the world. And there was the Angel of the Dew and Rain, and the Angel of Mist and Snow, and the beautiful Angel of the Flowers, with his hair full of blowing buds; and many more, whom I have not time to tell you about now. And little LUMINOUS loved them all, and they all loved him, and caressed him; all save one, who kept aloof from the child. And he was the most beautiful and spotless, and the most dazzling of the shining band, yet the most meek and humble of them all; for his hands were folded on his breast, and his large, melancholy eyes were always uplifted in prayer. To the presence and communion of this Spirit LUMINOUS could not yet attain, and it grieved his soul exceedingly; but not long; for he saw that he drew nearer to him day by day, as his shadow lessened; and also that his grievous shadow was almost gone, a little, thin, luminous shade, and nothing more. And his parents saw it likewise, and were likewise aware of the Spirit coming nearer and nearer. And they knew the Spirit, for he it was who bore away the sister of LUMINOUS. But he did not reveal himself to them as to the child. In their eyes he was stern and terrible, and his mantle was a pall. And he seemed no angel, but a spectre, a ghost, a fleshless, bony skeleton, and they feared him much. But LUMINOUS saw him as he really was, and loved him, and beckoned him from the mist. Nor was it long before he came. And thus it happened: One night, before going to sleep, LUMINOUS knelt down and said his prayers, and while he prayed his shadow melted away, and when he arose it was gone, entirely

gone, and light settled in its place. At that moment the Spirit came and breathed upon him, and he was in the Light-land, at once in the Light-land, shadowless and invisible; and his parents saw him no more. But that they might keep him in remembrance, and know what felicity had befallen him, the Spirit left in his stead, in his little bed, a little clay image, with folded hands and smiling face; like him in every thing, even to the least ringlet of his hair. And when they arose in the morning, they saw it sleeping on the child's pillow; but the child himself, little Luminous, the Light Boy of Shadow-land, him they saw not, for he was walking then in the Light-land with the beautiful angels and the dear, good God, for ever and evermore!

NIGHT-WATCHES: OR THE PEACE OF THE CROSS. By E. L. In one volume: pp. 248. Philadelphia: WILLIS P. HAZARD, Chestnut-street.

THE neat volume bearing the above title reached us from the publisher in just sufficient season to enable us to test the justice of the following remarks of a correspondent: 'Have you seen the poems of 'E. L.,' called '*Night-Watches*?' Since you cannot answer this question, which I forgot while asking it, I will send you the volume so soon as it is out at Philadelphia; and then, if you wish to feel a new sensation, or perhaps to recall vividly an old one, read it as *I* read it; remembering at every line the circumstances of the writer. It may be the poetry is touching enough without this: but with it you will have, mingling with the natural sadness of the verses, an under-tone or accompaniment of indescribable pathos. Think of her in her youth and prime, shut out from the world; forbidden the sight of sun-shine; the victim, for years, of a strange, complicated malady. It is a strange thing of itself to see the spirit burning clearly in loneliness and darkness, like those lamps we read of in old times that were left with the dead, and closed up in the sepulchre, yet remained lighted for ever. Sometimes I find, or think I find, in the poetry, mournful as it is, a certain buoyancy and conscious strength, such as we recognize in the melancholy tones—there are none more melancholy—of the trumpet. The soul seems to lift itself and brood serenely above the wreck of the body, with a kind of pride, as if defying mortality. But generally there is only a frank, trustful, feminine appeal for sympathy in all her sufferings, and a singularly calm religious faith. She says:

"O Christian of weak faith! Why art thou fearful?  
Why is thy soul cast down? Why shouldst thou be  
Disquieted, and sorrowful, and tearful,  
When CHRIST hath promised still to be with thee?

Doth HE send sorrow in thy path of duty?  
Oh, fear it not! The phantom dark and grim  
That with its gloomy shadow mars life's beauty,  
Can ne'er obstruct the way which leads to HIM  
Press onward boldly; do not shrink or falter,  
And thou wilt find the dark form in the road  
Its hue, and character, and features alter  
Into an ANGEL, leading up to God.'

'The thoughts she has 'On receiving some Early blue Violets,' are perhaps old enough, for aught I know; but is there not something exquisitely simple and feminine about them? You shall judge:

"SWEET violets! ye take me back through many by-gone years,  
Till on my memory's faithful page my childhood's home appears;  
To those bright days when first to find your heads above the mould,  
Smiling like lovely fairy-gifts, brought happiness untold.  
How glad I used to hail the warm, the sunny breath of spring,  
Knowing what darling visitants it would be sure to bring!  
Am I indeed that child? Ah! years have wrought a wondrous change  
Since I 'mid early flowers and leaves could free and joyous range

Am I that child? Subdued and saddened more by trials keen  
 Than ever by life's added years, I'm not what I have been:  
 No gaiety, no rapturous bliss, but only still content  
 Is all I now can feel, if any joy to me is sent.'

'She strives to express, at other times, one peculiarity of the suffering to which she is subject, and which affects her partly in a physical and partly in a mental or spiritual sense:'

'STILLNESS of suffering! painful calm! inactive agony!  
 Quiet endurance of much pain! hast thou o'ertaken me?  
 Oh, is there in the treasure-house of heavenly chastening  
 Our loving FATHER opes for us more grief than this doth bring?  
 While we *are moving* on our way, though every step may wound,  
 Our bleeding feet we may forget, nor heed the rugged ground:  
 But oft our onward course is checked; the path we bravely trod  
 Is now forbid; we hear, 'Be still, and know that I am God!''

'This poem closes with the strain of subdued triumph, the calm soaring of the spirit on angel-wings above all earthly ills, of which I have spoken. There are many other verses I would like to quote, for some delicate or sad appeal in them, or for their elegance, or for their simple sincerity; but these will answer as illustrations, and the rest you shall, as I said, have an opportunity to read, and an early one.'

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AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF ROBIN HOOD AND CAPTAIN KIDD. By WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL.  
 In one volume: pp. 263. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

THE passage from SOUTHEY, which stands as a motto for this timely and very interesting book, expresses well the universal fame which one of its themes has inspired: 'THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, the DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, and the MARQUIS OF GRANBY, have flourished upon sign-posts and have faded there; so have their compeers, Prince EUGENE and Prince FERDINAND. RODNEY and NELSON are fading, and the time is not far distant when WELLINGTON also will have had his day. But while England shall be England, ROBIN HOOD will be a popular name.' Nor is the story of ROBERT KIDD less known, wherever the English language is read or spoken. In an article read, the last winter, before the New-York Historical Society, and which at the time attracted much attention and deserved admiration, Judge CAMPBELL availed himself of several rare documents in his possession, and of much newly-discovered *matériel*, for the purpose of showing the true character and relations of this noted buccaneer. Having been often desired by members of the Historical Society and others to enlarge and publish the narrative, Mr. CAMPBELL has at length yielded to their request, and the result is the entertaining and instructive volume under notice. The period, he justly observes, in which Captain KIDD lived was one of absorbing interest, both in England and America. He was a partner with men who exerted a controlling influence in the affairs of government on both sides of the Atlantic; and hence the double interest that will be excited by this elaborate and truthful historical investigation of his wild career. Touching ROBIN HOOD, our readers will remember an admirable sketch in these pages from the pen of Judge CAMPBELL, describing a visit which, while in England, he paid to the grave of the world-renowned outlaw, of which an accurate engraving was given, from a drawing taken on the spot. We have only to announce the united publication of the two popular ballads of ROBIN HOOD and his 'merrie men' 'under the green-wood tree,' and ROBERT KIDD, 'as he sailed, as he sailed,' to secure for the present book a circulation commensurate with their time-honored popularity.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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*Up the River, March, 1853.*

'ONCE more the trees are all covered, and the Ice-king comes bedecked with gems. Through the day a cold sun shone, and did not dissolve the frost-work; and at night I walked through an enchanted grove, with the full round moon aloft. A profound stillness reigned abroad, for I heard not a billow beat, and not a sound murmur, only the crackle of the icy tubes and crusted leaves beneath the feet. The eye danced confusedly among the spangles and clusters of glassy fruitage, where all the softened glory of the night appeared to wreak itself, and the pure bosom of every pearl-drop was made the residence of a star. I picked up a handful of fallen globules, and saw the satellite's image.

'How tranquilly and how beautifully do the heavens come down to rest on every object save the blurred heart of man! The earth violates no law, and God mirrors HIMSELF upon its surface, and there is no dew-drop so small that it could not show a picture of all the worlds which HE has made. And here methought that the dissolution of light into its original prismatic colors is like the dissolving of all things pure and good; ever waxing more saintly beautiful as they lapse into more ethereal forms, when their vital intensity and strength appear to die away. These beams, which were the descendants of the sun, transferred to the spiritual brightness of the moon, flickered away in the bosom of the ice-drops like the colors which grace the plumes of a departing angel in its flight. And how marvellous the transformation of created things! Here in this grove had I rambled like a spirit to some well-loved haunting-place in summer, when the trees were plumply budding, and the blossoms of the wild-grape gave a good smell; here tracked the by-path through opposing brambles to some choice bower, or sat beside the dripping stones where the waters of the brook murmured; here, lulled to quietude, stood still beneath the branching elm to hear the dashing of the airy surf, and thread the delicious notes of every wild-bird through the mazes of concerted song; here, in the suggestive hurry of the moment, how vainly drew the ivory tablets to receive the pictures which I had no hand to pencil, and the poem which I had no power to write! And now, how changed the scene since the prompting-whistle of the winter gave its piercing summons for the green curtain to be withdrawn; and as I saw the shafts and over-arching limbs of elms and veteran oaks encased in icy armor,



through which the mottled moon-beams shone upon the path, I felt like one who trod among the abodes of Genii, and the illusions of a Fairy-land. O, ye ice and snow, bless ye the Lord! praise Him and magnify Him for ever! On the morrow a new scene awaited me.

'Have you ever gazed upon the noble river when it has been congealed down to the very caves and pores of the earth, out of which its living streams bubble? It is a spectacle not less worthy of admiration than when it flashes unimpeded in the summer's sun. I went down to its yet frozen marge, and desired to cross over. The great slabs of ice which had first floated on the current from its source in the high north, forced one above the other where they had been intercepted by the projecting shore, lay as far as the eye could reach in wild and chaotic confusion. I had myself seen them when, loose, grinding, and jostling and leaping over each other, pushing in advance of them with a shovelling sound a mass of pounded ice, they became banked up on the shores; and it now looked as if these wide-strewn and gigantic blocks had been hewn from some Arctic quarry, or as if here a crystal city had been laid waste,

'With all its towers, and domes, and cathedrals,  
In undistinguishable overthrow.'

Then came the thought that all these rocky ruins were but a portion of the liquid waves which lately kissed the shore with scarce a murmur, and again the transformation should be brought about. They should be changed into an element so light as to be wafted in company with the feather, or to buoy up the stem of a lily in its cove. Nature is the great magician, after all; and from 'cold Obstruction's apathy,' unto the loving warmth and light of life, her processes are all miracles as much as when a dead man is raised from the sepulchre; not more. One is more astounding than the other, but God works both in the development of his glorious and immutable laws.

'The frozen surface of the river, at the point where I stood, was inconceivably jagged and wild, like its ice-bound coasts, (save here and there a smooth, slippery plane,) as if it had been frozen when a crisp breeze was blowing; consisting of slabs of snow-ice cemented roughly, intercepted snow-banks, rude, unsightly masses jutting up, sharp splinters and candescent pinnacles as far as the eye could reach, all glittering in the sun; but in the centre, the powerful current, struggling to throw off its manacles, had forced a way, and rolled on freely to the sea. Thus was the bridge broken; and the gigantic effort was going on, for I heard the great mass split with a sound like thunder, followed by a track of rainbow-colors and feathery pencillings of light throughout the passage of the entire cleft. I stood uncertain upon the brink, when two ferry-men approached, and without the offer of a 'silver crown' engaged to carry me to the opposite bank in safety. Their boat was fixed on temporary runners. When I had embarked and sat down in the middle seat, they threw off their coats, although the air was sharp, and fastened on their feet thongs pierced with sharp nails. Seizing the boat at each end, they dragged it with difficulty over the rough parts, glibly and on the full run over the smooth ice, among the skating-boys; and presently we approached the lip of thin ice on the borders of the stream. Here the advancement became ticklish, and it required no small dexterity to effect the launch. 'Try it a little farther up the stream,' said the boat-man, and accordingly they pushed along to seek for an eligible spot for getting out into clear water. The way in which the boat-men effected it was this: one sat on the bow as he would on a horse, trying the strength of the thin glass before him

with his feet, the other pushed on the outside from the stern. This caused no small rocking, and I began to protest earnestly against this polar-navigation, and to dread the fate of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. Once or twice the adventurous ferryman had his foot in, and at last, when the ice gave way under the pressure of the boat, and he drew in his legs, the other continued to push until he also jumped suddenly in and nearly upset the boat. I informed the captain and the mate that had I known their tactics, I should not have put my life in jeopardy. They replied that 'any business was safe arter you had got accustomed to it;' and taking each a chew of tobacco, they pushed the loose ice aside, the larger cakes with the heels of their boots, and at last took to their oars in the open sea. The landing on the ice was again effected in a like manner, only that the helms-man embarked first. Very glad was I to reach the opposite coast, and I made a vow on the deck of a canal-boat—on which I had the good luck to scramble—by all the spires of Newburgh, to invoke the aid of steam when I should be ready to re-cross the river.

'FIFTEENTH.—Still the winter lingers, although it relaxes its hold, and the plough-share has become burnished in the furrow, and 'the plough-man homeward plods his weary way.' The sap runs up in the maple, and the stems of the brook-willows look as yellow as gold. The purple shadows lie beautiful on the mountains, where the forests are just budding, while on a sunny day the blue-birds come out in multitudes from the holes in the apple-trees, and make the orchards vocal with their rich, velvet notes. Blue-bird is the precursor of spring-tide, the emblem of hope, and the violet of the air. I love to see him shake his indigo-wings on a chilly Sunday morning on my way to church; and although his song is reduced to a single plaintive note in autumn, there is, as I may say, but a narrow strip of icy weather between the pauses of his roundelay. He is with us when the crisp and yellow leaves are falling, and he returns to warble before the trees begin to bud. He is seldom shot at, and enjoys deservedly a perfect freedom of the air.

'To see a fellow on a summer's morning'

aim his gun at such a bird as this, would be enough to rouse the heirs of ARDUBON, or the shade of WILSON, at the sound of his detested volley. For this bird, WILSON, is thy *Sialia Wilsonii*, and not unworthy to be described in scientific language down to his very toes: 'Feet rather stout; his toes of moderate length; the outer toe united at the base; the inner free; hind-toe the strongest.' But now, while Blue-bird sings, the sun has vanished, the clouds fly hurry-scurry, the snows fall criss-cross, and the small white pellets bounce upon the sod, and show a disposition to gather in angles and at the house-corners; for March goes out with the weeping, whining, whimpering, whimsical moods which belong to April and early May.

'At this season of the year, when the recurrence of every pleasant day makes you to feel as if you had the fee-simple of the summer; and when, with an ill-temper, you again meet the exacerbating winds which blow from ice-bergs or mountains sprinkled with the snows, there is no place of resort more pleasant than on the threshing-floor, within the open folding-doors of a big barn. It is a nook which draws the sun; and in the yard, covered knee-deep with chaff, stands the mallowing cow, with her little white-speckled offspring at her side, licking its soft fur with motherly affection; while the lordly cock scratches for hid

treasures ; and the hens, whose combs have freshly sprouted and have a sanguine color, utter the well-known sounds indicative of fresh eggs in the spring: 'Cutarcut! cut-cut-cut-cut-cut-cut-c'tarcut! Cutarcut! cut-cut-cut-cut-cut-cut-cutarcut!'

'This reminds me that an effort has been lately made, upon a pitch-dark night, by some persons destitute of moral principle, to steal my fowls. But the great muscular energy of the Shanghai was sufficient to break the bandages with which they had been secured, and I found them with the strings dangling about their legs in the morning. I have received a present of a pair of Cochin-Chinas, a superb cock and a dun-colored hen. I put them with my other fowls in the cellar, to protect them for a short time from the severity of the weather. My Shanghai rooster had for several nights been housed up; for on one occasion, when the cold was snapping, he was discovered under the lee of a stone-wall, standing on one leg, taking no notice of the approach of any one, and nearly gone. When brought in, he backed up against the red-hot kitchen-stove, and burnt his tail off. Before this he had no feathers in the rear to speak of, and now he is bob-tailed indeed. ANNE sewed upon him a jacket of carpet, and put him in a tea-box for the night; and it was ludicrous on the next morning to see him lifting up his head above the square prison-box, and crowing lustily to greet the day. But before breakfast-time he had a dreadful fit. He retreated against the wall, he fell upon his side, he kicked and he 'carried on;' but when the carpet was taken off, he came to himself, and ate corn with a voracious appetite. His indisposition was no doubt occasioned by a rush of blood to the head from the tightness of the bandages. When Shanghai and Cochin met together in the cellar, they enacted in that dusky hole all the barbarities of a profane cock-pit. I heard a sound as if from the tumbling of barrels, followed by a dull, thumping noise, like spirit-rappings, and went below, where the first object which met my eye was a mouse creeping along the beam out of an excavation in my pine-apple cheese. As for the fowls, instead of salutation after the respectful manner of their country—which is expressed thus: SHANG knocks knees to COCHIN, bows three times, touches the ground, and makes obeisance—they were engaged in a bloody fight, unworthy of celestial poultry. With their heads down, eyes flashing and red as vipers, and with a feathery frill or ruffle about their necks, they were leaping at each other, to see who should hold dominion of the ash-heap. It put me exactly in mind of two Scythians or two Greeks in America, where each wished to be considered the only Scythian or only Greek in the country. A contest or emulation is at all times highly animating and full of zest, whether two scholars write, two athletes strive, two boilers strain, or two cocks fight. Every lazy dog in the vicinity is immediately on hand. I looked on until I saw the Shanghai's peepers darkened, and his comb streaming with blood. These birds contended for some days after for preëminence, on the lawn, and no flinching could be observed on either part, although the Shanghai was by one-third the smaller of the two. At last the latter was thoroughly mortified; his eyes wavered and wandered vaguely, as he stood opposite the foe; he turned tail and ran. From that moment he became the veriest coward, and submitted to every indignity without attempting to resist. He suffered himself to be chased about the lawn, fled from the Indian meal, and was almost starved. Such submission on his part at last resulted in peace, and the two rivals walked side by side without fighting, and ate together with a mutual concession of the corn. This, in turn, engendered a degree of presumption on the part of the Shanghai cock;

and one day, when the dew sparkled and the sun shone peculiarly bright, he so far forgot himself as to ascend a hillock, and venture on a tolerably triumphant crow. It showed a lack of judgment: his cock-a-doodle-doo proved fatal. Scarcely had he done so, when Cochin-China rushed upon him, tore out his feathers, and flogged him so severely, that it was doubtful whether he would 'remain with us.' Now, alas! he presents a sad spectacle; his comb frozen off, his tail burnt off, and his head knocked to a jelly. While the corn jingles in the throats of his compeers, when they eagerly snap it, as if they were eating from a pile of shilling-pieces or fi'penny-bits, he stands aloof, and grubs in the barren ground. How changed!

'Last summer I had bad luck in raising chickens. A carriage ran over and crushed five out of ten young innocents, and the shrill cries of the hen were like lamentations in Rama. Sitting in my study, I heard the voice of FLO-RA, saying, 'Ah! dear little sweet creatures! One killed — two killed — three killed. Ah! poor, run-over, dear, dead little creatures! Ah! here's another! — ah! ah! ah! ah!' And with a succession of ah's, did FLO-RA lift up her hands over the dead chickens, while the tears ran down her red English cheeks. Could I be protected from the abandoned chicken-stealer and roost-thief who carries a bag on his shoulder on a misty night, to depopulate the coops and take from you all which is left from casualty, from the pip and the gapes, then would I be encouraged to establish a model Hennery, to be visited by all the neighbors round. But there is little virtue extant in the country, which is the very spot where her pure model ought to be. One would think, that where the grass grows, the streams run, the trees blossom, the birds warble and the bees hum, there would be no stealing, except the innocent delights which the senses steal from the song of the birdlings, from the fragrance of the honey-suckle or the rose. But in the very place where there ought to be a cottage over-run with sweet vines, there you see the deep laid foundations of a fortress inhabited by eight hundred rogues. In it the incipient coop-robber is himself cooped up, having been by degrees developed into the full-blown wretch. He who will pull down a fowl by the legs from his neighbor's corn-crib will at last be guilty of any depravity of which the human heart is capable. It is not too much to say, that half the zest of living in the country is impaired by the annoyance of the detested thieves and poachers, who find you out even in the most sacred and retired spots. For whensoever your grapes blush to one another, and your fruits wear the ruddy hue of ripeness, and your melons are at the picking-point, you pay your morning-visit to the garden and find them gone. Last year I had a solitary peach upon a solitary tree, for the early frost frustrated the delicious crop. This only one, which, from its golden color, might be entitled *El Dorado*, I watched with fear and trembling from day to day, patiently waiting for the identical time when I should buoy it up carefully in my hand, that its pulp should not be bruised, tear off its thin peel, admonished that the time had come by a gradual releasing of the fruit from its adhesion to the stem, and I appointed the next day for the ceremonial of plucking. The morrow dawned, as bright a day as ever dawned upon the earth, and on a near approach I found it still there, and said, with chuckling gratification, 'There is some delicacy in thieves.' Alas! on reaching it, somebody had taken a large bite out of the ripest cheek, but with a sacrilegious witticism had left it sticking to the stem. The detestable prints of the teeth which bit it were still in it, and a wasp was gloating at its core.

Had he taken the whole peach, I should have said, 'Oh, villain, thou shalt be condemned to everlasting redemption for this!' But as he was joker enough to bite only its sunny side, I must forgive him, as one who has some element of salvation in his character, because he is disposed to look at the bright side of things. What is a peach? A mere globe of succulent and delicious pulp, which I had rather be deprived of than cultivate bad feelings, even toward thieves. Wherever you find rogues whose deeds involve a saline element of wit, make up your mind that they are no rogues. That is the moral. From what I have said some lessons may be learned by your mere fantastic novices, who pop down suddenly in some box in the country, expecting verily to find an elysium on earth. They have the most extravagant dreams about pure milk, choice air, fresh vegetables, plenty of poultry, fine fruit: but when they come, they will find out that even there, all milk will not gather cream; all the winds are not impregnated with health; all peas are not Prince ALBERT's; all the market is not at their command; all the fruits of the earth may disappoint their promise; and that there is as much need of good humor in the country as in any place under heaven. Oh, 'how weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable' life is without an allowing heart, to smile on apparent wrongs, and to have a grateful sense of God's goodness! Bad is a most precious element, and enhances the good.

'EIGHTEENTH. — Saw a dove.

'NINETEENTH. — To-day ANNE brought in, with an air of triumph, two PHŒBEBIRDS, sometimes called pe-wees, caught in the loft of the barn. She held one in each hand, while their black heads and twinkling eyes appeared out of the port-hole made by her thumb and fore-finger. They were extremely frightened, and it is enough to touch a heart of stone to see a little bird tremble. PHŒBE always builds under cover; the wings are dusky, bosom brown, and tail slightly emarginate. It is a modest little bird, of a plain, Quaker aspect, and with nothing particular to distinguish it; but on that very account I have always admired the pe-wee. For although he is very simple in his manners, and has no voice, and his plumage is extremely dusky, he is one of the earliest visitants in our latitudes in the spring-time of the year. Beside this, he throws himself on your hospitality and protection; and if you have a spare shed, or loft, or barn, in which there is room for a nest, there the PHŒBE-bird is sure to come, because he must be under cover. I was lying upon the sofa, reading Sir PHILIP SIDNEY's *Arcadia*, when ANNE came in, and I told her to let the two birds go. She opened her hands, and they flew about the room, dashing against the window-panes, the looking-glass, and the astral-lamp. At last they flew out of the open door, and returned to the loft, where they are now building a nest. Their eggs are white, slightly spotted with red.

'TWENTIETH. — The day being balmy, I started on a pedestrian excursion, through the woods and fields, and along the river's marge, to dine with ———. I was within half a mile of the place, walking in a narrow road which lay up a steep hill, and on the left a water-brook, bordered with willows and a thick wood. The wood was separated from the road by a picket fence. Just before reaching this spot, I met at short intervals two snakes. The first I let go. He was a garter-snake, squirming about in the dusty path. But the other I killed, and tossed him to a distance on the ferule of my cane. The first I yielded to the 'quality' of mercy, the second sacrificed to the sterner attribute of justice. Scarcely had I dispatched him, when my ear caught the sound of a heavy tramp

or movement in the grove, and looking in the direction of the sound, lo! an enormous snapping-turtle, with outstretched neck about the thickness of a man's wrist. I was over the pickets in the twinkling of an eye, and got between him and the brook, lest he should scramble in. He did not budge. I stood beside him, and he was my prize. Had I fished for him ten years, I never should have got him, and now, as I looked down upon him, was astonished at his magnitude. He took it in very bad part that he was captured, and snapped the cane, which I held with so tight a hold, that I was enabled to drag him into the middle of the road. He was no turtle-dove in temper. His tail was of enormous thickness at the base, and about two-thirds of a foot in length; his paws of similar proportions, and exceeding fat; and from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail, he measured about two feet. After getting him on his back, it was a subject of some moments' serious reflection how to carry with immunity this great monster, who could bite off a man's finger in the twinkling of an eye. I made experiments as to the circumference in which his claws and his neck could stretch and circumbend. Then I seized him boldly by the tip-scales of his tail, and lifting him from the ground, all the joints and articulations of that member relaxing one after another, and cracking under his great weight, I carried him at arms-length, now in the right hand, now in the left, having much precaution for the calves of my legs. Thus I got him to the house, and laid him on the lawn in front of the house, on his back. Here a jury was summoned to decide upon his merits; and it was a matter of argument whether to bring him at once to the block, or to set him cruising among the tit-bits of the slop-pail, to get his musk out and qualify him for the future tureen. The latter course was deemed judicious. He weighed eight pounds. So much for catching a turtle.

'TWENTY-FIRST. — Notwithstanding the eddying clouds of dust, and the damp, raw winds, which almost cut you to the bone, this is a hopeful, pleasant season of the year. The natural world by many a sign and symptom gives notice that it is waking up. The lively and loquacious cackling of the barn-yard fowls, *cutarcut!* responding to the asseveration of distant *cutarcut!* the clarified crow of the roosters, the perpetual blaäing of calves; the familiar scolding appeals to oxen in the fields: 'Gee! haw! buck! You know better'n that! I tell you to haw! come arcöund!' — all these announce that the summer is nigh at hand. About the twentieth of March the bull-frogs will be sometimes out in full chorus; at least, some of the peepers, but the eel-frogs hang back until it is time to bob for eels. These make a trilling sound, very different from the peepers or big blood-an-oons. It is like the continued springing of a watchman's rattle. The bull-frogs, as it is said, come out several times and go back again. They must see their way clear through the bogs before venturing permanently out of the profound mud. It is an adage, that they must three times look through their spectacles, or glass-windows, (that is, through the ice,) before they sing in full concert. Then the peepers begin on a high key, with a singularly sweet and lucid voice, somewhere betwixt a silver-whistle and a glass-bell, smacking little of the mud: 'Eep-eep-eep-ee! ee ee-ee! eepee! eepee-peepee! peep-ee! eepee! eepee! eepee!' accompanied by a few trills long continued, and a whole rabble of gluckers; but the big bassoon accompaniment comes afterward, and then you hear all the several kinds at once, an entertainment not unpleasing to musical ears:

'GLUCKLUCK! gluckluck! gluckluck! Luckluck! luckluck! luckluck! Uckluck! uckluck! uckluck! Goluck! goluck! goluck! goluck! Goluckle, goluckle, goluckle! Gluckle, gluckle!



Locklock glock glock glock glock! Ukuk uk uk! Ukker, ukker! gluck luck! Eep! eep! eep! eep! eep! eep! eep! eep! eep! Ur-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! DOUBLOON! DOUBLOON-oon! oon! oon! gluckluck! gluckluck! eep! eep! weep! peep-peep! peep-peep! Kax-kax! kaxkax-kekek, kakak! Ek-ok! ek-ok! Brek-kek! brek-kek! Blek-kek, blek-kek! kwax-kwax! kwax-kwax! Brekekak, brekekak! Ekekak ekekak! Kwax-kwax! kuax-kuax! uk-uk! uk-uk-uk! kuax-kuax! ekek! ek-ok, uk-uk, gluckluck, gluckluck, goluckle, goluckle, goluckle, quockle-quockle, quockle-quockle! Ockle, ockle, ockle, ockle! Ockaocka! ocka, ocka, lockle, lockle, ockalockle, ockalockle! Ockwog, eeppeep, eep eep!—BOLOONK! BOLOONK — *Bioonk!* blockblock, blockblock, blockblock, ockalockle bluckbluck golucklegoluckle gluckgluck ukukuk kuax kuax kuax!

'And so they go on, not to do them injustice, all night long, to the best of their ability, singing their MAKER's praises in their marshy paradise. When I have sometimes looked at the unsightly swamp, the quaking bogs, the stagnant muck, and all the green and grassy scum, the nursing-place of chills, quatern-agues, typhus, typhoid, intermittent, remittent, and bilious-fevers, it is a wonder that music should proceed from such a dismal theatre. Do the epicures know that they are eating poison with the hind-legs of bull-frogs? Then let this insinuation cause them to desist; or if not, at least a feeling of shame when they discover the slender bones on which the small amount of delicate flesh gathers. Is it worth while for a gluttonous stomach to send out deputies to hunt the marshes for the mere hind-legs of these creatures, butchering off whole orchestras in a single day! Were I the owner of a pond of bull-frogs, I would sue a poacher for killing my bull-frogs as quickly as for killing my bobolinks. It is a sickly and depraved appetite which must feed on nightingales. The winding and transparent cells of the ingeniously-constructed ear require food for their digestion as much as the big dark cavern of the stomach, where the bull-dog gastric-juices of a hale man will tear to pieces the stoutest integuments, or even nails, as quick as vinegar will dissolve pearls. In all probability, the ear will be starved, if the hunting-grounds are limited to the edge of marshes, and if the game-laws have no reference to bull-frogs. It is pardonable to knock dogs in the head with bludgeons during the dog-days: for

'Dogs delight to bark and bite;  
It is their nature, too.'

'But bull-frogs do no harm, except when eaten, and then they're poison: the wind under their cheeks is full of fever and ague. It is much more pleasant to hear their paludinal *brek-kek, brek-kek, kuax-kuax!* upon a summer evening, than to see their legs served up at the tables of the effeminate. It is amusing to walk upon the water's edge, and mark their big probulgent green eyes sticking out from where they sun themselves, on a stone or a peninsular-bog, or leap off severally, with a shrill and startling *koax!* when foot-steps shake the sod. There is one experiment worth trying. Select a big, full-grown bull-frog, approach softly in the rear — no, first go into the house, and ask if there is such a thing in it as a feather-bed, for feather-beds are so disagreeable and unhealthy, that they are somewhat out of fashion. But in many places in the country they still use them, especially in the guest-chamber, in July and August — feather-beds and cotton-sheets. Tell the landlady that you want a feather, if she can spare one, to try an experiment with a bull-frog. She will of course ask you what you want to do with a bull frog, and try to laugh you out of it. It is no matter: if there is no feather-bed, then you go into the barn yard, and look about until you have found a piece of down. If you cannot find any, return home and obtain a quill, unless you make use of steel pens. In that case, call at any farmer's, and buy a small quill. Let no proud utilitarian sneer at the very idea of making an experiment with bull-frogs. They illustrate galvanism, but this experiment has no



reference whatever to galvanism. It is, however, curious. It has been tried, and if dexterously performed, it will succeed. You take the quill in your hand, approach the frog softly in the rear — perhaps he is one of those gorgeous and ornamental ones, tricked out in gold ear-rings: all the better. Don't let him steal a march on you, and hop so suddenly as to frighten you out of your wits, and get your foot wet. Go behind him, and gently tickle him with the feather on the back of the head. He will not budge: on the contrary, he will whine and cry most piteously, just like a little child: '*Aigh! yaigh! yaigh! yaigh!*' If you go too fast, he will click his jaws two or three times, crying, '*Imm! imm! immur!*' and then souse down with a *blockbluck!* splash!

'The largest bull-frogs which I have ever known are on the coasts of Connecticut, in the town of Norwalk. Sitting on the piazza of the hotel a summer or two ago, I heard them toward sun-down from their head-quarters in the neighboring mill-pond: '*Doub-le-oon! double-oon! doubleoon!*' The noise which they make is astounding, full as loud as an ordinary Bashan bull; and if it could be controlled, might be made use of for practical purposes, to call men from the factories. They are about as large as a grown rabbit, and the nativity of the oldest must date back as far as to the days of CORTEX MATHER or the Reverend JONATHAN EDWARDS. The supply of wind in their cheeks is almost equal to that of a small organ in a country-church. The compass of their voices is about three miles, and all their dimensions exaggerated in the extreme.' R. W. A.

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PAAS FESTIVAL OF THE ST. NICHOLAS SOCIETY. — The time-honored festival of *Paas* was celebrated, as usual, by the SAINT NICHOLAS Society, at the Astor-House, on Thursday evening, the thirty-first of March. The members of the Society assembled in goodly numbers at about eight o'clock, the hour named for the occasion. Being a strictly family-gathering of the '*Sons of Saint NICHOLAS*,' the ceremonies attendant upon their anniversary festival are entirely dispensed with. No music, no formal toasts, no set speeches are expected. No guests, as such, are invited to participate in it, although, as the guests' of individual members, many are welcome, and received as brothers at a brothers' board. The room exhibited no special decorations, save the Society's picture of good old New-Amsterdam, which occupied its usual place at one end, and a picture of DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, immediately over the PRESIDENT's chair. Mounted on his pedestal, immediately in front of the PRESIDENT, was, as a matter of course, the famous Cock which from time immemorial kept watch on top of the Stadt-Huys of New-Amsterdam, and is now never missed at the festive gatherings of the Society. The PRESIDENT, the Hon. OGDEN HOFFMAN, presided with all that genial good-humor, wit, and eloquence, which have rendered him, in a peculiar sense, the pet of the Society. After a full discussion of the good things provided for the occasion, under the direction of the tasteful and ever-watchful STEWARDS, the great feature of the evening, the *Paas Eggs*, variously and beautifully colored, and in great profusion, were introduced; together with the Long Pipes and SAINT NICHOLAS PUNCH. Scenes of merriment and fun ensued, until, the supply of sound Eggs being exhausted, (the '*victors* triumphantly displayed their spoils' in heaps of '*Soft-Shells*,') the members, impatient to hear from their PRESIDENT, and to receive his high and mighty mandates for the evening, gave unmistakable evidence of their

wishes. Yielding to the call, he arose, and assuming his badge of power, the venerable cockéd hat, in a humorous, eloquent, and very 'telling' speech, he addressed his fellow-members. He reminded them that it was the last time that he would, in an official capacity, appear before them. The inexorable law of the Society forbade his presiding over them longer than the two years allotted to each presidential term. He reviewed his administration, during which he had endeavored to uphold the dignity of the Society, and of his high and honorable position, compared with which all other dignities sank into insignificance, and he declared his satisfaction with the retrospect. He had on all occasions given full toleration to speech and action, and had forbidden the introduction of but one single subject. It was, however, but too apparent that his wishes were to-night disregarded in this particular, and that the 'Hard-Shells' were entirely in the ascendancy, and had every thing their own way. He was disposed, however, to wink at it for the nonce, and yield to the necessities of the case. No more should he hear their voices, imitating Jove's thunder, calling upon him; and naught now remained but to thank them for their kindness and their obedience to his imperial mandates. He would soon again become an humble member among them, and would then show how he, in turn, could yield strict obedience to the high power that he had wielded, and which must now pass into the hands of another. Alluding to a distinguished gentleman seated at his left, he proposed as a toast, 'Ex-Governor HUNT.' The Society responded in nine hearty cheers, a grateful evidence of the respect and esteem they felt for one who had so ably filled the exalted position of Chief Magistrate of the Empire State. His Excellency replied at length to the compliment, in a review of the history of the early settlers of this State, and the land of their nativity; their enterprise and virtue, and the good they had done for the cause of civil and religious liberty throughout the world. Thanking the Society for the kind manner in which he had been received, he referred to one of its members, whose presence alone prevented his alluding to him in terms of fitting eulogy for the services he had rendered, not only to his native State, but to the nation and its literature, in the able and interesting '*History of the Early Annals of the State of New-York*,' recently from his pen. Trusting that he might find time and leisure to complete the task which he had so nobly begun, he gave 'The health of Mr. JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD.' Proud of him as a member, as one of their stewards, and still more, as the able champion of the 'Father-land,' the Society received the compliment with enthusiastic cheering. Mr. BRODHEAD replied fittingly and with characteristic modesty. He gave in return the health of Ex-Governor WASHINGTON HUNT. Speeches were also made in reply to complimentary references by Mr. J. DE PEYSTER OGDEN and ex-Chief-Justice JONES, both former Presidents of the Society. The latter gentleman, in a strain of earnest and impressive eloquence, dwelt at some length on the character and virtues of the people who conquered Holland from PHILIP the Second of Spain, and who, for a time, established their preëminence as the first maritime nation of the world; literally sweeping the seas with the broom at the mast-head of their navy. Dr. BRALEY, President of the St. GEORGE'S Society, Mr. CHARLES KING, President of Columbia College, Vice-Presidents KIP and DE PEYSTER, Colonel LOW, Chairman of the Committee of Stewards, and many other gentlemen, responded when called upon. The 'small hours' had already commenced, when the PRESIDENT, remarking that it was time that all descendants of our early-rising forefathers should seek the repose necessary to a proper emulation of their example, took

his leave, delegating the chair he had so acceptably occupied to another, with full permission, however, for them to remain and enjoy themselves as long as they chose. The PRESIDENT'S example, however, was law; and the members soon after separated, delighted, as they always are and always will be, with the annual reünion and its hearty and cordial festivities.

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GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — If the following were not fully and perfectly authenticated, as a veritable Puritan record, we should somewhat hesitate before giving it publicity. But it reaches us through the columns of the '*Congregational Journal*,' of Concord, (New-Hampshire,) to which it is transferred from an original letter dated 'Bennington, (Vermont,) December 25, 1771:'

'A VERY odd kind of providence happened lately in our neighborhood, viz.: Mr. ZEBULON STANHOPE, a farmer, living about five miles N. E. by N. of this township, having trained a couple of large bears to the plough and other services, clapped them before his sled last week, with twenty schipples of wheat for the New City. The animals drew extremely well for four miles and a half, when, the halter of the near bear giving way, the farmer set about repairing it; but while he was thus employed, the inhuman brute, seizing him by the right leg, tore it miserably; and both bears, hauling together, ran away with the sled; so that with the greatest difficulty he got home in four hours on foot.

'Messengers were dispatched to look for the sled and cargo; and two days being spent in fruitless search, they were given up for lost. But on the third, at noon, the noise of a carriage near the house was heard, and young GAD STANHOPE jumped up to see who was coming; when, behold! to his great astonishment, it proved to be the two bears drawing the sled into the barn, with no earthly thing in it, except four large bears and three cubs. The lad, and two men who happened to be then in the house, ran nimbly, and shutting the barn-door, with my long gun shot them all through a crevice.'

Observe, please, the rather indefinite manner in which the old New-England doctrine of 'fore-ordination' is indicated here: 'An *odd* kind of PROVIDENCE *happened*,' etc. A man with his right leg torn 'miserably' by an 'inhuman brute' of a bear, without subsequent loss of life or limb, it strikes us, should have employed language more suited to the 'era' and the occasion. - - - 'On a recent visit to the great and magnificent State of New-Jersey,' writes an always welcome correspondent, ('the first time I had ever been in a foreign country,) I had the happiness of passing through 'Dogtown,' a place situated in the mud, about mid-way between the Raritan and Delaware rivers. 'Dogtown' is an enterprising village, and contains a number of flourishing pig-pens, beside a goose-pond of liberal dimensions. While I laughed at the name of this thriving town set in the mud, a fellow-traveller gave me the following legend concerning its origin: 'About the time of the Revolutionary War, an old Scotch physician became a resident of the hamlet, and bled the people as he had opportunity. It was said that he could pry into the future, and foretell a death in the neighborhood; and hence he became quite a wonder to the simple folk among whom he dealt and wrought. For some cause, possibly for the purpose of anatomical investigation, he one day removed the skin from a living dog, and then let him loose in the road. The circumstance created considerable excitement in that part of the country, and the place came in consequence to be called Dogtown.' It may perhaps authenticate the legend if I were to state the fact, that the very house where the Scotch doctor had lived was pointed out to me. Unearthly noises are heard to this day in its decayed chambers; and the howl-

ing of a dog, as if in agony, still haunts the troubled sleeper in the lonely hours of 'the black and dark night.' Some of the over-credulous neighbors add, that they have seen the spectre of a 'skinned.Scotchman' on moon-light nights stalking solemnly among the shadows. This legend shows what interesting facts may be gathered by the intelligent traveller, and also what a horrible thing it is to be cruel to dogs.' - - - We have received a printed letter-sheet, bearing the title, '*The Classic Genus, Emenence, Chivelry, and Renoun of Daniel Webster: translated into Poetry by William J. Coggey, Esq.*' These stanzas, literally and il-literally copied, will convey an adequate idea of the fire and freedom of the entire performance:

' His mind it was a Reservoir, wher Classic Liquor did acumelate  
His genius had a sublime pollish, that was no second rate,  
Every word he said and droped, was shaped with noble molde;  
He lived to see his Native Land augment, seven and tenfold.

' The sea of his intilligence, un fathomed By the lines of time,  
Like a Barr of polished steel, his Classic Ideas they did shine,  
Like the surges of the ocieon roleing up the Cliffs of natures throne  
As a pillor of this Republic, he Coped her with a Classic dome.

' He is gone to that Selestial Hemisphier, wher no petty prince can reign,  
To take his place amongst our patriots, a CLAY, a JACKSON, and a HAYNE;  
The Grandest throne he ever filled, with human lorrels on his head,  
Is that he fills this day, the illustrious DANIEL WEBSTER he is Dead!'

A portrait of 'Captain WILLIAM J. COGGEY' occupies the blank-leaf of the sheet. In force and expression, it fully indicates the source whence these soul-inspiring strains proceed. - - - From an esteemed friend in one of the pleasantest villages of Illinois, we have received an invitation to visit that region, which is enough to 'make one's mouth water.' Toward the conclusion of his epistle, he observes: 'Come along, then. It is only four days' journey; and you can be back in time to tell your readers all about it in the 'Gossip' of the same month: how you shot grouse by the dozens of brace; how you chased deer across shoreless prairies, and finally brought down a buck, the weight of whose horns was all that enabled your horse to overhaul him; how you killed two score of pigeons at a shot, with a rusty musket, charged with 'Number Five' shot; how you knocked the scalp off that impudent little squirrel which barked at you from the extreme height of a stately hickory, with the rifle of your host; how you charmed wild turkeys up to the muzzle of your gun with the exceeding cunning of your 'call;' and how, as you *blazed* away, the turkey *ran* away (probably.) How you could write, in cheerful, yet melancholy remembrance, of the tranquil lakes, willow-hung and wilderness-surrounded, into which you dropped your hook and drew up the beautiful five-pound pike, the delicious bass, the ~~more~~ delicious perch, and the most delicious croppy! And of the haunted stillness of the languid summer day, the haze of far-off hills, the mirrored sky within the water; the solitude so deep that you were startled by the apparition of your fellow-fisherman over against you on the opposite bank; or the more nerve-shattering, rude interruption of his rifle, as he brings down a vagrant deer, or cuts the throat of a fat turkey! What dreams — day-dreams, or of night — you might have, while stretched at length beneath the impenetrable shade of the oak or elm, in a forest where no axe has ever fleshed its edge; and what a rich store of fancies, facts, and experiences you would carry back with you, to enrich the teeming pages of 'Old Knicker!' The fact is, you *must* come!' Ah, dear Sir, shouldn't we delight to do it! But this 'never-ending, still-beginning' labor, how shall we pretermitt it! Nevertheless, we shall *try*, '*Deo Volente*,' to 'come out.' - - - '*The Currency*' is perhaps somewhat too

heavy a topic for this department of our Magazine, but the following anecdote, from an Ohio correspondent, touching upon this theme, will make you smile, as it has us: 'Out West, the currency has always been a great, and, indeed, *the* question upon which the mental and 'fistical' powers of our orators have been expended; and a political gathering, never so small, was sure to be enlightened upon 'the currency-question;' and if, perchance, the orator should forget the subject of paramount importance, he was sure to be reminded of it, either by some one present, or else be torn to pieces on 'the currency' by his political antagonist. One of our orators, whom, for the want of a better name, we will style General GREEN, attended one of these meetings, and after having shed a perfect halo of light upon 'The Land-Distribution, The Tariff, Our Foreign Relations, The Army, The Navy,' etc., to the entire satisfaction of himself and Pro Bono Publico, as he was about to sit down 'mid murmurs of applause,' covered with laurels, a self-styled inquisitor, indigenous to the West, exclaimed: 'Well, General GREEN, what of *'The Currency?'*' The General arose, and, after many wirings-in and wirings-out, 'elucidated' the currency at great length, and upon broad American principles; and as he was about to resume his seat, with the air of a man who had successfully performed some Herculean feat, turned to his inquisitor, with a look that seemed to say: '*Such*, Sir, is the great currency-question;' when he was met by a vacant, lack-lustre stare, (I can't depict it any better, for the man was drunk,) and with: 'Ah, yes; well, General GREEN, *but how about the currency-question?*' 'The General has almost abjured politics, and especially 'The Currency-Question.'" - - - 'CAN you give me any information, writes 'BEVERLEY,' 'in reference to a very stirring poem, by a Mr. GAEKNE, of Rhode-Island, entitled *'The Baron's Last Banquet?'* The reading of that poem, when quite a lad, stirred my soul like the blast of a trumpet. There is something very grand and stately in the march of the verse, and the conception is surpassingly fine. An old Baron, who, in the wars in Palestine, had often dared the Paynim's spear, returns home, worn out by disease. His leech informs him that it is preying upon his life, and he must shortly die. The stern old crusader's rage thereupon bursts forth: he drives the leech from his presence, and determines to meet the last dread enemy face to face at the banquet-board, with all his retainers around him. There are some very stirring lines in allusion to the gathering of the retainers, which I have forgotten. But the banquet-board is spread, and at its head, in full armor, dressed to meet the last dread enemy, sits the fierce old Baron. The shades of death are fast gathering around him, and he proposes the toast, 'Thanksgiving to the vine!' The concluding verses I remember:

'ARE ye all there, mine vassals?  
For mine eyes are waxing dim:  
Fill round, my tried and trusty ones,  
Each goblet to the brim!  
Ye're there, but yet I see you not;  
Draw forth each trusty sword,  
And let me hear your faithful steel  
Clash once around my board!  
I hear it faintly — louder yet!  
What clogs my heavy breath?  
Up all, and shout for RUDEGIR,  
Defiance unto DEATH!

'Bowl rang to bowl, steel rang to steel,  
And rose a deafening cry,

That made the torches flare around,  
And shook the flags on high.  
'How, cowards! have ye left me?  
Ho, dastards! have ye flown?  
Ho, cravens! dare ye leave me,  
To meet *him* here alone?  
But I defy him — let him come!  
Down rang the massive cup,  
And from the sheath the shining blade  
Came flashing half way up;  
And with the dark and heavy plume  
Scarce trembling o'er his head,  
There in his dark carved oaken-chair  
Old RUDEGIR sat dead!

We remember to have read this poem many years since, but *where* we cannot now recollect. - - - A FRIEND writing from Baden-Baden, gives us the fol-

lowing incident, which he assures us is stated precisely as it occurred, for he saw it himself: 'There is a copper-coin in the German currency 'up the Rhine' called a *shwanksagger*, or a *zigzagger*, or some such outlandish name, as the Englishman always says when he cannot pronounce a foreign language: it is exactly the size of a NAPOLEON, and caution is very necessary at night for a stranger to avoid being imposed upon by the substitution. Well, it was toward the 'small hours' in the K rsall, or gambling-hall, after a peculiarly unsuccessful evening on the part of the Rouge-et-Noir bank, that bets had thinned off, and not more than two or three out of the crowd continued to play. The gas burned brightly; the dealer continued his manipulations, ever and anon nodding at the small encouragement which met his perseverance; the table displayed not above the amount of three or four florins, which seemed too contemptible either to increase or diminish. It was evident that none but vagabonds remained to look on. Suddenly a brawny hand was seen to protrude from the crowd, and to toss five ringing coins in a pile upon the red. The dealer braced himself up again: the sight was gold, and who knew but that five NAPOLEONS were the precursors of a *grande arm e* of the same precious metal! The bank was no longer insulted by the intrusion of bare silver, so reproachful to its aristocratic character. He dealt the cards blithely forth, assuring himself from time to time that the stake was still *there*. At length came the decisive card. The bank won. Poising a pinch of snuff in the left hand and the collecting-rake in his right, old RHADAMANTHUS gaily gathered the addition of honey to his hive. But hold! — not so fast! The simple contact of his fingers with the vile lucre was a sore disenchantment. He was for once so roused from his apathy as to rub the pinch of snuff into his eyes, and exclaim '*Mein Gott!*' a German 'intensive' out of all propriety with the French elegance of the tables. A single look, and the coins were hurled the whole length of the echoing hall. They were *zigzagers*, fresh from the mint, all blushing with their deceitful mission. They were purposely placed on the red, in order, by contrast of color, to gild the copper hue; in which laudable experiment the gas-light lent no small aid. The loss, you know, was nothing; but the insult to the bank!! Oh! it was a demonstration of contempt compared with which the mean villany of the transaction faded out of view! The *croupier* relaxed the muscles of his useless arms. 'Messieurs,' said he, in a stifled voice, 'the bank is broken!' This was the only reproach he could convey. 'Why,' said an American, more familiar probably with faro on the Mississippi than with Rouge-et-Noir on the Rhine, 'the man only wanted to *copper* his bet; he ought to have been paid!' But a Scotchman, as long and dry as a poplar in dog-days, was seen immediately after lighting a segar, contrary to all rules, and articulating in the broadest accent of the Clyde as he 'lumbered' off:

'THE gowd is but the guinea-stamp;  
A mon 's a mon for a' that:'

and he proceeded to pick up the scattered *zigzagers* at the upper end of the long room. It was CHARLES LAMB, I believe, who said that you can never cry 'Halves' to any thing that turns up in a Scotchman's company.' - - - In these latter days, when the States are passing free-banking laws, and new banks are springing up wherever

'THREE chimney-smokes perfume the air,  
Contiguous to a steeple,'

the following anecdote, 'founded' shortly after the passage of the free-banking law in this State, (the pioneer of laws creating free banks elsewhere,) may hit



some fancy as it has ours. A gentleman named ROY, a good deal of a speculator, observed to a friend: 'I am about to get up a bank: what do you think the people will say to *that*, eh?' 'I think they will call you *'Rob Roy'* for ever after!' was the cool and cutting reply. - - - Some unfortunate wight, confined for debt in Dover (N. H.) jail, pours out his griefs in the following *'Anathema Maranatha.'* He signs himself *'GONIO BARD.'* He writes like a *'Goner:'*

'Y<sup>e</sup> demons, help, while I assail  
That dismal place called Dover jail;  
And give me strength to tell the tale  
Of 'durance vile' in Dover jail.  
Nor rum, nor gin, nor beer, nor ale,  
Can mortal get in Dover jail;  
But haggard forms, with visage pale,  
Stalk wild about in Dover jail.  
Of pork and beef we do not fail,  
Nor toast and tea, in Dover jail;  
But what of that?—the Muse must rail  
At the iron-bars of Dover jail.  
It's enough to make a stout heart fail  
To view the walls of Dover jail.  
The heart of HERCULES would fail,  
Were he confined in Dover jail;  
The fearless savage sure would quail  
At the iron-bars of Dover jail.  
Oh, may the news by the next mail  
Be the down-fall of Dover jail!  
With snakes and vipers in their trail,

Let hydras seize on Dover jail!  
May poisonous winds in every gale  
Spend their whole force on Dover jail.  
May snow and rain and sleet and hail  
For ever pour on Dover jail;  
And VULCAN, with his iron-fail,  
Break down the walls of Dover jail.  
May ghost and witch with 'wassail wail,'  
Haunt round and through old Dover jail.  
May CHAON's boat triumphant sail,  
Completely manned from Dover jail;  
And not one mortal e'er bewail  
The awful fate of Dover jail.  
Should all of these anath'mas fail,  
Let dragons seize on Dover jail;  
With horned head and fiery tail,  
Fly straight away with Dover jail.  
May spiders weep and crickets wail  
The direful end of Dover jail;  
And may their children never fail  
To chant their curse on Dover jail.'

'I know a great, over-grown, 'first-rate' man in this place,' writes a western friend, in a desultory letter to the Editor, 'engaged in the mercantile business, who is much troubled to recollect names, and who one morning, with pencil in hand, and quill behind his ear, called out to his partner: 'BILLY, what is JOHN STUPPLEBEAM's first name?' And he never discovered his mistake until he began to write it, when he forgot his last name; and with the same unconsciousness sang out: 'Excuse me, BILLY, but I've forgot JOHN STUPPLEBEAM's *last* name now!' The roar of laughter which ensued restored his memory. - - - We have received, 'by public conveyance,' the following extensive 'pome,' entitled *'A Hint to the Careless:'*

'A STITCH in time  
Saves nine:  
One stitch by KATEY  
May save eighty.'

PROFESSOR MAPES' *'Working Farmer'* is having, as it deserves to have, an extraordinary 'run.' It is edited with consummate ability and great industry, and has won the highest praise from the best agriculturists of the Union. Its great cheapness has no doubt added greatly to its circulation, it being only one dollar a year. The entire receipts of the work are expended upon making the paper worthy of its extended and increasing reputation. - - - The story in the *'Knick-Knacks'* of the man who excused his glass of brandy-and-water by saying that he was so very dry, as he was going to have cod-fish for dinner, reminds a Connecticut correspondent of an incident in the life of poor Sc——, of New-Hampshire, 'now dead and gone.' The bar-room of the principal hotel in the town of P—— was filled with some dozen 'stage-loads' of passengers who had come in to spend the night. It was many years ago, at the time when the temperance agitation had made gentlemen feel a very little delicacy in taking their potations as freely and openly as they had been accustomed to do it. As 'bed-time' drew near, A. steps to the bar, with the half-apologetic remark, that he did not think it a good practice to drink much, but he thought that, when travelling, a little would not hurt him. He took his glass and sat



down. Soon B. started, and prefaced his dram with the remark that he thought that he had taken a little cold in riding, etc. Then C. found that he had an unpleasant sensation in the region of the stomach, which he thought that a glass of gin might allay. And so each of the party made his excuse and took his 'night-cap.' So——E sat in the corner, watching all with a hawk's eye; and when they had got through, he walks to the bar with the air of a hero, exclaiming: 'Bar-keeper, give me a glass of brandy, *because I love it!*' With his tone and air, it made as many red faces as there were red noses. - - - MR. WILBUR M. HAYWARD, an enterprising publisher of Rochester, has published '*Daniel Webster's Three Greatest Orations*,' viz.: The Eulogy on ADAMS and JEFFERSON; the Landing of the Pilgrims: the Bunker Hill Monument; and the Reply to HAYNE. The price in paper and muslin binding will be three and four shillings. Eleven thousand copies are already sold. - - - 'I HAVE read,' writes a friend far away over the Atlantic, Caribbean, and Pacific seas, 'with much *gusto* the interesting sketches descriptive of the Virginia Springs, which have been running through the KNICKERBOCKER for some months past. My venerable and ancient friend, Colonel J——, late of the Niantic Hotel, San Francisco, and formerly of that public palace, the St. Louis, of New-Orleans; a descendant of one of 'the First Families' of the Old Dominion; in look, port, and mien, very like his namesake, the 'NAPOLEON of the Turf;' related at dinner the other day the following incident, which took place at the White Sulphur some years ago, when 'Old C——,' as he was called, kept this fashionable resort. In those days, it was the custom—and one 'more honored in the breach than the observance'—for such of the guests as chose, to have their *private* dishes on the public table. A Frenchman, unaccustomed to these arbitrary distinctions, politely requested the servant to help him to several of the articles appropriated to individual use. Being 'brought up standing' in each instance with the everlasting stereotype, 'That's private, Sir—*private*,' JOHNNY CRAPEAUD at last electrified the table with, 'Den, by GAR, bring me ze bread and de salt: I'spectacle *dey not be private!*' Colonel J—— left the White Sulphur, and went to the Red, and in a few days the Frenchman followed suit. Upon inquiring as to the state of affairs in the quarters he had just left, the nervous Gaul gave an expressive shrug, and remarked: 'I stay at ze White Solfair until ze water did got 'private,' and then I think it vos time to leave ze establishmon!' It appeared that the ice becoming scarce and dear, some of the guests had their private pitchers of ice-water on the table. 'Private' water at a 'Springs' was certainly a novel idea; at all events, it seemed so to him. - - - 'A Chapter on 'Chuck-Up'' is about nothing, and 'comes to nothing.' It begins, however, like a chapter of GIBSON; as thus: 'The institution of 'Chuck-Up' is one of great antiquity, dating its rise from the earliest introduction of the copper currency. Its process being simple, and the results generally beneficial, the system took deep root, and ran like horse-radish all over the cultivated world. It is believed that at every portion of the universe which has been visited by civilized men, this system has been eagerly adopted, and permanently established.' - - - THE correspondent from whom we have received what he assures us is, veritably, one of THOMAS MOORE's unpublished lyrics, says: 'This was given to me in 1827, by MRS. SCULLY, who was MOORE's sister. She said it was composed by her brother before the appearance of his 'Irish Melodies.' A pic-nic party had been made, to visit the romantic valley of the Dargle, in the county of Wicklow, near Dublin, and a *ci-devant* beauty (who considered that, neglecting her, MOORE had

flirted too much with another and younger and fairer damsel) having reproached him with inconstancy, the bard, when called on to sing, warbled the following hastily-pencilled lyric, which he sang to the air to which he afterward wrote the song of 'Fly not Yet.' Mrs. SOULLY assured me it had never appeared in print, and I copied it from his own pencilled manuscript which he had given to her. It has something of MOORE's easy gallantry, but wants the polish which he bestowed upon his more elaborate productions :

## I.

'WHAT though 'tis true I've talked of love,  
And other beauties idly strove  
My heart to free from ROSA's chain;  
Unbroke the golden links remain  
Entwined round every part;  
And if another's charms I praised,  
Those charms but fond remembrance raised.  
Perhaps it was her tresses flowing,  
Dimpled cheeks and blushes glowing?  
Oh, no! oh, no!  
None but ROSA's lip, and ROSA's eye,  
And ROSA's self can cause the sigh:  
Still ROSA rules my heart.

## II.

'I own, betrayed by youth or wine,  
I've thought a form or face divine;  
Or, when some witching syren sung,  
My yielding soul enraptured hung,  
Bewildered by her art:  
But soon that feeble spell was gone;  
Some faint resemblance said alone:  
'Can tones less sweet, or looks less smiling,  
Long delude, your sense beguiling?'  
Oh, no! oh, no!  
None but ROSA's lips, and ROSA's eye,  
And ROSA's self can cause the sigh:  
Still ROSA rules my heart.'

THOMAS MOORE.

Sitting to-day under the plastic hand of AUGUSTUS BLESSING, Ann-street, Museum-Building, (and a great 'blessing' he is, whether his soft hand and keen razor follow each other over your chin, or he 'shampooles' your head with his unctuous 'Magnolia,') we were struck with a little specimen of human kindness, which it was a delight to witness. One of the noticeable things about his little shop—he calls it 'shop' for short, though 'hair-dressing saloon' is the more distinguished term now-a-days—is a little brown bird in a cage. He was brought from Germany, and all his songs were sung in the language of that hearty, affectionate country. He was far from handsome; but he had a bright, merry eye, and when hopping nimbly from perch to perch in his cage, he seemed so good-natured and happy, that it was always a pleasure to see him, and hear his unpretending musical chatter. He took great delight in washing himself two or three times a day in a shallow vessel of clear cold water; and having finished his ablutions, he would leap up on his perch, and with his little bill buried in his downy bosom, manipulate and make dry that soft retreat, and then, stretching his head around, to get a 'bird's-eye view' of his 'tail-quills,' he would take each long feather in his bill, and make all smooth and clean in *that* quarter. His toilet accomplished, he would gradually close his bright eyes, settle down upon his perch, and take his siesta. But those bright eyes grew dim, and finally closed for ever. He is now as blind as a bat; and it was piteous to see how his great affliction weighed at first upon his spirits. But time has softened his grief. As the spring came on, and warm weather wakened him into a renewed life, he seemed not only resigned but happy. His other senses have grown more

acute; consolation has come to him from an 'inner source;' he feels his dependence upon his kind supporter, whose heart could not bear the thought of sacrificing him because *one* of his senses had departed; he opens his mouth when he is an hungered or athirst, and 'like the young ravens when they cry,' he is fed and 'given to drink.' Then he lifts up his plaintive voice in notes of thanksgiving, blessing BLESSING for his care of one of the helpless and unfortunate of God's great family. - - - We have examined with interest, and in our next number shall more particularly describe, the plans of a new, spacious, and most *complete* hotel, proposed to be erected and directed under the supervision of the experienced and accomplished host of the 'College Hotel,' in Murray-street, Mr. JAMES M. SANDERSON. It will be upon the Fifth-Avenue; and in size, beauty of architecture, perfection of internal arrangement, in every kind and degree, it is designed that it shall not be surpassed (as its plan is certainly not now equalled) by any hotel in the world. - - - A STALWART Kentuckian—one of that semi-amphibious 'half-horse and half-alligator' breed we read about in the days of NIMROD WILDFIRE and MIKE FINK—on the day that the funeral obsequies of HENRY CLAY were solemnized at San Francisco, speaking of the great statesman, burst forth with: 'Mr. CLAY ought never to have been buried on land. *They should have thrown him into the sea, and a continent would have built up on his body!*' A bold figure, that! - - - FROM a lively and pleasant letter from a friend and correspondent in San Francisco, we extract the following entertaining passages:

'I was up in Mariposa last summer, and in my travels in that interesting region fell in with numerous amusing incidents, some of which will do to tell. By the way, the title to this beautiful country, embracing as it does one of the richest and most fertile portions of the Golden State, has been confirmed in Colonel FREMONT, by the California Land Commission. In richness and extent few German principalities are equal to it. The name, Mariposa, signifies 'a land of butterflies.' Beautiful, is it not!—as all Spanish names are. The legend which gave rise to this poetical title, runs as follows: 'In one of their annual excursions to the 'Valley of the Rushes' (Valley de los Tulares) to hunt the elk, a party of Californians pitched their tents on a stream at the foot of the Sierra Nevada. Their attention being attracted to myriads of butterflies, of the most brilliant and variegated colors, which hovered about and clustered upon the trees, they gave the place the name of 'Mariposa.'

'On the principle that 'when in Rome you must do as Romans do,' and being rather tired of roaming, even in this romantic country; stopping to rest on the Sabbath in this interesting region, by way of compromising with conscience I went to church in the morning, and to see a bull and a grizzly-bear fight in the afternoon. The 'meeting,' which was held in one of 'God's first temples,' at the foot of the lofty Sierras, with their snowy peaks glittering in the August sun, was addressed by an earnest and zealous preacher; and the effect of his exhortation, clothed as it was in plain language, evidently told upon the hardy and sun-bronzed miners. One in particular, a stalwart and noble-looking fellow, was evidently much affected; but whether the feeling evinced was not somewhat attributable to the copious libations of *agua-diente* or 'bald-face' he had imbibed previous to drinking in the discourse, is a question that had better not be too rigidly discussed. After the conclusion of the services, the hat was passed around, and a considerable 'pile' was thrown in by the congregation, our friend contributing his mite in the shape of half a dollar. The minister, before dismissing the crowd, announced that he would hold forth again on the next Sabbath, and that due notice of the meeting would be given by the blowing of the horn. The individual whom we have alluded to as being 'wrought upon,' thinking that fifty cents was rather a small contribution, marched up to the stand and handed over a fifty-dollar octagonal 'slug,' with the following naïve and off-hand speech: '*Please, old feller, take this adobe; I may not be here next Sunday to hear your cussed old horn!*' Filled with the spirit of having done a good action, the generous fellow went and treated himself to *another* 'horn.'

'The fight between the bull and the 'b'ar' took place in the afternoon. Borne along by the crowd, I entered the 'corral,' where BRUIN and TAURUS were to have a friendly Sabbath-day dispute. Savage as the sport seemed, I did not think it was so very unlike some bitter doctrinal controversies I had witnessed in other lands. The 'grizzly' was a huge and ferocious spect-

men, confined with a limited length of chain ; and the bull was worthy the ring in the palm days of Castile and Aragon. Both parties, like 'humans,' paused a moment, watching each other warily, when the 'horned beast' pitched into the monster of the mountain and forest, and made the sand gory with his blood. The 'grizzly' commenced digging as if for life, making the sand fly in all directions. 'Tom,' said a miner, 'them looks like pooty good diggins ; 'sposin' we get a long Tom and go into partnership with him !' Suddenly, by a *superhuman* effort, as an Irishman would say, the infuriated animal, goaded to madness, broke his chain, and began to travel. Instantly a score or two of 'COLTS' were drawn, and a general fusillade commenced upon his bearship ; the balls whistling in all directions, to the manifest danger of the crowd. Deeming my situation rather 'unhealthy' at this juncture, I 'vamosed the rancho ;' and thus ended my first and last 'b'ar-fight.' "

Isn't there something very touching and beautiful in the following lines? They bear the title, '*The Old Washerwoman*,' and are translated from the German of CHAMISSE, by the Rev. CHARLES T. BROOKS, of Newport, Rhode-Island:

- BEHOLD her busy with her linen,  
Yon ancient dame with silver hair,  
The briskest of the washerwomen,  
Though six-and-seventy years are there :  
So she has followed, year by year,  
The honest toil at which you find her,  
Filling with diligence the sphere  
Of useful labor God assigned her.
- In her young days, (for she is human,)  
She loved, and hoped, and wedded, too ;  
Well has she known the lot of woman,  
Seen cares and sorrows not a few.  
Her dear sick man she sought to save,  
(Three children faithfully she bore him,)  
Nor did she bury in the grave  
Her faith and hope, when earth closed o'er him.
- The precious charge now laid upon her  
With cheerful energy she bore ;  
She trained them up in fear and honor,  
Virtue and prudence all her store.  
At length, to seek their livelihood,  
They took her blessing and departed :  
A lone old woman now she stood,  
Yet cheerful, hopeful, and stout-hearted.
- She spared, and scraped, and saved each penny,  
And spun by night the flax she bought,  
And of fine flax-thread yards full many  
At last she to the weaver brought.  
He wove her linen white as snow ;  
Her needle and her scissors plying,  
A spotless burial-dress she so  
Prepared against her day of dying.
- Her dress — her burial-dress — with pleasure  
And sacred pride she lays away ;  
It is her first and last — her treasure —  
The fruit of many a toilsome day.  
She puts it on, God's Word to hear,  
When Sabbath-bells sound holy warning,  
Then lays it up again, to wear  
The night before the eternal morning.
- And would that I, when night shall find me,  
Might read, in life's last sinking sun,  
That I had wrought the work assigned me,  
As this good dame her task has done ;  
That I had learned life's joy to drink  
In such a full and even measure,  
And could upon my grave-clothes think,  
At last, with such a heart-felt pleasure !

'*Littell's Living Age*,' which has always been deservedly popular, is becoming more and more so, as it grows older. The editor has very recently changed its

form to a medium octavo, and its pages have been increased to sixty-four. That these will be well filled with the very best matter that the world affords, none will doubt who have been accustomed to see with what excellent taste and judgment the editor culls his *matériel*. Think of such a work once a week, making four stout volumes a year, for five dollars, with a discount to clubs, 'at that!' The force of combined excellence and cheapness 'could no farther go.' It has a wide circulation. - - - The following letter, we are assured upon the most reliable authority, is 'the original effusion' of an old negro of Louisville, Kentucky, 'who is known to every man, woman, and child in the county. It is here 'given exactly as he dictated it, word for word.' It very forcibly illustrates the propensity of 'our colored brethren' to use high-flown language, of the meaning of which they have not the slightest notion. Moreover, it is highly 'dense' in its character, and explains, with even more than common felicity, the causes of political defeat, always a difficult matter, especially with the defeated party:

'CHARLES S — RS, Louisville, Ky., respects to Mr. C —, hoping to meet your approbation, under the exchange of this toploftical deficient of our election.

'Knowing that I was politically under the Whig dispensation, the interview of my expectation became toploftically dilapidated.

'The democratical decision originated, so I comprehend, by a great deal of superstition. We are politically defrauded under our fullest expectation, coming out victorious without our election, and our subdued feelings have almost brought us to a legal exchange to come over to Mr. C — 's side. After finding that some of our most contaminated friends were easily bought, we of course have lost the 'Old Coon.' After legal affliction, we thought we 'd put up a very judicious log cabin, and we all set in controversy and in the study of phrenology, knowing systematically that our approbation would meet no more.

'Excuse the propensity of our political probation here. I do testify by this desertion that there was a spontaneous evaporation without any defalcation.

'Of all people we are subdued the most. Hoping that PROVIDENCE will smile upon you with every beneficial blessing that can be restored by the aid of this colony, I present to you the politicallations of my most humble prayers. Hoping that you may not appreciate conception in our sad disappointment, but may rejoice with your friends.

'Since you left, my health has been debilitated, believing that the loss of my election and the rheumatism together has brought me into a state of dilapidation. Give my best respects to Miss MARY, that I am in hopes she is enjoying a very judicious state of convalescence, and I will be unanimously pleased to see her return here again.

'The exhortation of Matrimony is getting most numerous in Louisville, and gentlemen still living are variegating, and yet they cannot meet their approbation. Prospects are yet favorable of enjoying the exhortation of my contaminated dissolution. I cannot appreciate our distresses as poetically as I ought, and the most political young gentleman who is now writing this for me is so judiciously captivated with Miss MARY, that when he heard of her spontaneous evaporation, he cordially perambulated down to the river, and the boat had just absconded, and through his meditations he left his handkerchief at the river, and he thought no more of it for four days. I consoled him with all my heart in behalf of her return again, and you should not be surprised to hear of this citizen of Louisville boarding in your city. Poor fellow! I can do no more for him, but felicitate his respects on her behalf. My most humble respects to you and your family.

'CHARLES S — RS,

'Louisville, Ky.

'Highfaluting' style, that! - - - THE '*Independent Democrat*,' of Concord, New-Hampshire, in quoting from a late number the conversation of the aged woman with the chaplain of a New-Hampshire poor-house on the subject of '*Worms*,' adds the following: 'Speaking of poor-houses, reminds us of what once happened at a poor-house in Massachusetts, on the occasion of a parochial visit paid by a very worthy minister of our acquaintance. The KNICKERBOCKER is welcome to the story. There were several persons in the room when the

minister called, one of whom was a very talkatively-pious old lady, and another a half-witted young woman. Of course the old woman at once entered into conversation with the minister, the half-witted one sitting by, dishevelled her hair, and now and then venturing a remark. The old woman commenced in the usual way, by stating her exceeding sinfulness, and her conscious need of repentance. After lamenting at considerable length the evils that were tempting and the sins that were besetting her, she suddenly changed the current of her words. 'But then,' said she, 'Mr. —, the LORD is merciful, and knows our weakness: HE has begun a good work with me: yes, HE has begun a good work.' 'Ah,' said the half-witted girl, discontinuing her employment for a moment, 'Ah, *He don't know what He's undertook!*' Of course the talk was over, and the minister left the premises instantaneously. - - - We do not greatly affect 'sonnets,' unless they are very good; regarding the majority of efforts in this kind as principally remarkable for one merit—brevity; and even if good, like all of SHAKESPEARE's and many of WORDSWORTH's, they still impress us with the idea of a reel in a bottle. Freedom of thought may be there, but 'freedom of speech' rarely. Here is a clever example, which *might* be 'criticised;' but with piles of books before us demanding notice, and still larger stores of communications, in prose and verse, awaiting examination, we have 'other fish to fry' than to enter upon the task. So, 'without farther action,' please peruse this '*Sonnet to a Daguerreotype:*'

'O THOU unspeaking idol: cold and stern  
The look which meets the passionate gaze of mine;  
No answering glances from those eyes of thine  
Give kind assurance to me; no return  
To all my fond caresses: and I yearn  
Above thy mouth's dear outlines, for the bliss  
That fills the soul when lips give back a kiss,  
And hearts love-lighted near each other burn.  
Unplighting eyes: can ye not helm the grief  
That o'er my billowy brow so wildly drifts?  
Unmoving lips: O stir for my relief,  
Loaded with sweetness like a hand with gifts;  
Let not Despair my loneliness invade,  
But rouse your dual forces to my aid.

S. C.

Isn't that 'sweet' poetry! - - - We are glad to hear, as we do from a town-friend, recently at Owego, that Mr. THOMAS DOUGHERTY, the distinguished landscape-painter, is pursuing his beautiful art in that delightful village, where he has recently produced some of his happiest efforts; one of which adorns the palatial and hospitable mansion of an esteemed friend on the Susquehanna, Mr. FREDERICK PUMPELLY. Mr. DOUGHERTY has also commenced his long-contemplated series of four pictures, representing '*The Seasons*,' as peculiar to the northern portions of our country. His '*Winter, by Moonlight*,' already finished, is pronounced by our friend (a judge, and a good one, of art) to be a most exquisite production, 'as true to nature as NATURE herself.' The artist commences immediately upon '*Spring*.' The 'portraits' of '*Summer*' and '*Autumn*' will be painted from nature, in the season of each; and we trust Mr. DOUGHERTY may consent to an exhibition of the series, when completed. Their attraction may be assumed as a 'fixed fact.' We ourselves have had an opportunity of seeing a view on the Susquehanna, taken from the artist's studio in the spacious 'Ah-wa-ga House' at Owego, which is a gem of tranquil beauty. The dim mountain-tops in the distance, the billowy, silvery summer-clouds, the calm, transparent river, the gently-swelling banks, all are represented with the truest feeling. - - - There is no other way: we shall be obliged, perforce, to increase our Magazine,

in this department, by sixteen additional pages, with a general uniformity of the large type now used. Every month we are compelled to leave 'standing over,' in type, matters which it positively makes us, for the time, *unhappy* to postpone. Now from this present number we are compelled to omit several notices of new and rare books; occasional public addresses; an admirable subsection of 'Childhood's Gossip,' furnished by esteemed correspondents, representing almost every quarter of the Union; gems from poetical *collaborateurs*, which we have not even space to particularize; and the richest possible 'specimens' of pseudo-'poetry,' together with a nameless number of 'good things,' which, although they 'will keep,' it nevertheless greatly *irks* us to 'keep.' Beside which, we have sundry notices of 'matters and things' in the metropolis, which *must*, under the old-style 'dispensation,' 'bide their time.' *Au reste*, 'we shall see anon.' - - - Is there not a good deal of dry causticity, of sly satire, in the following from the German of HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN! We derive it from a friend and correspondent who has other favors awaiting insertion:

'The German goes for thoroughness  
In all that's theory;  
If on his sleeve he find a spot,  
He studies chemistry:

'And he will study day and night  
Until it's clearly proved  
How stains from linen, silk, and cloth,  
By art can be removed.

'But when at last he knows the whole,  
And all is well and done,  
The spot remaineth as before —  
The coat to rags has gone!

'Thus construes he affairs of State,  
Hails Freedom's dawning day;  
Yet, ere he knows what freedom is,  
The German's passed away!' H. M.

'*The National Academy of Design*,' an institution as influential as it is time-honored, recently opened its exhibition for 1853. In our next number we shall not fail to do the collection of pictures that justice which the late period of the month prevents our rendering at present. It may suffice now to say, that, in our judgment, the exhibition has seldom been excelled, nor often equalled, in examples of noble landscapes, and successful specimens of portraiture. DURAND, KENSETT, CHURCH, TALBOT, and other of our best landscape-artists, of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter, have really exceeded their reputations, *enviable* as they were before; and the same praise may truly be awarded to HICKS, ELLIOTT, BAKER, LANG, PEELE, MOUNT, and *their* compcers, for the striking excellences of their performances. Timely with our notice of the National Academy will come the comments from the '*Century Papers*' upon the characteristics of Mr. KENSETT's pencil, (with other 'papers' of the same collection,) which we therefore reserve for that occasion. Meantime, we counsel all lovers of the true and the beautiful, resident or transient, in the metropolis, not to fail of visiting the present fine exhibition. - - - A WESTERN friend thus silyly 'raps over the knuckles' our friend and contemporary of the popular new '*Monthly*:' 'You must remember the melodious jingle of the rhyme, from title-page to finish, of LOWELL's '*Fable for Critics*.' The second, or some subsequent edition, published after PUTNAM's removal from his old quarters, contains one alteration which is certainly an 'addition,' if not an improvement. *Ecce signum!* The original reads:

'Set forth in October, the twenty-first day,  
In the year '48: G. P. PUTNAM, Broadway.'

The emendation is as follows:

'Set forth in October, the twenty-first day,  
In the year '48: G. P. PUTNAM, *ten Park Place*!'

'It strikes me that this is sacrificing 'sound to sense' with a vengeance. The



author of this change must be the 'terrible fellow to meet in society,' of whom the poet speaks, for certainly the page is pointed at the cost of the story's whole point.' Hastily corrected — that's all. - - - By the time these pages are before our town-readers, '*Franconi's Hippodrome*' will be the 'public thing' of the metropolis. Our readers may rely upon our prediction, that so truly *magnificent* an exhibition, in its kind, has not only never been seen, but has never been *approached*, in New-York. Ten thousand persons, comfortably seated, will confirm our prophecy, at 'one sitting,' before our next number shall have made our distant and less fortunate readers acquainted with the 'why and the wherefore.' We hope to 'be there to see.' - - - 'ALLOW me,' writes a lady-correspondent, ('as we do *guess*,') 'to express my 'unfeigned thanks' to 'E. C.' for the rational and true views embodied in his (or her) article on '*Second Marriages*.' In this commercial day of ours, when 'eligible matches' and 'stations in society' are deemed fitting substitutes for the holiest and deepest love, such sentiments may not perhaps find a ready echo in the popular heart. But they are not the only truths that are by the many rejected, while to the few they are precious and undying. The instances of second, third, and even *fifth* marriages, are not uncommon. A minister of my acquaintance, a man in other respects of unblemished character, of fine sensibilities and keen intellect, is now living with his third wife, and has been for a year past, although five years have not elapsed since his first marriage. With his expressive eyes suffused with tears, and in a voice full of confidence and triumph, he will speak of one day meeting them. How can it be? Can *each* be the loved one of his life? When the loving arms that clasped me in their embrace are exchanged for the 'narrow house;' when the heart whose love is 'sweeter than life' is left with but the memory of the past and the hope of the future upon which to lavish its wealth; and the eye that looks thrillingly into mine must look 'beyond the veil' to meet an answering glance; let not then *another* be to that heart what I have been!' - - - THE following is a *single line* in a 'pome' on the '*Battle of North-Point*,' near Baltimore:

'COLUMBIA's patriots, for ever merciful to a vanquished foe, to the spot repaired, but it was too late; many a bold Englishman met a watery grave!'

'Linked' doggerel 'long drawn out!' - - - THE lines by 'LIVIA,' in our last number, we are assured by a correspondent, are boldly plagiarized from the late Mrs. OSGOOD. 'LIVIA' will please 'take notice accordingly.' We cannot answer 'JUSTICE's' query. - - - THE recent death of Mr. CLEMENT M. EDSON, of this city, has been announced in all our public journals. Mr. EDSON was for some six years a joint-proprietor with the EDITOR of this Magazine, and in its success and reputation always took the liveliest interest. For many qualities of head and heart he was held in deserved esteem. He had a quick perception of the humorous and the beautiful, and his judgment in literary matters generally was excellent. After disposing of his interest in the KNICKERBOCKER, he commenced the study and practice of the law, in which he was achieving both reputation and success when DEATH called him hence to be here no more for ever. He was followed to his beautiful resting-place at Greenwood by a large number of attached friends and mourning relatives. May he rest in peace! - - - We had supposed that the propensity, now so common, to embalm in poetical amber the particulars of rail-road and other accidents by which human life is sacrificed, was a thing of modern origin. Many country printing-offices, we are informed,

are half-supported by poetical hand-bills, specimens of which have sometimes appeared in these pages. But it seems it was just so in the 'olden time.' We have before us an '*Elegy on the Death of Peter Harvey and William Gould*,' who were drowned in BAKER'S River, Plymouth, (Mass.,) April 24, 1789, which in melody of rhythm is very like the present examples in its kind. It is amusing, indeed, to see how very modern the style is, altogether. Our first extract describes the father and his neighbors finding the first boy; the last four stanzas refer to discovering the other:

'WHEN night gave way to break of day,  
Before the sun arose.  
With anxious thought for them they sought,  
Which is as we suppose.

'On the cold ground the father found  
WILLIAM, his youngest son;  
Which doubtless he was glad to see,  
Although his race was run.

'When he came nigh and did espy  
His lovely son indeed,  
He let him lay, and went his way,  
To call for help with speed.

'The wind did blow as cold as snow,  
Which did so chill the air,  
The neighbors went with one consent,  
And took him up with care.

'They did convey this lump of clay  
Home to his father's house,  
Where numbers came to see the same,  
And mourn their heavy loss.

'The father groaned, the mother moaned,  
The children wept and cried  
To see the sight; and well they might,  
And others, too, beside!'

'WITH anxious care, nigh to despair,  
Much care and pains they took;  
At last gave o'er, and sought no more,  
Not knowing where to look.

'Seven weeks rolled on while he was gone,  
Before they heard the sound  
That their dear son, or such a one,  
Was in Bridgewater found.

'When first the sound that he was found  
Came to his father's ear,  
With mournful voice he did rejoice.  
The welcome news to hear.

'Next morning he went down to see  
What they had found or done;  
With glad surprise his watering eyes  
Saw his beloved son!'

The name of the poet who penned these lines is not now preserved: 'which is as we suppose;' although we may be mistaken. - - - We regret not to have been able to attend the *Dramatic Fund Festival* recently celebrated at the Astor-House; but our regret is lessened by the reports of the daily journals, giving the cheering results of the meeting. Twenty thousand and one hundred dollars are now permanently secured to the fund, which is destined, we doubt not, to increase hereafter in an almost geometrical ratio. It is a well-officered, well-managed charity, and will be productive of the best results hereafter. The proceedings of the evening are said to have been in the highest degree interesting and joyous. - - - THERE is really a great deal of genuine humor, to say nothing of keen satire, in '*Professor Caesar Hannibal's Scientific Discourses*,' collected from the '*New-York Picayune*,' and recently published by Messrs. STRINGER AND TOWNSEND. Here is a 'hit' in the opening of one of them, that even our clerical friends cannot help smiling at: 'I is afraid I is gwine to lebe you fur a promiscus time. It hab always bin fashonable fur congregashuns to send dere shepherds to Europe whenever dey git de brown crittors in de froat, or cullinary consumpshun ob de brownkill chubes ob de lungs. Now my troat hab bin so sore ob late, dat it wus wid de utmoss diffuculty dat I cood speak de truff. Some ob my influenza frens findin dis fact to be de case in my lecturs ob late, hab kinder clubed togedder, and formed demseffs into a kommittee on de hole, to send me off on a see-woyage. I took a see-woyage to 'Bohucken, but it did n't do me no good, so dey hab 'cluded to send me off far 'nuff whar I can pick up a little.' The PROFESSOR's conclusions are not less striking than his openings. Here is one of them: 'De Dawcus Siety meets to darn de stockins dat I bin warin' holes in for de lass tree months, at Sister SILWAYER JOHNSON's, on Tuesday afternoon, wind and wedder permittin'. SAM HIGNSTOCK will please hand round

de useal sasser, and gib back no change.' - - - '*My Home in Tasmania, or Nine Years in Australia*,' just published by Messrs. BUNCE AND BROTHER, is a work which will excite no little interest at this moment. Aside from the simplicity and liveliness of the style, the variety and interest of its incidents, the authentic information it conveys touching the new gold-country will insure it a large circulation among eager readers. - - - SOMEBODY, describing his sensations at sea, and the songs he heard from the sailors, and who, when he 'saw them working and heaving,' found that *he* was beginning to 'heave-to,' gives the following as a specimen of 'sea-poetry:'

'THERE's the capt'n, he is our kib'mad'nder,  
There's the bo'son ad'nd all the ship's ker-rew;  
There's the b'married med'n as well as the wive'n,  
Ken-ows what we poor sailors goes ther-ew.'

'Your February 'Table-Talk' correspondent,' writes a friend, 'quotes a text inaccurately. The true rendering is: 'First take the *saw-logs* out of your own eyes, before you bother yourself about the *splinters* in your neighbor's eyes.' 'By-the-by,' I remember a grim bachelor-editor who once retorted upon a rival's diatribe, that 'it should be written in letters of salt on a board-fence for the cows to lick.' And another editor, who announced the freezing up of the canal thus: 'We regret to say that the water in the canal has become so congealed that the propulsion of freight-boats must terminate!' And in describing a fugitive horse and buggy, he stated that 'they ran with a swiftness of speed almost imaginable!' - - - We have received a small volume entitled '*New Themes Condemned, or Thirty Opinions upon 'New Themes' and its Reviewer*;' but we have found no leisure to examine into the merits of the case of which it treats. We may do so hereafter. - - - Our monthly contemporary, the '*United States Review*,' is winning a deserved reputation for the ability with which it is conducted. We recognize, 'as we do *think*,' a favorite contributor to this Magazine, the author of 'Blondine,' etc., in several papers in the last two numbers; 'The Magician,' for example, 'Castania,' 'The Watchman,' etc. We invoke for the 'Review' the 'patronage' which we are sure it will do its best to earn. It is neatly executed. - - - We have but a few words to say of the *Grand Opera at Niblo's*, and fortunately we can speak only in terms of the highest praise. What a treat it is, in such a superb theatre as NIBLO'S, to listen to the 'most sweet voices' of such *artists* as ALBONI, 'Queen of Song,' and ROSE DE VRIES; to hear the silvery tenor of SALVI, the deep tones of BENEVENTANO, and witness the combined excellence of voice and action of ROVERI, SANGIOVANNI, ROSSI and MARINI! Who that heard '*La Favorita*,' and especially '*La Sonnambula*,' will ever cease to remember the occasion with renewed pleasure? As we write, we hear foreshadowed '*La Gazza Ladra*,' '*Lucrezia Borgia*,' '*Don Giovanni*,' '*Semiramide*,' that sublime performance, '*Roberto al Diavolo*,' '*Puritani*,' and the '*Prophète*.' A company like this, in operas like these, under such competent conductors as ARDITI and MARETZKE, at such a house as NIBLO'S, cannot fail to draw crowds, which have attested, and will attest, the high character of the attraction. - - - HAVE an eye to the notice of '*The Attorney*,' in preceding pages; for it foreshadows a book, strikingly illustrated by Mr. F. BELLEW, which is destined to have thousands of eager readers. - - - COLONEL 'EIDOLON,' 'K. N. PEPPER,' the 'Moon-struck Bard,' (and of other gossipers not a few,) are in type, or 'booked.'

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## O R I E N T A L I S M .

STRICTLY speaking, Orientalism is a mode of speech. It is not in this vernacular sense that we propose to consider it, but in a larger and more popular signification. And thus considered, it is a subject so general and indefinite, that we cannot hope to render its discussion pointed and interesting without some limitation of the term. Shall we confine it to Turkey, or to the nations of the East who live along and beyond the Eastern Mediterranean, under the sway of the Sultan? Or shall we include those races connate with the Turk, having a Saracenic origin? Or, going farther east, entrench upon the Mongolian and Indian races, thus embracing all Asia? The subject needs restraint.

Orientalism is not merely associated with one country, race, or era. It is a complex idea, made up of history and scenery, suffused with imagination and irradiate with revelation. It is not always associated with Tartar hordes, luxurious Caliphs, tea-raising Chinese, Grand Tamas, Indian Sikhs, and three-tailed pashas. It may include these as straggling figures in the picture. But to represent it pictorially, as it first flashes upon the mind, would absorb all the colors of the chromatic scale, and break all artistic unity.

We frame to ourselves a deep azure sky, and a languid, alluring atmosphere; associate luxurious ease with the coffee-rooms and flower-gardens of the Seraglio at Constantinople; with the tapering minarets and gold-crescents of Cairo; with the fountains within and the kiosks without Damascus — settings of silver in circlets of gold. We see grave and reverend turbans sitting cross-legged on Persian carpets in baths and harems, under palm-trees or acacias, either quaffing the cool sherbet of roses, or the aromatic Mocha coffee, sipped from the fingan poised in the zarf; we picture the anxious Armenian in busy bazaars, offering the customer the amber mouth-piece of the chibouque, while he commends his ottar of roses and gold-cloth; we see the smoke of the Latakia — the mild, sweet tobacco of Syria — whiffed lazily from the lubbling water-pipe, while the devotee of back-gammon listlessly rattles the dice; we hear the musical periods of the story-teller, relating the thousand-and-one

tales to the ever-curious crowd. We perceive the spirit of silence brooding over the turbaned tomb-stones of the cemetery, enamored of its cypress-home and the cool shadow; Nubian slaves, with stealthy tread, following their veiled mistresses through the bazaars, or running after the haughty horsemen of the street; the caravan of camels winding its weary way over the waste, watchful against the Bedouin of the desert, and careless of the buried cities beneath. We feel the power of the Sultan and the creed of Mahomet, through Emir and Dervish sweeping over the Orient, giving at least some unity to the scene; we then bespread over all a sort of Arabian night-spell, with its deep sapphire starlight and its nightingale-music from the crown of the palm-tree or liquorice-bush; or in dreamy repose we seem transported to some Swerga of bliss, where

‘GENERAL delights the sun  
Sheds on our happy being, and the stars  
Effuse on us benignant influences;

and we call this—Orientalism!

This is Orientalism, not as it is, but as it swims before the sensuous imagination. It is too unreal to be defined. The idea partakes of the extravagance of the Oriental mind, and would fain be invested with poetic imagery. To analyze it is to dissolve the charm. It is like the sight of Constantinople when first seen from the Bosphorus, before you round Seraglio-point into the Golden Horn, glittering in crescent, in graceful spire and swelling dome, flashing back the sun's radiance, rising out of cypress-groves like a dream of beauty; but when you enter its streets, see its dogs, its burden-bearers, its dirt, its low, mean dwellings, and look within that magic mosque and find the common cane-carpet, ostrich-eggs, and horse-tail ornaments, and the walls bald of pictures, the dream vanishes into the glistening air!

How then shall we define this thing of dreams and dirt, despotism and dignity, called Orientalism! Is there no reality tangible to our touch! Ah! yes; there is a serener, because a more spiritual Orientalism. It is the more substantial, because spiritual; and because spiritual, no longer local. Who has not felt, rather than pictured that tranquil Orient: its silence full of the splendors and deep with the mysteries of the INFINITE! It links our thoughts to earth by its enchantment; it lifts them to heaven by its revelation. The rich stream of poetry which flows through the Bible, and penetrates our best emotions, springs from the Orient, inspired of God. Those thoughts which transcend the level of life, and raise within us aspirations

‘WHEREIN Eternity entwines with Time  
Its golden strands, and weds the soul to heaven;

these dawn upon us from the Orient. Here, God himself talked with his creatures. Here was the cradle of the human race. Here, Adam and Eve were imparadised: ‘And the LORD God planted a garden *eastward* in Eden; and out of the ground made the LORD God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; and a river went out of Eden, and from thence it was parted and became into four heads.’ Even yet, learning locates the four rivers of the fore-world. Along the banks of the Euphrates, Babylon—with twice the size and ten

times the luxury of London — once rioted. Upon the same banks, Layard has exhumed the memorials of Assyrian pride, and Rawlinson has laid bare the cuneiform inscriptions of the Medes and Persians; the former as confirmations of Holy Writ, the latter of the history of Herodotus, and both as teachers of the brittleness of human power. The ruins of palaces and cities gleam through the sands of the desert. The Arabs pasture their flocks and gather thistles for their camels amid the stupendous relics of defunct dynasties. The people of Nineveh and Babylon appear again in their basaltic sculptures — a broad-built, muscular race, once the founders of states and the masters of provinces — to remind us that even they once gave way to the Arabs of the Caliphate — a brilliant and refined race, whose science in medicine, algebra, and astronomy, was only equalled by their Chaldean predecessors, and whose degenerate children even yet rule the Orient from the Bosphorus. What remains of this primeval Orient? The Castle of the Sun lies as deserted near Bir, upon the banks of the Euphrates, as the altar-temples of the star-worshippers below Hillah. Around them the lank and light-limbed Arab dashes his barb, as careless of yesterday as of to-morrow. The monuments of Zenobia at Zelebi and Palmyra are scarcely visited by the caravan. The Russian takes muslin to Mosul, and the English damasks to Damascus, to repay the debt incurred by the West to the East for textile skill, which their names signify. Bagdad, still princely, shimmers under the Eastern sun, the resort of traders and of pilgrims, wander-wondering around the tower of Nimrod.

A few leagues from these scenes of unrestrained power, whose monuments stagger conception and belittle our boasted science, Jordan rolls to that sea of Death whose sluggish wave hides the charred framework of a great tragedy. On every side, the mountains, deserts, rivers, and groves of cedar, speak of that solemn and primitive nature, which, blent with the patriarchal character, made the Orient the chosen spot of the Great FATHER of Life. Are they not yet rich with the relic-radiance of the past? Scenes of miracles, whose mystery was only exceeded by their beneficence; the stage on which patriarchs, prophets, angels, and sages played their parts to usher in the advent of Him who came in the humility of the carpenter's son, yet departed with 'trailing clouds of glory.' What is the Orient aside from such memories? What its central object of attraction — Jerusalem? Only the capital of a strange race, built on rocks amid desolate valleys, environed by calcined mountains, producing a few olives! *Here was enshrined the Divine Unity.* Into this blue, oriental sky was received the form of Jesus, melting into its soft ether before the tearful gaze of the bereaved disciples. This is the crowning glory and mystery of the Orient.

Here, too, is the source of all religions. The four great faiths, Buddhism, Judaism, Mahometanism, and Christianity, had here their origin.

Of the first, Buddhism, comparatively little has transpired until recently. This is the more surprising, since we know that one hundred and seventy millions of souls are its devotees. It began in India, where its foot-prints are yet seen in other forms of worship, and spreading from Nepaul to Ceylon, it rose above the sky-reaching Himalayas and overran China, Japan, Thibet, and the whole Mongolian realm, even to the confines of Siberia. Its idea is, that the external world is but a transient



manifestation of the Divine BEING ; that the soul is absorbed finally in that Divine essence ; but before final absorption, appears again and again in new and other forms, to play its part upon the earth. This transmigration may go on through the animal creation. The consistent Chinese Buddhist, when he serves up a dog or a rat upon his table, may be serving up the form of his grand-father or grand-mother. Its highest development is among its priests or Lamas, who pass in direct succession from Lama to Lama, the body only changing, the soul remaining in perpetuity, like one of our corporations.

Of the second religious phase of the East, Judaism, we need only say, that history hath no parallel by which to compare that ever-growing wonder of a great people, more united in its separation than any other people in its union, and proud of its proscription amidst the obloquy of the world. What is the significance of this fact, would be an interesting problem to discuss. Our present purpose is only to state its existence.

The third phase, Mahometanism, we cannot regard as an imposture, but rather as the offspring of Oriental imagination quickened by religious enthusiasm. 'The world is ruled by Imagination,' said Napoleon. The remark is eminently true of the religious and superstitious world. The imagination of the Orient is extravagant and weird, yet august and sublime. It is a garden prodigal of the fruit and bloom of inspiration, as Holy Writ testifies ; yet a hot-bed ripening the rankest superstition. It bowed before a golden calf, and then before the eternal JEHOVAH ; before Baal, and then before JESUS. All ages have witnessed its results. Its last type in the Banbists has swept over Persia, and wrought with such vehemence that the monarch, to eradicate the delusion, has massacred thousands in cold blood. Such superstitions seem indigenous to the East, like the reptile of the river or the tiger of the jungle ; or rather like the cholera generated by the rank vegetation and the unclouded heat.

The Oriental imagination, in its normal as well as in its abnormal exercise, never felt restraint. It revelled unconfined, whether in the poem, the tale, the casual remark, the mode of salutation, the history, or the religion. It was never subdued and confined, like that of the Greek. The Greek dwelt in form. He delineated. He analyzed. He bounded his conceptions. He had a variety of gods, and a limited sphere for each. He had sculpture and painting ; and, like the Italian, cultivated them as a part of his religion. He was a Democrat, and had an agora, where the orator gave utterance to the will of the people, as the check upon political power. What a contrast to the Oriental mind ! It dealt with immensity. Its stories were of abysses. It shot up into the infinite. It was of synthesis. Its conceptions knew no bound. It had no painters or sculptors. It generated no Democracy ; was ever making its salaâm before despotism. It produced no Olympus of gods. The divine, infinite, and eternal UNITY sat upon the circle of the heavens, hid in the cloudy tabernacle, and throned above the stars ! Phidias carved a Jove for the Greek, and Angelo painted God in fresco for the Italian ; but Zoroaster worshipped the ceaseless source of light and life, the sun ; and Amamuh, following with his eye the gorgeous procession of stars, taught the Chaldeans to revere those golden lights as the arbiters of fate. Solomon and Isaiah called upon the elements to speak to the infinite soul, which, struggling, strove to grasp the idea of the infinite JEHOVAH.



Mahomet was no dull observer of this Oriental mind. He met the pilgrims to the Kaäba at Mecca, and ministered to this love of the divine and infinite UNITY. But his system was like the dream of Jacob: the upper rounds of the ladder were lost in the effulgence of heaven, while the lower rounds rested amid the mists of earth. While he appealed to the INFINITE, he used a sensual medium. Is it wonderful that, thus appealing, he succeeded? Glance at his history and at his Koran. He nursed his disciples by the pride of unlimited conquest. He pillowed them around banquets of bounty, upon luxurious ottomans. He lifted the veil of the future, only to reveal the gazelle-eye of the Circassian beauty, and her soft hand beckoning the believer to the caresses of paradise. 'For him who dreadeth the tribunal of his LORD,' said the Koran, 'are prepared two gardens, planted with shady trees. In each of them two fountains shall be flowing. In each of them shall there be fruit of every kind. They shall repose on couches, the linings whereof shall be of thick silk interwoven with gold. Herein shall receive them beauteous damsels,' etc. There is no stint, no economy, no limitation in these promises. Is it strange that such a religion swept from the Ganges to the White Nile; that the crescent floated over the Mediterranean from the Dardanelles to Gibraltar? Is it wonderful, with such a tendency to pervert the spiritually infinite, that the simple sublimity of the self-denying Nazarene burned so fitfully in the seven candlesticks of Asia, leaving the Orient to grope in the gloom of a sensual superstition? A number of nominal Christians, to be sure, still remain around the localities where Paul and Chrysostom preached; but with the exception of a few Nestorians, their religion is the jeer of the Mahometan, and their name the synonym for rascality. The pilgrim Christian yet visits the tomb of the SAVIOUR, but it is by the sufferance of the tolerant Mahometan; tolerant, because time is taking from the Eastern empire its power, and robbing the Porte of its sublimity. The poetry of the Orient is departing with the prestige of its name. It shines still full-orbed, but like the sun in a fog, shorn of its beams, with a brassy disc; no radiant glow nor mellow lustre. New elements are advancing eastward, under the ægis of European policy. New results will appear as the effect.

We have considered somewhat too discursively, perhaps, the scenery, the history, the mind, and the religions of the Orient. It remains to consider how and with what results these will be modified and changed by western civilization. How will these results affect Austria, France, Russia, England, and America, the five paramount powers of the earth? What share will these nations have in the modifications and changes of the Ottoman Empire?

No one can fail to note that the crescent has waned conspicuously. It is also observable that with the decay of the old civilization of the Orient, a new and more energetic civilization is entering the East. This result is struggling for attainment through the Ottoman dynasty, which yet holds around Constantinople vast areas in Europe, as well as in Asia and Africa. No one can fail to see that this result will not be attained by any internal force in Moslemism or in Turkish policy. Commerce is in constant attrition with the Orient. The tides of travel over ancient path-ways; the resurrection of buried civilizations greater than their own; the development of physical resources, which the dreamy Orient regards

with bewilderment, and the rivalry of European powers in their schemes of aggrandizement; these are transmuting the despotic exclusiveness of the Orient into social amenities—the sure forerunner of other blessings. Napoleon struck out of his brilliant mind the idea of an Oriental Empire, where, like another Tamerlane, he might rule, uncurbed by Directors, Senate, or Parisian people. His genius flashed like a dawn upon the East, giving prospect of a new day for God's favored land. It was but a fitful glare. The prospect passed away with the smoke of the battle of Aboukir. But the enterprise and the presence of Napoleon in the East, fruitless of immediate result, was the initiative of a certain though slow current of reform, based upon western ideas, and working radically at the very roots of Ottoman power. Napoleon electrified the Oriental imagination. His unlimited mind found its appropriate element in the East. The Oriental never recognizes power unless displayed. Lamartine, with his suite, in 1832, affecting an air of poetical grandeur, moving through Palestine like a demi-god feeling the presentiment of his future prominence, found the Orient making its salaâm before his august presence, and repeating its welcome '*Sefai gelding*' in desert and divan; yet Nicholas of Russia, if he were to appear in Damascus or among the Kourds as he appears in St. Petersburg, in a simple cloak, unattended and severe, would scarcely be heeded by the camel-drivers of the desert.

The first modern energetic display of European power toward Turkey occurred when she lost the best part of Greece. It was the first great check to Mahometanism. The lyric gush of Byron for Grecian liberty; the oratory of Clay and Webster, renewing the fame of Pericles and Demosthenes; the inhumanity of the Turk, and the classic glory of Greece, would have been idle and vain had not Russia, England, and France, for the first time joining their forces, reddened the bay of Navarino with Ottoman blood, and for ever crippled that navy whose crescent once swept from the Bosphorus to Gibraltar.

Navarino was a severe lesson. The Turk, well thrashed, crept home moody and malignant. His ire, however, had prevented this display of western power from having its due impress. Infatuated, he immediately rushed into a war with Russia. He forgot that the hardy Turk, who had been nurtured amid the snows of the Caspian, and had followed the fierce Mahmoud to victory, had been gradually melting under the sun of the Mediterranean. He forgot that the hardy Russian, like his victorious ancestors, had been nurtured under the frosts of northern winters. The city of Varna, below the Danube, on the Euxine, where the Janizaries of Bajazet had defeated the flower of France, yielded to northern courage and western science. The Balkan, the hitherto insurmountable barrier between Christianity and Mahometanism—one of the Roman Pylæ—a rock-ribbed mountain-pass, was surmounted by Diebitsch, the Russian general. The ancient capital of the Ottoman—Adrianople—fell; the great land-animal (as Henry Clay styled Russia) was about to swallow the Orient. Two days' march, and the walls that wind around Constantinople would yield to the invader. Two days more, and the mosque of St. Sophia, once the bride of the eastern Church, would again put on her beautiful garments, and, robed in fresco, would chant *Te Deum*, while pictured saints and prophets, moving upward through her dome, would

bear the tidings to the heavens. Two days more, and the Czar, the present head of the Greek Church, would bivouac with his Cossacks in the halls of the Seraglio: but those two days came not. Why? They might destroy the balance of power. The 'land-animal' would have become too great for Austria, France, and England, whose anxious intervention saved the Orient from subjugation to the Muscovite. The land-animal crawled to his northern den with watery mouth and disappointed wrath.

Since that time, Turkey has been independent, only because she is dependent upon the European powers for protection against their several encroachments. Her weakness is her strength. By this means, she was saved against the assaults of her own vassal of Egypt, in 1832. The battle of Koniah would have brought Ibrahim to Constantinople but for Russia. Jealous of the influence of England and France over Egypt, the 'land-animal' could not bear to see the prey escape. So Russia came unbidden to the rescue. How kind and considerate! She took, without asking, the key of the Dardanelles. Her navy rode at anchor in the Bosphorus, and her army encamped opposite in Asia. Is there any thing now to prevent the fatal catastrophe? Ah! St. George, assisted by St. Louis, might cripple the northern dragon; so the land-animal was in no hurry to swallow a prey which it knew would be its own in time; and so the Czar writes to his ambassador what the ambassador read to Lamartine, then in Constantinople: 'My dear Orloff: When PROVIDENCE has placed a man at the head of forty millions of his fellow-creatures, he is expected to present to the world a bright example of honor and fidelity to his word. I am that man. As soon as the difficulties are smoothed between Ibrahim and the Grand Seignior, do not wait another day, but bring back my fleet and my army.' 'This is noble language,' said Lamartine: 'a situation well understood—dignified generosity. Constantinople will not fly away, and necessity will bring back the Russian, whom political integrity' (we should rather say, the balance of power) 'now removes for a time.'

Since that time, that balance has hung over Turkey. Were it not that so many solemn interests are in the scales, its tremulous, dancing motions, with an occasional kick of the beam, would appear ridiculous. It reminds one of the teter-tawter of the boys on a slippery plank. It goes very well, up and down; how gloriously they ride when just balanced! But let one of the timid youngsters slide up toward the centre of poise, or a mischievous urchin drop off the end. Umph! Turkey has had several such bumps. She has dangled, too, most uncomfortably in the air; and with the consciousness that if England or France should slide down to the centre, or off the board, she must fall into the opening jaw of the hungry 'land-animal.' Let me instance:

Reports not long since from the Levant, speak of difficulties about a loan. The revenues of Turkey were, a few years ago, farmed out to the rich Armenians. The government expenses have become too great for the revenue. It never occurred to diminish those expenses. There is no party in Turkey committed to the economical administration of the government. Display is the life of royalty. The new palaces on the Bosphorus must be finished. Pashas, Beys, and the Grand Seignior's family must be supplied with dignities and emoluments. The Sultan's

mother must every now and then present her bereaved son with a new wife, the finest pearl of Circassian beauty. Chibouques all jewelled must glitter in the mouth of every diplomatist who seeks the Sultan. The finest barbs must prance, caparisoned in gems and gold, under the descendants of the Caliphs. The coffee-rooms of the Seraglio must tinkle with multiform fountains and music-boxes. The harem must shine in silk and glitter in gold. Hundreds of Nubian slaves, because they are the slaves of royalty, must not work, but play with their royal master, and pipe their girlish glee under the restraining eye of the Kishlar Aga, the pompous Chief Eunuch, with his gold sword and big key. The regal caïque, with its 'four-and-twenty black-birds all in a row,' must dash its golden prow through the Bosphorus every Friday, to gratify the turbaned denizens. The state-processions must appear; and in the train the baltaghies, or cooks, even, must march with coffee-bearers and barbers, turban-bearers, bowstring-bearers, and sword-bearers. As well dispense with the Vizier as the Sultan's nail-cutter. The display must be complete and orientally magnificent. From whence comes the revenue for all this royal tom-foolery? Constantinople, where most of the wealth is invested, must go taxless; for is she not honored by the presence of the descendant of Mahomet? The poor provinces must be drained to their utmost without avail. The model-farms along Marmora, and the factories of silk, cotton, and woollen — these experiments furnish no means, unless to the foreign harpies — some of them Yankees, too — who thus squeeze the generous exchequer. What is to be done? The financial trouble transpires. Ah! Polite Monsieur Lavalette, minister of Napoleon III., hearing of the dilemma, tenders to the Turk a loan of two hundred millions piastres, or about eleven millions of dollars, to be raised by his master in Paris and London. It is hastily accepted. The loan is taken. But Russia, Austria, and even England have not been consulted. They show symptoms of disturbing the teter-tawter. The loan leaks out among the Mahometan masses. Murmurs arise. 'What!' says the old white-bearded Mufti, 'the descendant of Mahomet, of Sulieman the Magnificent, asks money of the infidel! For shame!' The melancholy eye of Abdul Mejid grows troubled. His passive face grows more sallow with care. The chief astrologer is sent for to declare the state of the stars. The old Saracenic pride flashes around him. 'Ha! the tidings have spread from Trebizond to Cairo, that I have become bonded to the Frank for the gold that keeps me in state. The successors of the Caliphs, at whose nod gold and gems appeared, as if by Aladdin's magic, is the debtor of the Giaour — the infidel, the dog. For shame!' Meek Abdul disavows the loan. Pashas send in plate to be coined. The jewels at the mint are pawned to the Armenians. Egypt sends her tribute of millions in advance. The emergency is met. Russia and Austria have regained the balance. But Monsieur Lavalette shrugs his shoulders, and threatens to go home to the 'Protector of the Holy Places,' in diplomatic dudgeon!

There is more strength for Turkey against Russia, in the army which 'plays soldiers' upon the Place de Mars in Paris, than in the fifty thousand soldiers that quarter upon the hills of Constantinople. There is little present danger from France, while Austria holds the Bocca di Cattaro, and while she has her fifty Lloyd steamers ploughing the Adriatic.

There is safety from France, England, and Austria, so long as the Russian army hovers like a cloud about the mouths of the Danube. The jealousy of each protracts the agony of Turkish dissolution. Diplomacy talks sweetly to the Porte from her palaces at Para, just as the Indian smears his victim with honey before he gives him to the torture of the wasps. With such sweet friends to care for Turkey her dissolution will be like that of the insect, 'enclosed unconsciously by the shutting flower!'

But while thus dissolving, new elements will enter into her body politic; and the Turkey of the twentieth century, while she may have lost her baggy trowsers and ample turban with her nationality, her intolerance with her religion, and her exclusiveness with her ignorance, may reveal new glories and resources under the auspices of western civilization. Progress is the universal law of our age, nay, of our being; and the Turk is no exception. He is himself a dilatory example of Progress!

'BENEATH this starry arch  
Naught resteth, nor is still,  
But all things hold their march,  
As if by one great will!  
Move one, move all!  
Hark to the foot-fall!  
On! on! for ever!'

There is nothing in the personal character of the Sultan to overcome this tendency of the times in Turkey. His character rather favors the tendency. He is a man of excellent heart. His expression is that of a calm, almost indifferent spectator of human affairs. His eye has an Oriental dreaminess in it, but none of the fierce energy of his sire, who destroyed the Janizaries and began the reforms of the empire. His dress, when the writer saw him in the summer of 1851, was a plain cloak, fastened with a jewelled clasp. He wore the red fez-cap without rim, with blue tassels, common to every Turk. We mention his dress, because he has improved on the awkward bundling breeches of the last lustrum, and appears half Oriental and half European in his attire; foreshadowing, if Teufelsdröch's philosophy of clothes means any thing, the change going on in his nation. His apparent indifference of expression is a part of the etiquette of eastern regality. His tender solicitude for the future by the education of his son in French and in modern science; his protection to Kossuth at the risk of the Russian frown and the Austrian arms; a late bulletin, which signifies that he had consented to receive Abd-el-Kader as his guest, and not as a prisoner, and his choice of a liberal ministry, indicate that he is by no means so conservative but that he can engage the sympathies of the world while he strives to regenerate his crumbling empire. He leads the party of Young Turkey. We have a Young England, a Young Ireland, a Young America, and a Young Progressiveness every where. Where is the conservative such a *laudator temporis acti*, who will oppose young Turkey? Even in Turkey, a radical distinction in politics and society obtains. There is a party composed of long beards and large turbans, made up of Ulemats and Muftis; gentlemen whose precedent is always on file, who hold the Koran to be the end-all of human knowledge, and the be-all of human existence. The Past hath for them a peculiar gloaming of enchantment upon its horizon. Steam is to them the vapor of a hell-broth. The telegraph is the delusion of the Devil. Charmed by the glory of historic Islamism,



they tread their old and narrow circle of ideas. This party is led by the fierce old Admiral of Navarino, who will never forget at whose hands he received his disgrace. These conservatives hate the Christian as their grand-fathers did, praise the Prophet, cling to the bag-pants, revere the scimitar, and shudder with horror at the idea of abolishing the fez-cap, and replacing it with a hat or cap whose rim would prevent the forehead from touching the earth when in prayer to Mahomet. The fatalism so often charged to the Turk, belongs peculiarly to the Turkish conservative. It is his virtue, as it will be his ruin. He adores the Divine Will; and adoring, bows to its decree as inexorably fixed. With this faith, his ancestors conquered the world; with this faith his children will lose the fruits of the conquest. He has already fixed upon a white-haired race from the North as the conqueror of Turkey; and not more sure was the Greek of the decree of the mythic sisterhood than is the Turkish conservative of the fatality of the Russian sword. With the fatalist in Thalaba, he may say of his country, as he looks upon the scroll of her Future:

‘Her name is written there;  
Her leaf hath withered on the tree of life.’

In fine, he is the Old Foggy of Orientalism. While he reveres the Sultan for his lineage, he cannot sympathize with him as a reformer. The Sultan has followed, though timidly, his father's vigorous courage in reform; he has English naval-officers to teach his sailors navigation and gunnery, and French tactics in his army. An American steamer cuts the Bosphorus. The Christian is tolerated. The missionary may labor at the very fountains of the mosques, and within the very cry of the Muezzim. While European capitals shut out the missionary and his divine service, or imprison the simple-hearted Madiai for reading the Bible; while European Christian kings hunt the refugee republican from hut to hovel, the magnanimous Sultan permits Armenian and Turkish Christians to read the Bible in their native tongue, and commends hospitality to shield the fugitive from the Christian blood-hounds. Already under these influences the capital, Constantinople, is showing signs of change. It is the decay of the old and the substitution of the new and vital elements of the age. As, when a fire ravages Constantinople, new and better houses are built, with European taste, upon wider streets; so the work of destruction and regeneration goes on throughout the empire. There is nothing in the political and social organism of the empire to prevent this result.

The time is far distant for the discussion of natural rights and popular sovereignty in Turkey. No newspapers, conventions, and legislatures disturb the deep Oriental repose. The Turk, in his family, is despotic, and he knows no other mode of government. Orientals never separate the idea of ruler and monarch, and invariably ascribe to fear or weakness all concessions to violence or clamor. When informed that in America the nation was governed without a king, it is said that an Oriental emperor laughed so immoderately that he died. If he had been told that the *people* here governed themselves, and if he could have entered our Congress, with its hubbub so un-Oriental, we cannot imagine the consequence to His Majesty.

Some twelve years ago, the Sultan, through his Vizier, Reschid Pasha,

yielded to the Armenians, Persians, Jews, and Christians, large political franchises: the right to sue, to give evidence, to worship freely, to hold property, and to enjoy almost every privilege which their turbaned neighbors enjoyed. This Constitution is not well executed, because the courts and mosques are filled with officers of ancient prejudices; but it is the law of the realm. It marks an era in Orientalism as plainly as Magna Charta and the Petition of Right do in English constitutionalism.

This law was a concession to the energy of the Orient, of which the Turk forms but a small part. Asia Minor is full of Arabs and Persians. The shores are lined and the isles are alive with Greeks; and that they are restless, the recent outbreaks in Montenegro indicate very clearly. They are the Yankees of the Orient, not only in their vessels and traffic, but in their curious questions and 'cute tricks. There are only about three millions of Turks in the empire. Some of the most considerable cities, as Bagdad and Smyrna, have but a handful of Turkish soldiers and officers. Out of seven hundred thousand people in Constantinople, about one half are Turks. This foreign admixture renders the work of government difficult. The nationality of the Arab, Armenian, Persian, Greek, and Jew, bound by no political principle to the State; the subdivision of the empire into Pashaltics, each independent, and one at least—as that of Egypt—overshadowing the Porte itself; and the wild Arab tribes, which have no law, but are a law unto themselves, as free as the wind and as transient as their tents in the valley, and which are traditionally hostile to the Turk and jealous of his supremacy; all these causes are operating to destroy the Turkish nationality, if not the Turkish race.

Physical causes and western science are adjutants in the work. The steamer plies among the isles and along the shores of the Orient, entering Beyrout, Alexandria, Smyrna, and Constantinople, crowded with traders and travellers. The locomotive is about to invade the desert where the children of Israel wandered. It is no wild fancy to say, that it will drink water from the well of Jacob, and that its echo will reverberate among the caves of Mount Carmel. The exclusive repose of the Orient is retreating before the advance of travel. The English cockney leaves the purlieus of St. Paul to summer and shoot at crocodiles where Moses was found amid the flags in the ark of bulrushes. Miss Laura Lisper, of the Fifth-avenue of New-York, may be found upon a camel, sketching the 'dear delightful' pyramids. The smoke of a German meerscham continually curls over the ruins of Baalbec and Palmyra. The man who had been to Cairo and Jerusalem used to be noted as a marvel. A menagerie did not excite more wonder in our inland towns. In our city drawing-rooms he was the cynosure of Beauty's eye. Favored pilgrim no longer. Now he has found his common level by the democracy of steam.

The commerce of the caravan, which carried the Koran and its religion throughout the Orient, will give way before the genius of steam. Trebizond and Aleppo, through which Europe has hitherto traded by caravan with Central Asia, will lose their consequence when England shall have fully opened her way to the interior by the steamers upon the Indus and Euphrates. The patient merchant of the East, the Howadji—the same merchant who traded and travelled in the same way, in Abraham's



era; who carries sulphur from Persia to China, porcelain from China to Greece; gold-stuffs from Greece to India; steel from India to Aleppo; glass from Aleppo to Yeman; and painted calicoes from Yeman to Ispahan, describing the Oriental round—will find his ancient trade diverted by steam into other channels, and divided between many hands. The glory of Tyre and Sidon will again visit the Orient. The waters ploughed by the pinnaces of Ulysses and the ships of the Argonaut, will flash phosphorescence under the fretting of western steamers.

These changes in Orientalism may be retarded by two social causes. The first is the domestic servitude of women in the East. This is the result of polygamy. So long as woman has no will and no desire but that of her corrupt and despotic lord, so long will she be corrupt, and corrupt both child and husband. A convention for the rights of woman in Turkey would be a sensible move. How much is it needed; but how distant, distant is the day of Turkish redemption! More truly for Asia than for Europe or America, did Ebenezer Elliot sing her mission:

‘For woman’s best is unbegun,  
Her advent yet to come.’

The harem is the most inauspicious sign in the Oriental horoscope.

Secondly: The great bond of the present civilization and polity of Turkey is the Koran. It gives law to the civil power. Its chief priest—the Sheikh Islam—is the supreme judge of the civil law. It connects the sixty thousand square leagues of Turkish territory. It reaches into the recesses of inner Africa, where our missionary meets with the devotee bowing toward Mecca. It follows the African coast until it reaches Morocco, where it revives the traditionary glory of the Moor, whose children yet look across the sea to the shores of Spain, where the Alhambra once ruled the most refined people of the middle ages. It dashes with the Bedouin along the sands of the Red Sea. It exacts its tribute from the traveller who visits the Holy Sepulchre. In Bombay, even, it can yet raise a mob to defend Mahomet from an attack and a caricature by an English newspaper. It is a bond that cannot break immediately. Strand after strand of its texture must first give way. When that bond shall break, the empire must fall. Austria, in European Turkey; England, in the Indies; France, in Algiers; and Russia, in the Caucasus, will parcel the fragments. The Moslem stamini may still linger in Asia Minor, around Broussa, where Abd-el Kader has been banished, and where there are Mahometan spirits, like him, indomitable; ‘whom to chase is to chase the wind; whom to hold is to hold water in a sieve.’ Here the crescent may be unfurled and defended to the last, to go down finally, not before the cross, but the cupidity and superior science of the Christian!

Asia has been the theatre of European ambition since the peace which followed the exile of Bonaparte. But our limits forbid more than a general review and cursory glance at these European movements.

Austria has been pushing her trade, with her steamers, down the Danube and the Adriatic, with a view to her share in the expected partition of Turkey. The attention of the Porte has been repeatedly called to the schemes of Austrian emissaries in Croatia, Macedonia, Bosnia, and Servia. The Servians seem especially restless under Turkish rule. The

fifteen thousand skulls piled in a tower at Nisso is a terrible memorial of Turkish cruelty in the last Servian insurrection. The Servian traditions speak of a great Slavonic power which once held dominion in their land, and which they hope again may arise out of the ruins of Turkey.

But a change from Turkish to Austrian rule just now, while Austria is struggling in vain to contract a loan of fifty millions of dollars; while she is taking an account of her rich men in Lombardy to assist her in this financial extremity; while the experience of Hungary, so recent and fearful, is yet fresh in the memory, would be a poor exchange for Servia, and, indeed, for any of the provinces of Turkey. But that machinations are going on at present in many of the Pashalicks of Turkey adjacent to Austria, is very evident. A well-informed correspondent of the *New-York Tribune* refers to the recent difficulties in Montenegro, and after speaking of the independence of that province, and its acknowledgment by Russia; the mediation of Russia with the Porte, to protect Prince Daniel, who had assumed the Montenegrin government; the declination of the Sultan, and the march of Omer Pasha, the Sultan's general, to the rescue of the fort of Zabljak, which had been seized by the Prince, contains this significant paragraph: 'In the mean time, Omar, the Pasha of Skodra, has attacked the rioters of Montenegro, and recaptured Zabljak, with a loss of three hundred Turks; but, among the trophies of this victory, he finds that all the muskets have the Russian imperial stamps, while the balls of the cannon are marked as Austrian stores. The Austrian papers, though unable to deny that Zabljak is again in the possession of the Turks, yet aver that Omar, Pasha of Skodra, has been defeated; and at the same time, while Austrian troops are marched into Dalmatia, on the frontier of Montenegro, the commander-in-chief of the Banat, Count Coronini, issues a proclamation prohibiting the Serb papers from taking the side of the insurgents. It is again the old double game of Austria! Yet the notion prevails in all the diplomatic circles that the East is in a few months to become the scene of important events. The actors are already designated — Prince Daniel, of Montenegro, has to rouse the Montenegrines and Bulgarians, and Abd-el-Kader the Arabs.' So that Austria is not idle in attempting to secure her part of the Turkish empire, if its dissolution be at hand.

France, enamored of Napoleon's eastern policy, has pursued, with heavy outlay, her Algerian conquests. For what end? Simply to hold Algeria as a colony? Algeria is the first grand step toward Egypt and the East. Tunis and Tripoli must soon yield. France loves glory almost as much as England does beef and America dollars. Not that France cares for the resources of the Nile, the pearl-fisheries of the Red Sea, or the bitumen of Syria: but to have thirty centuries look down upon her eagles from the pyramids; to be the protector of the Holy Sepulchre; and to have her patrol at the portal of Omar, and upon the heights of Calvary, and in the Garden of Gethsemane, would add a deeper dye to the Imperial purple, and furnish feuilletons for the Parisian press of startling attraction. Already has Napoleon assumed the title of Protector of the Holy Places. Rome is guarded by the Gaul. Why not Mount Zion, with its holy sepulchre and sacred associations? Not for the sentiments they inspire is this glory coveted by France, and demanded of the

Porte by the newly-made Emperor, but for the laudation of the Historic Muse! But when shall another Tasso sing of Louis Napoleon, the hero of the second of December, and of his drilled machines, as was once sung of the noble Godfrey and his gallant companions:

‘THE sacred armies and the godly knight  
That the great sepulchre of CHRIST did free!’

When can the Christian world join with the bard in invoking blessings upon such a deliverer as Louis Napoleon, even though he should deliver the very sepulchre from the Turks? God deliver us from such sacred deliverers!

But from the influence of the Napoleonic name in the East, and the interchange of comity between France and the East, we opine that in the disruption of the Turkish empire, Egypt as well as Palestine would court, as they would receive, the sway of the martial French.

Russia, for a century past, has looked to the East for the establishment of her power. Her approaches by force and diplomacy are slow but certain. Her reverses are never recessions. We heard the other day of thirty thousand Russians repulsed with slaughter from Circassia—the Switzerland of the Orient. But this blow glances from the horny hide of the great ‘land-animal.’ If her arms fail, her intrigues do not. In the Affghan war of 1837, when the English suffered so severely at Cabul, and at the pass of Jugdulluc; when out of sixteen thousand and five hundred only one escaped to tell the tale of slaughter; when the Indias seemed slipping from the English grasp, where was the Russian? Quietly comforting Dost Mahmoud against the Shah Soojah, the English pretender to the Affghan throne; directing, by her engineers, the Persian forces against Herat; controlling Persia by diplomacy, and ever moving down, like some black storm-cloud, upon the Indian possessions of England. Her hope points to no distant day when her piquets, following her intrigues, shall move down from their present uncertain position between the Euxine and the Caspian, through Georgia and Persia, where Ararat looks toward the supposed site of Eden; until, checked by the French outposts in Syria, or the English armies upon the south-west, the contest between these ambitious powers shall become close and hot in those primeval scenes.

Her army hovers along the Danube. Her fleets whiten the Euxine. As we have seen, she is busy with Austria, in the Montenegrin affairs just transpiring. She has heretofore found an easy pass over the Balkan. And when, marching in her former path, she shall absorb Wallachia and Bulgaria, perhaps she may at length succeed in placing the double eagle where now floats the crescent upon the pinnacles of Stamboul! The eastern capital of the Cæsars may resound with the Russian artillery, announcing a master worthy of the Imperial name.

England, caring less for glory and more for gold, has carved and is yet carving out her share of the Orient. The most interesting chapter of modern history is the history of English India. The world, especially the English world, are but superficially acquainted with this chapter of history. The quaint bristling crowns which were seen by the world at the Crystal Palace, in the East India department—once worn by the princes of the Punjaub—lying upon an Indian cloth of gold, amidst

the trophies of English power, would form strange pages of that chapter. Follow the eye as it rapidly runs over the English tributary realms of the East. Begin amidst the diamond-valleys of Lahore, under the very shadow of the Himalayas, or upon the banks of the Sutlej, where the brave Sikhs lived, ruled, and yielded; from the levels of Sirhind, following the vale of Doab, eastward through populous Onde; still eastward with the flow of the Ganges, through the fertile provinces of Tirhoot and Pinnea, the swamps and thickets of Bengal; yet farther, to where Bur-rampooter sweeps from the untrodden layers of perpetual snow, until, joining the Ganges, it pours the mighty flood into the India Sea, emblematic of the mighty tribute of India to England. The last news informs us of the success of an English army in subduing Prome, a Burmese city. Burmah must be annexed, of course.\* Following the peninsular coast, embracing Ceylon, and still sweeping around north-west, until you meet the many-mouthed Indus; thence with its branches through Sindh, a recent conquest, and you thus comprise an area with more than one hundred millions of people; and that area is still enlarging, eastward of Cabul and onward to Thibet. The power of England will soon grapple with the Russian in Persia and Tartary, while it sweeps from the Ottoman the land east of the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf. And is England content with this large share in possession and prospect? Cashmere, through its lord, Gholab Singh, has bound herself to Lord Hardinge to transmit a dozen fine shawls and shawl-goats, in acknowledgment of British supremacy. Having completely recovered from her Affghan reverses, which threatened her sway in India, and with the Indus as a base of operations, England can move her arms to the west, jingling the money-bag behind her native allies, while her Ellenboroughs, Pottingers, and Hardinges, smooth the path by dexterous diplomacy. Her latest messengers have borne dispatches through Thibet to Peking, for commerce with western China. Hindostan has thus become a massive wedge by which to open Central Asia for England. Her money and intrigues have smoothed the way and lubricated the wedge. Her East India Company and her arms, with Cyclopean blows, are driving the wedge home into the intertwisted fibres, tearing apart at once the exclusiveness of ages and the barriers of the Himalayas; and lo! three hundred and sixty millions of platter-faced, weather-beaten, and industrious Mongolians peep through the chasm to see the nineteenth century and buy English cottons!

To bear off the wealth of Asia to her little isle, Great Britain must have a short and easy transit. To take the two sides of the triangle made by the Arabian peninsula, when one side may answer as a 'short cut,' is not the Anglo-Saxon mode. She has already surveyed the Euphrates, and found the stream not only navigable, but a shorter route by some six hundred and eighty miles than can be had by connecting the Red Sea with the Mediterranean by the Suez rail-road. Beside, this route is an exchange of sea for river-navigation. It will therefore be necessary for England to hold a large share of the Orient, if she does not get it by the partition of Turkey.

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\* Since penning the above, we perceive that a large tract, (equal to an ordinary European state,) lying between Prome and the sea-coast, has been seized as English territory, to pay a claim of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars

After this imperfect exhibit, may we not gently inquire, Whence comes that ungodly lust for annexation and dominion which the English papers charge upon the United States? Came they not rightfully by it on their mother's side? We are not of those who would arraign England for grasping India and opening Asia. There is higher law than the law international for that. But for our grave old mother to turn her back upon us for our hankering after Cuba, while she is ready to swallow the one third of the human race at one huge gulp, is sublimely farcical. Nay, there is something not so farcical either in the proceeding. Retribution will demand of England why her one million of acres in India blush every year with the poppy; whether its conversion into opium by the East India Company; its sale, in defiance of Chinese laws, in Chinese ports, to four millions of Chinese smokers, of whom four hundred thousand die yearly of its fatal effects; whether that trade, now in its zenith, 'commercially suicidal, politically inexpedient, nationally dangerous, internationally illegal, and wholly iniquitous and abominable,' is excusable because, by a profit of several hundred per cent., fifteen millions of dollars per annum is added to the Indian exchequer. Yet this trade of death and hell goes on making its forlorn victims; and the English parliament, in humane horror, remonstrates with Spain for dodging the slave-trade treaties, and the English papers lecture us about our national immorality. Tear-compelling crocodiles, unconscious of your open jaws and large incisors! The beautiful Duchess of Sutherland, and the other ladies of England, just now dropping tears by the bucket-full for Uncle Tom, and appealing to our ladies upon the iniquity of slavery, should rather march down to the India House, and with their handkerchiefs bedewed with tears of tenderest sympathy, beseech the merchant-princes to stop the sale of opium to four millions of crazed Coolies. God gives the intelligent and civilized *power*, not to prey upon the weaknesses of his creatures, but to elevate them in the scale of being, to rescue from eternal anarchy, stagnation, and despotism, the magnificent domains of the East. By the same right, America may unfurl the stripes and stars in the harbor of Jeddo, and open Japan to the world. By the same right, western powers may divide the Mahometan world, displace sterility with cultivation, ignorance with refinement, and rapine with protection, but not the converse. That right is supported by this reason: that no nation has aught independently of another; but that all is held in trust for the common weal of God's creatures. God has given Turkey the finest of climates; her Mesopotamian plains offering roads and currents as channels of trade; her Syrian mountains as coal-dépôts for steamers; the Mediterranean, as the lake of Europe; the Nile, with its rich alluvial deposits; the Euphrates and Red Sea, as the media of transit between the Indies and Europe; her Grecian isles, as the resorts of commercial millions—all in trust for his creatures, and for their best uses. If Turkey fails in her efforts to execute this trust, according to the requirements of this century, the conscience of the world will sanction its partition among powers having higher civilization. The giant tread of these powers shakes all the Orient. What can effeminate Abdul do to avert the impending disruption? What can the insect do when dead and entombed in the unyielding amber?

In conclusion: What part have we of America in the Orient? Amidst



all the movements of this restless world, never, till within this gold era, has any great power turned its eye to the lonely Pacific. Oceanica was looked upon as a group of isles, where bread grew on trees, and clergymen were eaten by tatooed savages. Lands upon the lonely Pacific, that have lain for two score of centuries undisturbed by miners and untilled by husbandmen, seem to have been reserved by PROVIDENCE for the meeting-place of the Anglo-Saxon, on his eastern and western path of empire. These uttermost parts of the earth, under the golden spell, have become empires within the memory of the youngest. The world had hardly been dazzled by California discoveries, and the exodus of avarice had hardly begun thither, before Australia, with her fifteen hundred miles of auriferous mountains, invited the enterprise and industry of Europe to her shores. Sydney and San Francisco now stretch out their hands across the Pacific, while the sails of traffic glide between. The dreams of Plato, Harrington, and Sir Thomas More are, or will be, more than realized; for there will be two great republics in the Pacific, having the same language and institutions, more powerful and glorious than their imaginary commonwealths. The destiny of the Orient will be influenced by these new-born nations. China already emigrates. Sydney and San Francisco receive ship-loads of Celestials. Eldorado opens to their eye and invites their industry. The over-populous and destitute provinces of Asia will be thinned by the attraction of gold. Seventeen thousand Chinese left Hong Kong, Macao, and Whampoa, in the first three months of the past year, and ten thousand left Canton in one fleet for San Francisco; and what is strange, *they seem to live under American laws as if born with us*. Some are returning. Their influence and example will react upon China. It is not by Russia, nor by England, that eastern China and Japan are to be affected. 'Francisco,' says an English reviewer, 'is nearly opposite the mouth of the Yangtse Keang, the artery of Central China, and the fair isles of the Pacific are convenient stepping-stones between the old and the new world. Another year, and the Sandwich group may be annexed to the Union: and how long will it be before the stars and stripes are planted upon the opposite coast of Asia?' The thirty millions of Japan await the key of the western Democrat to open their prison to the sun-light of social interchange. Gold will do for Japan what Commodore Perry cannot. The rail-road from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and the canal at the Isthmus of Panama, will make America the entrepôt of eastern wealth. The Pacific will become to modern civilization what the Mediterranean was to the ancient, and our rail-road will become to the world what the Roman highway was of old — the great artery of national aggrandizement and power. Our nation has increased six millions since the last census, and has annexed within a few years a territory nine times the size of France. Our independent sovereignties, under a limited federal head, give union and strength to our increased size; and no power but the ALMIGHTY can prevent the Democratic element of America from making its impress upon the Orient.

Thus, the prophecy of Isaiah is approaching fulfilment in the East; for there is already heard in the East a tumultuous noise of the kingdoms of the nations. The Slavonian, Caucasian, and Mongolian, have already

met in the Orient, upon the common theatre where their common ancestor was placed, and where the confusion of tongues began the work of separation. Who can say what strange fusion may one day take place amidst these primeval pathways? Who can say, when he thinks of what God has done for his favored land; of what an important part the Orient has played in the creation, dispersion, and redemption of the human family; and of how much happiness man, rightly developed, is capable, but that these hallowed spots and this glorious Orientalism may witness another transfiguration and a new creation, more beautiful than the dream of poetry, when man shall be refined of the dross which now encumbers his divine essence; and when the words of prophecy shall have new meaning when it says: 'I will make a *man* more precious than fine gold; even a *MAN* more precious than the gold of Ophir!'

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T H E D E S O L A T I O N O F E D O M .

O'er the dark land of Edom, now desert and drear,  
Once rose the proud palace and glittered the spear;  
And Idumea in grandeur and glory looked down  
On the nations around her as gems in her crown.  
In the pride of her strength she renounced the Most High,  
And deemed not that death and destruction were nigh:  
But the whirlwind of vengeance sped o'er her in haste,  
And the land of Idumea for ever lay waste!

She calls for her nobles, but none shall be there:  
For ever and ever her wastes shall lie bare;  
Wild beasts of the desert roam over her plain,  
And the satyr shall cry to his fellow again:  
Beneath her dark shadow the vulture shall rest;  
The cormorant and bittern her ruins possess;  
The owl of the desert shall seek there her mate,  
And wild beasts of the island keep watch at her gate:  
The Bedouin of the desert speeds by her in fear,  
As he calls upon ALLAH and murmurs a prayer:  
For the wandering Arab dwells not on the plain  
Where the sentence of death and destruction remain:  
The traveller lingers a moment in dread  
Near the 'City of Silence' and land of the dead;  
Then hastes him far onward with look of dismay,  
Lest the night-cloud of vengeance should burst o'er his way.

Ah, Edom! thy day-star was shadowed in gloom  
Ere yet it attained its full zenith at noon;  
And thy sunshine of splendor shall henceforth illumine  
Neither house of the living nor home of the tomb;  
The lines of confusion far o'er thee shall spread  
Until ocean delivers its slumbering dead;  
And a thick cloud of darkness thy covert remain  
Until time shall roll back to its fountain again!



## T O S P R I N G .

With what garlands shall we greet thee,  
Youthful maiden, smiling Spring!  
With what pæans haste to meet thee,  
Making rock and river ring  
With our welcoming!

Round thy locks e'en *now* are circled  
Chaplets of the fairest flowers;  
Ay, thou comest zoned and kirtled  
With the bloom of southern bowers,  
To embellish ours:

And thine own clear voice is trilling  
Notes none other dare essay;  
With their sweet cadenzas filling  
Nature's ear — through all the day,  
Ravished by the lay!

Softer glows the blue empyrean,  
Flecked with clouds of fairer hue;  
Nightly, as from draughts Lethean,  
Drinks green Earth the drowsy dew,  
Sleeps, and wakes anew:

Wakes, and wears with each bright morning  
Some new robe of bloom and grace:  
Wood and mead with their adorning,  
And the streams with lightsome pace,  
Beauties interlace.

Ah, then, Spring-time, if we lavish  
Gifts thy shining steps before,  
E'en *thine own* gifts we must ravish —  
Bloom and song — a richer store  
Than earth's golden ore!

Nor alone are these thy treasures;  
Others in thy hand thou hast;  
Memories of forgotten pleasures,  
Glimpses o'er the ocean vast  
Of the dreamy Past:

Visions of the fairy islands  
Besprent amid life's surging sea;  
Of the proud and pillared highlands,  
Of each low and tranquil lea,  
Passed so merrily.

Thus to our fond retrospection  
Seem the scenes of by-gone years;  
Losing in *thy* sweet reflection  
Every trace of childhood's tears,  
Fleeting cares and fears.

And we muse till we are weary  
 On that spring-time of our days,  
 Till the present seemeth dreary,  
 Mantled with a pensive haze,  
 Dimming e'en *thy* rays.

Dreary — yes! for friends we cherished,  
 And who welcomed thee of old —  
 Ah, the sad thought! — they have perished!  
 In Death's fast, relentless fold  
 Is their slumber cold.

Flower and song thou dost awaken,  
 Memories sweet of long ago;  
 But the song by Death o'ertaken,  
 And the flower by him laid low,  
 Canst thou wake! — ah, no!

Yet with thine enchanting finger  
 Touch the place of hallowed rest,  
 And we there will love to linger,  
 Bowing to the high behest  
 Of our FATHER blest!

F. R.

Jacksonville, Ill., April, 1853

## A STORY

ABOUT AN OLD GENTLEMAN AND A WOLF

'EXIT, pursued by a bear.'

SHAKESPEARE: WINTER'S TALE. ACT III: SCENE III

I AM about to relate a story concerning an old gentleman and a wolf, which I flatter myself will be found highly tragical and entertaining. It is the only story about a wolf that I know which is in any way connected with the fate of any old gentleman whatsoever, and I therefore am naturally not a little desirous that it should receive fair, or at least decent usage from all folks who have a taste for tragic literature. 'And pray, Sir, what do you mean by 'decent usage'?' says some excellent individual who has just sat down for the purpose of cultivating his intellect by reading the works of the best authors. I mean, dear Sir, that they who desire to gratify an elegant taste, and at the same time to foster a classical and Attic tone of sentiment by perusing my wolf-story, should do me the politeness of reading *all* of it carefully, and with suitable pauses for reflection. Some readers have a reprehensible habit of getting what they call the 'substance of the story;' that is to say, they skip all the reflections of the author, all his quotations, two-thirds of his dialogues, and four-fifths of his book; and then, having deciphered the bare plot, and been in at the catastrophe, falsely aver that they have read the tale. All such impatient persons are hereby warned off these pages. I want no going through my little romances on skates. I do n't write for folks

who habitually go heels-over-head. I write for strong-minded folks, and for folks who have a classical and Attic turn of mind, and are able to appreciate the writings of the ancients. To all others I say, in order to save them the trouble of skimming through this narrative to find the 'substance' of it, 'Gentlemen, the catastrophe of this little story is, that a worthy and intelligent old gentleman was eaten up by a wolf: the 'substance' of it is — alack! it hath no substance: the moral of it is, that all old gentlemen should be cautious about exposing themselves in countries where there are wolves.' There: I have frankly told you the substance and the catastrophe of my tale, and the moral to boot; pray, now be off to the next article, and leave me and my wiser patrons to pursue the even tenor of our way, without the torment of such uneasy company as you.

I tell the story precisely as I heard it one winter-evening about five years ago, in the kitchen of John Buck, a good and true farmer of one of the Middle States. I was at that time eighteen years old, and followed during that particular winter the laudable occupation of teaching school. In the course of my 'boarding-around' peregrinations, I had at this time got billeted on John Buck, and I can testify with gratitude that they lived in the solidest fashion there, and used me as if I had been a prince. I was a prince, it is true, and having come to voting age, am now a king; an American king, a republican sovereign; but like a good many other princes of my time, who diverted themselves by teaching district-school in the winter, my royal rations were too often sour short-cake and dried apple-pie, more fit for an ostrich than for an heir-apparent: and so the steaming steaks, the fragrant coffee, and the noble pies which adorned Mrs. Buck's table are to this day glorious in my memory.

On the certain winter-evening of which I spoke, I sat on one side of the spacious fire-place, with a closed book in my hand, which I had just been reading, and was contemplating the two family-groups which occupied opposite sides of the room. On one side, and not far from myself, sat the farmer, a hale, ruddy, large-framed man, reading the '*Weekly Bomb-Shell*,' a sweet and cheerful political newspaper, the organ of his party in the county. His wife, a quiet woman, sat beside the same table, sewing; while Aunt Baldwin and Grand-mother Buck, sitting in rocking-chairs, plied their knitting-needles and told stories of dreadful length, involving intricate genealogies, which are not to be made intelligible by me without a black-board. The farmer was a zealous politician, and occasionally broke out with some paragraphs of astounding purport from the columns of the '*Bomb-Shell*,' as thus:

'Ha! thunder, wife; just hear this! 'SPECIAL TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCH TO THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE FROM WASHINGTON.—*Senator Sixshooter, of Arkansas, has just published a letter on River and Harbor Improvements, addressed to the Hon. Mr. Twopistols, of Kentucky, saying, that unless Congress immediately appropriates two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the purpose of clearing the snags and alligators out of the Chickochofee river, the inhabitants of Boknife county will secede, set up an independent government, and declare war. They have sent to St. Louis for a six-pounder and two tons of percussion caps.*' There! those chaps want to scare Congress, and if Congress is scared by them, it ought to be spanked. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for snaking the

alligators out of their creek! I could go there and pick 'em out of the mud with a pitch-fork. If I was President, I would make them swallow their two ton of percussion-caps. They're a queer nation out West.'

'Yes,' sighed Aunty Baldwin, 'they are a very peculiar kind of people. I am afraid that the Pope has got his eye on the West, and would like to have the Inquisition going there, if he could. But I trust and pray that he will fail in all his designs, as Dr. Jones said at the annual meeting of the American Board.'

'Ha! good!' the farmer again broke out; 'here is what Mr. Splinters, the editor of the *'Bomb-Shell,'* says about the Secretary of the Treasury: 'Beside the miserable incapacity and flagrant corruption of this venal tool of the Administration, there are other crimes laid to his charge, which, in our opinion, render him a fit subject for the action of the *High Court of Impeachment of the United States.*' ' But no matter what Mr. Splinters said about the poor Secretary; he wrote with a rattle-snake's fang, and it will do none of us any good to rehearse his congressional leaders.

On the other side of the blazing fire-place sat, first, Mag, a strapping two-fisted wench, chopping minced-meat in a wooden bowl. Not far distant sat John, a hired man, a drawling, pork-fed mortal, with his feet on the rounds of his flag-bottomed chair, smoking a pipe, and addressing his remarks on men and things, cattle, politics, saw-mills, and hog-feed, to every person in the room by turns; thus imparting his valuable experience and the results of his discriminating observation in a manner well calculated to 'react on the age.' Three boys sat on the broad hearth, with hatchet, hammer, knives, nails, sticks, and leather-straps, making a new-fangled quail-trap, supposed by them to be an invention of incalculable importance, and likely to revolutionize the whole science of catching quails in February. The first of these striplings was Dave Buck, a boy of thirteen, loud-voiced and brown-haired, one of the sort known as 'staving fellows.' The second was his brother Mat., somewhat younger. Joe Kedge, a neighbor's boy, completed the trio. Joe was a long-faced, mathematical genius, the master-architect of the new trap, which, under his skilful fingers, was gradually rising to pyramidal symmetry, curious to behold. Two children, twins, the one Will, an honest, courageous, open-eyed little fellow, and Nelly, a pretty and timid creature, stood by, watching the progress of Joe Kedge's trap with the intensest interest.

'Now, b-o-y-s,' said John, holding his pipe in his fingers, and scrutinizing the new snare with a skeptical eye, 'you won't ketch no quails in any such kind of a darned York trap as that, I can tell you. I've ketched quails in my time, and I reckon that I know quails about as well as the next man; and I just tell you once-t for all, that if you ketch the fast quail in that there trap, then I'm a lawyer.'

'W-a-a-ll, J-o-h-n,' replied Joe Kedge, imitating the drawl of the hired man, 'p'r'aps you could n't ketch a Connecticut q-u-a-i-l in it, but I guess we can coax a Y-o-r-k quail to get into it. York quails have n't been to school so long as Connecticut quails; they have n't had so many 'advantages,' and consequently do n't know so much about the steam-engine, and have n't got so much information generally. Guess a fellow might ketch a Y-o-r-k quail, Johnny.'

Dave Buck exploded at this, and so did Mat., and the two rolled over

on the floor, shrieking with laughter; but Joe was straightening a crooked shingle-nail on an old flat-iron, and did not move a muscle of his face.

'I would jest like to know, Joe Kedge, how you calc'late you can indeuce a quail to go inside of that there coop,' said John, a little tartly.

'Oh,' replied Joe, 'I would put some c-o-r-n and things on that there piece of shingle, and if that did n't in-d-e-u-ce the quail, I would tell his mother of him.'

Dave and Mat. shrieked again at this true specimen of boy's humor, and keeled over on the floor. John stuck his pipe into his mouth, and said, 'You are gettin' entirely too smart for your hide to hold you much longer, Mister Kedge; but I tell you that I know quails, and you can't ketch the fust quail in any such kind of a two-story trap as that.'

'Why can't we, John?—now I'd just like to know!' cried Dave Buck.

'Why!' said John; 'why—why, because it a'n't reas'nable.'

'Oh, you get out!' cried Dave.

'Why, John, I tell you that you can't keep quails out of it,' said Joe. 'I'll just tell you a little fact that happened down to our house last Saturday night, and then see what you will have to offer on the subject. I made just such a trap as this on Saturday afternoon, and when I got it done, father forked on it, and says he, 'Let this alone, young man, till Monday morning. I won't have you settin' traps on Saturday night, and fetchin' in a lot of live quails on the Lōrd's day.' So he took it down cellar, and put it under a tub, so that I could n't find it. Well, Sir, all that night we heard something peckin', peckin' down cellar, and no body in the house could guess what it was. But when we went down there in the morning, to see what was the fuss, we found a quail there, that had worn his bill off up to his wisdom-teeth, trying to make a hole in that tub, so as to get inside of it, and get caught in that there trap. No, Sir, you can't keep quails out of it. Mat., hand me that there awl.'

Dave and Mat. went into convulsions once more. John grinned, and said, 'I'm afeerd your funeral will be attended before you git of age, young man. But I say jest what I said all along, that you can't ketch any thing in that trap, or else I'm a lawyer. Jest remember now that I told you before-hand.'

'Oh, you get out, John!' cried Dave. 'You do n't know any thing. Here we put the corn, and here comes the quail. Now, how in Sam Hill do you suppose he is going to go by that there crib without stopping to fodder?—and then, you see, he's a gone sucker at once.'

'Wa—ll, you'll see—you'll see,' said John, blowing a cloud of smoke into the air, and stretching out his legs.

Little Will, who had been earnestly watching the operations of the trap-builders, heard with consternation the verdict of John on the merits of the new engine, and ran across the room to his mother, with his large, honest eyes starting from his head, and said:

'Mother! mother! John says that Joe Kedge's trap won't ketch no quails!'

'Hush, child! hush!' said the mother; 'your father is reading to us. Go and ask John to tell you and Nelly a story.' And in truth, Will had interrupted his father in the midst of one of Mr. Splinters's pungent commentaries on the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury: 'Another

proposition of this profligate and dastardly idiot is, to saddle the groaning millions of this broad Republic with an additional duty of one-and-a-half per cent. on cut-nails; a proposition which makes our blood boil with indignation:’ and so on. Mrs. Buck, innocent woman, could not see why Mr. Splinters should suffer so much anguish on account of the duty on cut-nails, but, like a model-wife, listened with due attention to whatever her husband was pleased to read for her illumination; while Grand-mother Buck and Aunt Baldwin continued to unravel tangled genealogies.

‘John,’ said little Will, returning to the tri-pod of the kitchen-oracle, will you please to tell Nelly and me a story?’

‘Oh, do tell us a story, good John Robbins,’ cried Nelly.

‘Well, little folks,’ said John, ‘I do n’t care if I do. What shall it be about?’

‘Oh, tell us about Grand-father Robbins and the wolf!’ cried Will.

‘Oh, do, good John!’ Nelly said; ‘but it makes me so ’fraid!’

‘Well,’ said John, having filled his pipe, ‘I do n’t care if I do tell you the story about Grand-father Robbins and the wolf. Let me get my pipe a-goin’ first, though. Mat., just light that pine sliver in the fire-place, and hand it to me. There, you Ingen, look out! you need n’t mind settin’ Mag’s hair on fire.’

‘Get out, you scamp!’ bawled Mag, as the urchin paused behind her chair with his little torch.

‘Marty,’ said Grand-mother Buck, ‘what are you doing?’

‘Noth’n’—noth’n’ at all,’ said Mat.; ‘only helpin’ John light his pipe.’

‘Only settin’ me a-fire!’ cried Mag; ‘he ought to be licked. And I’ll do it, too, if he do n’t behave himself.’

‘Martin,’ said the boy’s mother, ‘go away, and do n’t bother Margaret.’

‘Yes ’m,’ Mat. said, and resumed his seat by the quail-trap.

‘Now, little folks,’ John said, ‘it seems that Margaret ain’t going to burn up just now, and so I’ll tell you the story. Fifty-three year ago, on the twenty-fourth day of last November, Grand-father Robbins came into Howlin’ Holler for to make a settlement. It was a new country then, and there was n’t a neighbor within three miles of him, and he was quite an old man, too. But he got a few taters and a chunk of pork, and reckoned he could make a live on ’t till Spring, though it was a pooty small chance. There was wolves in the Holler—an unaccountable mess of ’em; and painters—the wust kind of painters. There was one of ’em killed a man in the Holler in the year 1799. There was a pedlar came along a good many years after that had l’arnin’, and he made some po’try about it. It went so:

‘ ‘ Now listen, all ye lumber-men,  
Both ye that have and have not sin,  
And I will quickly you inform  
How Jonas Brown a painter torn.

He went out to the hemlock woods;  
His frock was made of checkered goods;  
He had his provisions in a pail;  
And there occurred this dreadful tale.’

‘There’s twenty-seven verses of it. I’ve got it in my chist up-stairs, and some time I’ll bring it down and read it to you. Squire Johnson

took it down to the Corners, and had it printed on sheets of paper, with edging all around the sides.

'There was Ingens down to the Holler, too—great, big red Ingens, that skilped folks in the war, and carried on monstrous ugly when they was drunk.'

'John,' said Will, 'tell us what the Ingens used to say to Grand-father Robbins.'

'Oh, John!' cried Nelly, 'do tell; but it makes me so 'fraid.'

'Well,' John said, 'I don't justly remember the expressions Grand-father said they used, though I've heard him tell more'n a hundred times; but it was something like this: *'Tommy wommy! whoop! whoop! cahoop!'*'

'Oh—o—o! it makes me 'fraid!' cried poor Nelly, hiding her face in her apron.

'How big—when? John, did you ever see an Ingen?' Will said.

'Yes, a good many, and some time I'll tell you about old Captain Wild-Turkey, the Chief of 'em; but now I'll tell you how Grand-father encountered a pesky wolf one day, the first one he ever see. He went out into the woods one morning a-choppin'. Well, after he had chopped all day, it came on dusk; and while he was a-choppin', all to once—he 'spied a wolf comin' toward him, and the wolf he 'spied Grand-father Robbins a-choppin'. So Grand-father he stopped chopping, and the wolf he stopped comin'. Then the wolf he crooked up his back and heöwled, and then Grand-father he crooked up *his* back and heöwled. Grand-father he was skeert, and he reckoned that the wolf was skeert, and so they stood there quite a spell. The wolf he h-e-o-w-l-e-d at Grand-father Robbins, and Grand-father Robbins he h-e-o-w-l-e-d at the wolf!'

Here poor little Nelly, though she had heard twenty times before the legend of Grand-father Robbins and the wolf, was so terror-stricken at the dreadful peril of the good old man—her apprehensions being aided not a little perhaps by the tragic emphasis with which John uttered the fearful word h-e-o-w-l-e-d—that she ran away crying, and buried her face in her mother's lap: but Will stood his ground bravely, though faltering slightly at first, and stared in the face of John with wide eyes and mouth half open.

'I'd just have liked to been in Grand-father Robbins's place about two minutes,' said Dave, flourishing his hatchet; 'I'd a-made that there wolf sing *Mear!* I'd a-cracked his snout with a chunk of wood till he would have thought day was breaking!'

'No you would n't, Dave Buck,' said little Will, kindling with earnestness; 'no you would n't. You would n't dared to did it. The wolf would have *swallowed* ye.'

'A great many times that wolf would have swallowed *me!*' cried Mat. 'I'd have fixed him out so that his aunt would n't have known him!'

'About how long by the clock did Grand-father Robbins stand there a-heöwlin', John?' inquired Joe Kedge.

'Well,' said John, 'he never could tell precisely how long. Folks's idees about time differs. Some folks ha' n't no judgment about it at all, and others again have. Grand-father used to judge that he might have



stood there about five minutes; and then the wolf he turned around and slid one way, and Grand-father Robbins he turned around and slid the other way.'

'Is that the end of the story about Grand-father Robbins and the wolf?' said Joseph.

'Yes, that's the end of it,' John said.

'Got any more such?' continued Joe.

'Not that I now recollect of,' said John, innocently.

'Well, then, John,' the youth proceeded, 'I guess you had better go up to bed. There's the school-master been harking.' (This he said lowering his voice, and speaking for the benefit only of the circle around him.) 'Who knows, John, but what he'll put it in the papers one of these days!'

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T H E   C A S T L E   O F   I N D O L E N C E .

---

BY CLAUDE MALORO

---

I HAVE a castle for my indolence;  
 A castle strong and fair,  
 Embosomed in the languid air,  
 With all things furnished which are rich and rare,  
 And ever glorious in a calm magnificence.

It standeth by a blue, deep-sunken lake,  
 Amid eternal hills,  
 Whose fronts with joy the sun-light fills;  
 Whose gently-sloping sides give to the rills  
 Their lucid floods, which glide, nor murmuring music make.

There are no warders at its open gate,  
 No watchmen on the walls;  
 No menials shuffle through its halls,  
 And in its court no hurried foot-step falls;  
 Yet all the earth knows not such splendor or such state!

Down from the hill-tops comes there not a sound;  
 No breeze disturbs the lake;  
 And all things there conspire to make  
 A quietude unbroken, for my sake;  
 A calm, a holy solitude, deep and profound.

Alone the castle stands! Its columns rise  
 Irregular and grand;  
 And far above their forms expand  
 To arch it o'er; and an ALMIGHTY hand  
 Hath laid thereon for roof the sun-light and the skies.

And every room is wreathed in rich array  
Of quivering curtains rare,  
Which only agitate the air,  
And, bending with their perfume, flowers fair  
Faint round my mossy couch, and keep unending May.

Such is the castle of my indolence:  
A forest old and green,  
Beside the lake's unrippled sheen;  
Eternal, voiceless, sun-lit hills between,  
And ever glorious in a calm magnificence!

It is a dim, unbroken solitude:  
The trees there make no sigh,  
But silent lift them up on high  
Into the silence of the tranquil sky,  
Where no unwelcome winds nor trooping clouds intrude.

No fish leap up to ruffle that calm lake;  
No fowl screams o'er the wave;  
No insect wakes its buzzing stave:  
All, all is peaceful as the dreamless grave!  
And there a strong-hold hath my heart, and home doth make.

Thither can come no cold, corroding cares,  
Nor yearning discontent;  
No doubts, no fears, nor dread portent;  
Nor gloomy phantoms which drear souls invent  
To drive away their fleeting pleasures unawares.

There oft methinks all things were made for joy,  
And all things fair and good:  
All nature forms a brotherhood,  
And weaves a lavish garland in the wood,  
Wherewith to deck the man whose peace sad thoughts destroy.

At quickening morn I lay me on my bed,  
While curling to the skies  
The early incense doth arise —  
Earth's grateful tribute unto the ALL-WISE —  
And blessings there invoke upon my sinful head.

And as I thus — a poor and worthless clod,  
A mote in endless space —  
Turn toward the heavens a thankful face,  
I see my MAKER's boundless love and grace  
In all things; and my soul goes forth to meet its God.

At noon, when all the air is steeped in sun,  
My wearied eye-lids close,  
And I sink to a half repose,  
Such as succeeds deep sleep; and o'er me strews  
Some influence sweet bright flowers from mystic dream-land won.

Dreams mine of love for ever pure and chaste,  
For ever young and true;  
Of calm contentment ever new;  
And dreams of dreams, descending like the dew,  
Refreshing in my heart each desert wild and waste.

At twilight, when the universe is filled  
With music still and clear,  
Which but the inner man may hear,  
And the deep, melting skies are drawing near,  
And with rich melancholy all my mind is thrilled:

I lie and watch the light and darkness strive  
In the uncertain field;  
And ere the crimson warriors yield,  
Strange mysteries with truth and love are sealed,  
Which death of sting, and grave of dismal fears deprive.

'Tis then I feel 'tis not this fragile frame  
Which flutters here below  
Wherewith ends my existence. No!  
I have come from above, and I must go  
Back to the old abiding-place from whence I came.

Or why this ceaseless longing for the skies  
As for the mortal goal —  
This mounting upward of the soul,  
Which I may some retard, but not control,  
If I am clay, earth all, and naught beyond it lies?

Here while my body resteth I go forth  
To join the spirit-throng,  
And lift with them my voice in song.  
I lose me hosts of keenest joy among,  
And quite forget the dim, uncertain ways of earth.

The violet forsakes the skies; the bars  
Of sun-light fade away;  
Yet on my mossy couch I stay,  
To mingle with the glorious while I may,  
Until the trees with their long fingers touch the stars.

Still, still I linger: blissful 'tis to feel  
That heaven is so near,  
With Him we worship and revere;  
That sorrow is a shadow, life a tear,  
Earth but a morning walk to realms of endless weal.

I must no longer stay; but forth to plod  
With toil's o'er-busy brood:  
Yet will return in pensive mood  
To join in Nature's blessed brotherhood,  
And from my castle grand behold and praise my God.

## M E M O R I E S .

BY A MISSIONARY.

PITTSBURGH — what was it in 1817? I am afraid my memory of that place is too vague to rely on. Yet it seems to me I ought to give what remains of the impression made by my sojourn of four or five days.

I dare say, half the gloominess of the place was in my own mind, for I felt as if I had got into the dark regions: every thing looked black, or at least dark-brown or slate-color. I had started out, you know — though you do n't know where *from* — with little self-reliance, to seek my fortune; and where I had expected to meet a brother who knew how to scuffle with adversity, I found myself not yet within a thousand miles of him. A thousand miles to penetrate a strange, uninhabited, at least uncivilized region — my views of the country were not *singular*, whether true or not — and with very moderate means for its accomplishment. I do not remember that I was afraid of meeting Indians or other savages. Somehow, the rough, wild characters that used to be found on the Western rivers were more interesting to me than fearful. I had been familiar with quite as rough-hewn fellows at the East — the Delaware raft-men. It was the unknown *vast*, the 'dark profound,' looming in my troubled gaze into a scarcely modified infinity, that was fearful to me. And then it was November, the last of it, and murky clouds hung or seemed to hang over the place. If the sun shone out during our stay, it must have been at short intervals.

Take all this into consideration, then, in reading, for I wish not to misrepresent. And allowing all this, Pittsburgh was *not* a very inviting place for mere residence, however it might be for business or enterprise. It had prospered. How could it help it, in that commanding position, at the very head of the Ohio river, the Alleghany on one side and the Monongahela on the other, making it the necessary *dépôt* of commerce from below and produce from above? Here New-Orleans met for trade with not only Western Pennsylvania, but New-York and Virginia, whose respective water-craft might be seen at the same time, and almost at any time, lying at the landings, arriving and departing. Beside, coal and iron were the elements of its being; the solid basis on which it stood. The 'swart artisan' had only to dig them from beneath his feet, or, better still, roll them from the mountain-side into the furnace, by the side of which stood the forge and the foundry, ready to convert them into articles of use and commerce. And there were *men* there: stout, hardy, industrious men, whose smutted faces were channelled by streams of honest sweat, and who kept the fires all a-glow. The moral aspect of Pittsburgh was well enough; was beautiful to the patriot, and fair to the Christian. Industry and thrift were written in large *black* letters on every thing; and churches and Christians and quiet Sabbaths told of influences from the Sun of Righteousness, which, even if the darkness of

Egypt seemed to rest on the outward appearance, shed light on the home and the heart. 'The children of Israel had light in their dwellings.'

But the furnaces, the forges, the foundries, the glass-works, the engine-manufactories, and every chimney of every house, sent up vast columns of black smoke, so thick and murky and threatening, that one could not help thinking of the doleful regions from which 'the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever.' The houses were made dingy, the side-walks sooty, the furniture covered with black dust; every thing you touched left its mark; the sun was obscured, and even the bright complexions of the beautiful females were affected by the all-pervading smut of coal-dust and coal-smoke. One might easily imagine (one who knows London as I do, only by description) that a little bit of that smoky city had been knocked off and set down, smoke, fog, and all, on the site of old Fort Pitt. What an improvement it would be, to make all the chimneys of the place eat their own reek!

I do not remember *any* building whose magnitude or architectural beauty attracted attention. Several streets, crossed by several others, in the immediate vicinity of the 'Diamond,' as the public-square was called, were pretty densely built with comfortable-looking but very plain and modest brick-houses; while at a short distance from the centre the houses were more sparse and more frequently of wood. All, however, were of a color, or nearly so, whatever the material or paint. Although the court-house was the first place at which I called, (to make inquiries,) my memory furnishes me nothing to say about it. I think it was an unpretending, common-looking, yet sufficiently commodious building. The landings on both sides of the town were in their natural state, the barges and keel-boats receiving and delivering their freight on the beach, which, if my memory is correct, was convenient enough for all purposes then required. The Monongahela seemed the principal mart. One of the lions of Pittsburgh at that day was Grant's Hill; which, of course, I was invited to visit, and *did*. But if no memorial of it remains save *what* I can give, its memory must — as I suppose much of its form and substance has already done — disappear from the face of the earth. I remember it only as the name of a famous hill; whether a hundred or a thousand feet high, memory saith not.

Pittsburgh in 1817 has its pleasant memories to me. The acquaintance we formed with the family who accompanied us in our down-river voyage, is one. They were friends of my brother, and soon became our friends. The intercourse with them and information derived from them were both cheering and useful. We at once became associated for the voyage, and shared our cares between us. So one dark cloud became a little less dense. My memory of that family, with whom I and mine were boxed up in a hen-coop for a month, floating together a thousand miles, will ever be among the interesting and agreeable, though after a very few months (except an interview or two within the first two or three years) that intercourse entirely ceased, and their whereabouts, nay, even their existence on earth, is for thirty years unknown.

My wife had, in her school-teaching days, become acquainted with an English family, whom she loved to remember, and who she learned had

removed to Pittsburgh. At her request I sought them out, and the consequence was, that the kind attention and hospitality of one of the eminent business-men of the place and his amiable wife made us forget for a portion of the time that we were 'strangers in a strange land.' At their cheerful fire-side, their bountiful table, their neat and tastefully furnished bed-chamber, we enjoyed not mere comfort, but luxury, such as *poor* travellers seldom enjoy, and which wealth alone cannot purchase. I know not what might have been their *rank* in the social gradations of English life; but if extensive information, amiable deportment, elegant manners, interesting conversation, and warm hospitality, characterize the upper ranks, then Benjamin Page and his lady belonged to one of the elevated. And more and better than all, the warm gushings of Christian love were mingled with the cheerful and hearty welcome with which we were entertained. Little recked we of the minor divisions of the Church of Christ which could have raised a sectarian barrier between us. We were *one*. Our parting, when we left them, was final, for this world: may our meeting be for eternity! Perhaps that meeting is not future for some of the parties. Perhaps the kind hearts of that day, when kindness was so sweetly consoling, have already, in a higher, purer home, had still holier intercourse with one of those who enjoyed it then; for *she* who was the occasion of that enjoyment — who was my better life — has long, long since left my side — whom then she blessed with her pure, heavenly love — to view and praise the Saviour, whom she loved still more, and whose spirit she breathed on earth. But if any of that family still dwell in our lower world, and this article should happen to fall under the eye, it may afford a moment's satisfaction to learn that to the survivor a third part of a century has not dimmed the memory of that bright spot in the gloomy journey, of which the *dim memories* are being called up to occupy an occasional hour of the present generation. It is 'a memory of the heart.'

T H E I M P O S S I B L E B E H E S T .

'NEVER see me more,' you say;  
And, worse yet, 'Forget me!'  
But pray how can I obey,  
If fate will not let me?

Were primeval gloom, ESTELLE,  
These charmed eyes to visit,  
I should see you just as well  
Without light as with it:

Nay, to heighten your surprise,  
When you've grandly wondered,  
See you just as well sans eyes  
As with twenty hundred!

New-York.

CUPID, sooth, was fabled blind,  
That the fair ideal  
Pictured in the glowing mind  
Might surpass the real.

As for that 'forget me' — ah!  
Prithee don't renew it!  
'Tis not in mandragora  
To begin to do it:

Image of such witching grace,  
Love's own photographing,  
Lethé's self could ne'er efface,  
Though one died of quaffing

## A M B I T I O N .

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

SAY not I am ambitious, love; thou painest  
A heart that grief hath scarcely ceased to claim:  
Of all the phantoms of my youth, the vainest  
Hath been the empty hope of winning fame.  
Away with false ambition's show and glitter!  
Perish its lures! no more shall they beguile:  
The thorns are piercing and the blasts are bitter  
Where Fame stands pointing with her mocking smile.

True, in my earlier youth I was ambitious;  
True, my heart glowed with Fame's exultant fire;  
I thought the dreams that came to me delicious!  
Eager I sprang to find my soul's desire!  
Panting, I sought the steep high towering o'er me,  
Where flashed the temple to my longing eyes;  
Thinking to scatter all that lay before me —  
All that should check my pathway toward the skies.

Alas! alas! my heart's best, dearest treasure!  
How with intensest, wildest strength I strove!  
I trampled underneath the flowers of Pleasure!  
With bleeding feet I trod the path above!  
With bleeding hands I sought to hurl each side me  
The rocks, the cruel rocks that stood before:  
And still I vowed that nothing should divide me  
From the bright fane that flashed so proudly o'er.

The dream is flown! my soul's swift wings are broken!  
Up towers the steep; still shines the temple there;  
But on its summit frowns a cloud — the token  
That my worn heart its splendors must not share:  
Too steep the pathway, and too far the distance;  
Let others seek the fane with eager tread;  
I will enjoy the blossoms of existence,  
Such as Time yet hath left around me spread.

Why did I ever on those blossoms trample  
That God vouchsafed to strew within my way?  
All, all around were others whose example  
Might have sufficed my mounting step to stay.  
Why did I lift my sight to that proud portal  
Which, e'en if gained, can still no peace impart?  
Why did I try to win a name immortal,  
And falsely scorn the true joy of the heart?

That joy, affection — kindly sent by HEAVEN,  
Peace to the sorrowing, to the wounded balm,  
Star of the troubled — surely it is given  
To smooth life's billows into golden calm.



Peace to the sorrowing art thou to me, dearest !  
 Balm to the wounded, in my long, long strife !  
 Star of the troubled ! love, when thou appearest,  
 Sink into sleep the wild waves of my life. .

In thy soft eyes are beams more bright than glory's ;  
 Joy the world gives not is upon thy breast ;  
 Thy presence sheds a glow more rich than story's,  
 Though on my name should light for ever rest.  
 Off with ambition ! off with vain ambition !  
 Here, my heart's darling ! here true pleasure lies :  
 Far happier he content with his condition,  
 Love on the earth, and hope beyond the skies.

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T R A N S C R I P T S

FROM THE DOCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF.

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BY FREDERICK L. VOLTE.

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G E N E R A L J A I L - D E L I V E R Y .

Most of my readers learned in the law in Gotham will doubtless remember the advent among them of a young man who called himself Justin Tinker, and who for a short time figured as Counsellor-at-Law, Solicitor-in-Chancery, and Proctor-in-Admiralty. At least, so his shingle indicated. Now whether Justin ever had a case before I became acquainted with him was exceeding problematical. I know that he was always very busy ; that is to say, he seemed so. He was dodging constantly in and out of the courts ; looking anxiously at the court-calendars ; always carrying in his hand a huge bundle of papers done up in law-form, if not in form of law ; and he appeared to be constantly on the look-out, not only for his cases in expectancy, (for cases in reality I suspect he had none,) but for the cases he would subject his clients to, when he got any : gone cases they would undoubtedly be, if they should be so unfortunate as to get into his shop. Chisel and gouge were the principal tools with which he wrought. Perhaps I have drawn too largely on fancy to connect such instruments or tools with a lawyer's office, but shop is the word for Justin's locale, and chisel and gouge are the tools of a carpenter — Tinker I ought to have said. A soldering-iron, solder, rosin, and charcoal, are, I believe, the necessary constituents of a tinker's profession. He used all these, figuratively speaking, in the prosecution of his attempts at practice ; but gouge and chisel came more natural to him, and when he got 'cases' he used these tools unsparingly ; and hence I hope I may be pardoned for the lapsus linguae in using Carpenter instead of Tinker, for he literally boxed or made cases of his clients.

I cannot speak knowingly of the motive that impelled Justin's parents to give him the name he bore : whether it was in expectation of his being

'learned in the law,' or skilled in the nice distinctions of judgment to discriminate between 'strophes and anti-strophes,' is left only to conjecture. Justin might have been an appropriate name for him. Perhaps his father had a perspective view of the figure which stands on the cupola of the City-Hall, holding a balance, and likened his son ere he was 'called' to as prospective a position in the affairs of this world. But Justice is a feminine—our hero of the masculine gender; and Justice would n't do. What next? Justin came near enough to Justice, and Justin answered exactly—Just in—and Just in was the name.

My acquaintance with Tinker commenced with his first case—his virgin commission; and indeed, I might also say it was my virgin attempt to serve a writ. I had been vested with the power to 'comprehend vagrom men' but a short time when Justin issued his first writ, a *capias* in trover, damages laid at three hundred dollars, against Christian Aningsen, a Swedish sailor, at the suit of Julius Hofer, a Swiss apotheker and *Deutsche arzt*. Of course, the action being in trover, there was no necessity for an application to a judge for an order to hold to bail—the statutes made it peremptory for the Sheriff to hold to bail; and hence Justin had my simplicity at the end of his pen, when he laid the action in trover: I could do naught else than to obey my writ, and arrest the defendant; he knew it, as every tyro in the law did.

Well, I proceeded to the corner of Market and Monroe-streets, the house at which Aningsen boarded, and was lucky enough to find him at my first call; and when I communicated my business with him, he affected surprise, declared he had never 'converted or disposed' the property of any one to his own use, had never wronged a person in his life to his knowledge, and that there must be some mistake in the affair; and that if I persisted in the arrest, he would be damaged considerably, as he could not give the bail I required; and it would interfere with his arrangements sadly, as he had that morning engaged as second-mate of a Chinaman then almost ready for sea.

I answered him in as few words as I could, that if he could not give the bail required, he must go to prison, as that was the only alternative for those who in his situation were so unfortunate as not to be in circumstances of giving sureties, or had not the wherewithal of this world's goods to satisfy the cormorant demands of a rapacious plaintiff, or the gnawings of the appetite of a starving attorney.

To end the matter of Aningsen's case, I lodged him in jail; but how lodged he when he got there, this deponent saith not. I effected the lodgment, and he staid there in prison until by due course of law, upon a motion for his discharge, he was, by an order from the Court, released from custody and set at liberty.

I have often heard of the law's delays, and the tedious process to which one who indulges in the luxury of being a suitor is subjected, but in this matter Aningsen was very fortunate: the application for his discharge and his release from the jail was all effected within two days.

But, gracious me! I never dreamed of the many subterfuges some of the gentlemen learned in the law resort to for the purpose of showing exteriorly a good cause of action. Here was a matter which, upon reading the writ, exhibited a grave and serious aspect. Trover—conversion

or disposition of the property of another—a quasi criminal writ—not punishment sought for, to be inflicted or imposed upon the offending party, but damages—the value of the property converted or disposed—demanded from the party charged with the conversion.

I was curious enough to make inquiries as to the merits of the application for Aningsen's discharge from arrest upon a writ so summary in its operation as the process in question, and was startled, astonished, nay, astounded at the glaring audacity of Tinker in laying the cause of action in trover. It appeared from the affidavit of Aningsen, made in the motion to discharge him from arrest, that he, while at sea, in performing some duty, got one of his fingers badly hurt: the wound on the finger did not heal; and when the vessel came in port, he thought that with extra care and attention, and being relieved from heavy work, his finger would get all right. He doctored it himself for a little while, but there was no improvement; it appeared to be growing worse: in this dilemma the apothecary Julius Hofer, the plaintiff, from whom Aningsen procured his salves, plasters, et cetera, engaged to cure the stubborn wound within ten days for a stipulated sum of ten dollars; and in the event of his not effecting a complete cure within that time, he would not charge a penny for his care, trouble, medicine, lint, rags, salve, and plaster. Aningsen, deeming the engagement and the contract a good one, at once closed with the apothecary upon the terms, and submitted his finger to the magical (for so he looked upon him) wonder. Aningsen, however, reasoned with himself thus: that there might be humbug in Hofer's pretensions, yet he would have the advantage; for if the finger was made all right in the ten days, he would gladly pay the sum demanded; but if the cure was not made within the time, then, as no money was paid by him, he could not be the loser. Hofer dressed and attended the wound for four or five days, and the finger appeared to get worse; and though laboring under excruciating pain, Aningsen permitted him to attend to it until the ten days had elapsed and passed, and then, like a sensible man, (although bitten severely,) he consulted a surgeon of character, who amputated the digit, that being the only speedy, sure, and effective cure.

This then was the whole case of trover. And when Justin Tinker, Esq., who had been served with the papers on the motion for discharge, was asked by the Judge 'if he had any counter-affidavits to introduce,' replied that he could not controvert, and he supposed he would have to content himself with such disposition of the motion as his Honor thought proper.

Alas! poor Tinker: a sad ending, doubtless, to the blissful vision your imagination had conjured: heaps of money from the poor sailor arrested but three days prior to his going to sea. Your grasping desire for a first case was near to making a case of you. But for the kindness of heart of your antagonist, you would have been thrown clean over the bar.

For this defeat, Tinker always charged me with being the cause. 'If,' said he, 'you had brought the sailor to my office before you had thought of taking him to jail, I should have got a settlement out of him. But never mind,' continued he, addressing me threateningly, and in a passionate manner; 'I'll fix *you*, depend on it—see if I don't. I a'n't a

going to be bamboozled, humbugged, and exposed by any one. So look out for yourself. Within an ace of being tossed — thrown — and, dear me, not to know where I would have landed,' continued he, apostrophizingly, 'clean over! Look out!' and with his finger shaking, threatening all manner of infernal devices, he left me.

'Much obliged to you for the warning,' thought I. 'Almost over' — look out for being clean over' — or shut up, my valiant '*slicer*.' 'Fix me' — ha! ha! ha!' and I thought it was a rich event in my life, when it was my good or evil fortune to be acquainted with Justin Tinker, Esq., Counsellor-at-Law, Solicitor-in-Chancery, and Proctor-in-Admiralty, etc., etc.

Tinker for a while seemed lost to the Sheriff's office. He had either shunned it altogether, or had modestly retired from the practice of the law, seeing, as he had so little success in his first case, that there was but trifling encouragement to one who had commenced so sharp, and who had been dealt with so bluntly.

My thoughts as to his absence from the Sheriff's office were speculative only. Tinker would not retire from a field where so many honors were to be won — a profession wherein he had indulged the hope of attaining its utmost height and enjoying its proudest honors. His was a spirit not to be dashed by such petty failures as the one just recited. No, no; boldly he continued his practice; but he was exceeding careful that the rough edges were concealed, and thus he avoided for a time the closest scrutiny of some of the cunning heads of the law.

I said that Justin *seemed* lost to the Sheriff's office; the *seemed* appeared a reality. For, as fate decreed, his speculations in the law were brought to a stand-still very suddenly. He and a client of his named Barnabas Steevy were sued in an action of trespass de bonis asportatis, for carrying away the goods belonging to a 'credulous country-gentleman' who hither came to dispose of his produce, consisting of pork, butter, and lard.

The writ against Justin Tinker, Esq., and his client, Mr. Barnabas Steevy, was duly issued and placed in my hands for service, and an order endorsed thereon to hold the defendants to bail, each in the sum of four hundred dollars. 'Ah, ha!' exclaimed I; 'caught at last, are you, Mr. Tinker? We'll see now whether you'll fix me, or I'll fix you. You bade me 'look out,' and I'm going to do it, and for you too; and I'll engage I will be successful — that is, if there be any keenness in my vision.'

But I little dreamed of the great difficulty I had to encounter in the search for this limb of the law. My writ was issued in an action commenced in the Supreme Court, and was returnable on the first Monday of May then next, allowing me about three months to effect an arrest. I found that I could with scarcely any trouble take Steevy, but my chief hope was to take Tinker, and to accomplish that, I was obliged to be very careful lest he should gain information of my desire.

Neither Tinker nor Steevy had the least suspicion that there was a writ against them in my hands. Steevy was an old customer of mine, he being an old patron to my office, and I saw him almost daily, and could take him easily and without the least trouble; but I wanted to take

Tinker first, and then all would be right; not so I thought, if Steevy was the first prisoner. I looked and sought for Tinker in vain. He was not at his office or shop; and then, when I called again, his office or shop was not where it was. First he was *non est*, and second and last, his office was no where. He was always '*just out*,' and never '*just in*.' I thought perhaps I might find him or meet with him in the street, as he was reduced to the condition of having no local habitation, but I was doomed to disappointment.

I found that after the expiration of two months or so from the time I received the writ, and Tinker not arrested, that I would have to change my tactics; and I came to the conclusion to make a bold stroke, which I immediately put into operation — and that was to arrest Steevy when I saw him in the street, without having the capias about me. This opportunity occurred very shortly afterward, when, meeting him, I accosted him and told him I wanted very particular and good bail for four hundred dollars.

'Bail for four hundred?' said he very coolly.

'Ay, bail for four hundred.'

'Where's the writ, Sheriff?'

'At the office,' I answered.

'Go with me to my attorney, will you?' asked he.

'Who is your attorney?' I inquired, affecting ignorance.

'Tinker, Justin Tinker; you know him very well, Sheriff — good! first-rate, a'n't he? Let me go for him; you a'n't afraid of my running away? I will come straight to the office with him.'

'No, Steevy,' I answered; 'here's my assistant, who will take a note to him if you desire it, but I can't permit *you* to go for him. And now, upon second-thought,' continued I, 'there must be something wrong; you say that Tinker is your attorney. Why, he has n't been in the city for some time, has he? If he is in the city, I have not seen him. You must be mistaken: there's doubt and mystery about this whole affair, which I do n't like, and I think I'll have to put you up.'

'Oh, do n't do that,' cried he imploringly. 'I know he is in town; I saw him yesterday, and am to meet him to-day, this very morning, at the Second Ward Hotel, at twelve o'clock; and if you feel disposed to wait with me till that hour, we will go there in company. Oh! do this for me,' cried he beseechingly; 'let me advise with him, and for Heaven's sake do n't put me up!'

'Well, well, Steevy, I'll accommodate you,' said I carelessly, 'and do as you request. But are you sure Tinker will be there as you say? Don't deceive me, for my time is somewhat valuable this morning. Yet I can give a half hour or so to you, upon the certainty of your meeting with your counsel.'

'I am sure — positive he'll be there. I have very particular business with him, and I know he will not fail.'

'If that be so,' said I, 'I'll go with you at once.' I proceeded with my gudgeon, and with him entered the hotel where the meeting between them was to take place; but I had a lingering doubt that Justin Tinker would not come. We waited for a half hour or so, and I kept Steevy with me during the time so close, that he felt very much like to the con-

dition of a large bait on a hook in the hand of a practised angler, thrown after a forty-pound bass—now here, now reeled up, and then thrown there.

‘Drink, Sheriff?’ said he to me, walking up to the bar and inviting me to partake of liquor with him.

‘No, I never do,’ replied I.

‘Take a segar then,’ continued he.

‘I do occasionally, and will smoke *now*, seeing you are so anxious that I should join you in some refreshment.’

The clock struck twelve, and my eye turned to the entrance-door of the hotel. The last stroke of the hour told upon time, and its sound, filling the ear and mind for an instant, then mingled with the noises of a busy world outside, and died away for ever. The door opened, and Tinker entered; he gazed anxiously around until his eyes met the form of his friend and client, and approaching him, inquired of him the cause of my being there.

Steevy informed him of his arrest, and of his not having seen the writ, and his ignorance at whose suit he was arrested, and upon what cause of action he was held. I expected a blast, and was not disappointed.

‘Do you presume,’ bullied forth he, addressing me, ‘to arrest a gentleman without exhibiting your writ?’

‘Yes,’ I replied very coolly, ‘I presume to do a great many things, but not without warrant. I presume in this case not only to arrest one gentleman, but two; and you, Mr. Tinker, are the second one. I am not compelled to show my writ in cases of arrest, and I beg to inform you that, after a vain and fruitless search of two months or so for a sight at your face, I shall now have the extreme felicity of putting you in a place where I can find you whenever I want to see you. You promised to ‘fix me,’ but I am inclined to the opinion that you are the party ‘in a fix.’’

He stormed and swore and threatened, but it was of no avail; he saw it, felt it, and turning to Steevy, said, ‘See here: it’s unavailable to try to get bail for me; look out for yourself; this man,’ pointing to me, ‘is obdurate as against me. I am, as he says, *fixed*, and will have to take up lodgings at the expense of the county; so take care of yourself, Steevy. For a long time,’ continued he, lugubriously, ‘I have avoided this arrest, and little did I dream that from this day I would be at the county’s charge; but so it is: and as I am a quiet, order-loving citizen, I yield to the power of the law, and submit myself a prisoner-of-state.’

I escorted the twain to my office, and lodging Steevy in the custody of a keeper till I had deposited the learned and honest counsellor in the jail, to which his sharp practices entitled him to the enjoyment of a preemptive right, as its rightful tenant, I soon rejoined Steevy, who was overjoyed at the escape he made from being visited in prison. He gave satisfactory bail, and he left me rejoicing in the liberty vouchsafed to him for the present, and at the reversal in practice of the old fable that a good dog may be curtailed of his liberty if he is found in bad company.

Tinker became a county charge, but he did not remain long in that condition. His ingenuity was all alive; and what to me seemed a punishment and was so intended, was by his rare genius and active mind



turned into a matter of great pecuniary concern to him. He was at once, almost as soon as his induction to the jail, and as soon as his profession was known to the other prisoners, made and elected their advocate-general. Outside, his clients were few; inside, his clients were a dozen; and the system of plunder which he intended to put in practice upon this squad, filled his imagination with bright visions of a pocket-full of gold. He was not chargeable with the rent of an office while here; and why could he not—as he had clients at his call, and having the entire sweep of the corridor or hall of the jail, and a constant commerce with those who were there, and those who were daily taken there—open his office in the establishment? His dreams of success were realized. He was in full blast. His aim was first to possess himself of all the money the prisoners had. This accomplished, he had very little trouble thereafter to get them discharged either under the ‘State Insolvent Law,’ or what is commonly called the ‘fourteen-day act.’ By this proceeding he lost clients; still, he lost them only when they were not worth keeping. But the supply was kept up for a long time, and Tinker enjoyed the rare monopoly of a bevy of well-lined customers, which, like fine fish, were caught in his net only to be yielded up when they were completely scaled, or when the scales fell from their eyes. He had pursued this system for about a month or so, when a complaint against his operations was made by some ‘outside barbarian’ lawyers, that he was interfering with their chances of trade, and a representation made to me that his arrangements should be stopped by me. My answer to this was, that, ‘True, I was his custodian, yet I could not stay his proceedings. I could not discharge him, and for that happy event they must ‘wait a little longer.’’

Amid the complaints—general as they appeared to me—against Tinker, made from time to time, was one from the jailer that ‘Tinker was raising the Devil among the prisoners; that before his appearance among them they could be kept in order; but now every thing went topsy-turvy, and he couldn’t have any peace: all his orders were disobeyed, and he laughed at; and he could n’t stand it, and he would n’t; and for his security of peace and quiet, he told the prisoners he would be obliged to lock them up in separate cells. And what do you think, Mr. Sheriff, was Tinker’s reply to this? Why, he told me—yes, he told me that that was just the thing he wanted; he wanted a little rest, and wished quietness for a day or two, and he bade me do as I threatened.’

‘Incorrigible rascal!’ said I.

‘But I didn’t do it, because that would be punishing them for his acts.’

‘Why do n’t you lock him up then, instead?’ I inquired.

‘I threatened to do that,’ he answered, ‘and the prisoners remonstrated, and said I was denying them the benefit of counsel.’

‘You are in a bad strait,’ said I; ‘but I suppose you will have to wait for relief from some other hand than mine. How long has this fellow been in jail?’

‘Nine months, Sir.’

‘There ought to be a ‘jail-delivery’ very soon, then,’ I observed. ‘Be patient, Mr. Thorne,’ I continued, addressing that worthy; ‘time works



wonders; and I hope, for your sake as well as mine, that we will be rid of him very shortly.'

I was not mistaken in my conjecture that Tinker would be released from custody. The attorney in the suit in which he was arrested, finding that all his hopes failed of getting a settlement with him, and being pressed in connection therewith by the many prayers of some of his younger brother lawyers to release Justin, he consented to an order for his discharge from prison. Mr. Thorne, the jailer, waited upon me immediately after he had received the order directing the discharge, and with a sad and sorrowful look, misery depicted in his countenance, said, addressing me, 'It's no use: he won't go.'

'What's of no use? Who won't go?' I asked.

'Tinker won't go out, Sir. He says that he never did so well: he has a nice office, comfortable quarters, plenty of clients, a growing and constantly-accumulating business, a new client every day or so, and he won't go out, and he won't leave the jail.'

This was a new feature, thought I. 'He will not leave, eh? is that so, Mr. Thorne?'

'It is, Sir,' said he dolefully.

'Well, we'll see,' said I, a little pettishly perhaps; and I thought it was a rare thing indeed, if a sheriff could not exercise absolute dominion over the county-jail; and with this opinion I determined to proceed to the jail and exorcise this fiend from my domain forthwith, notwithstanding his avowed determination not to be ousted. I arrived at the prison, and, accompanied by the jailer and the turnkey, looked around among the prisoners for Tinker. I could not designate him among the lot, and I was obliged to call on the jailer to show him to me, which he did, but without whose assistance it would have been next to an impossibility. I had not seen Justin since the day 'I put him up,' and he had during that time done so prosperous a business, he had waxed fat and become a very good-looking fellow. His complexion, by reason of his long confinement, had become clear; he had allowed his beard, whiskers, and moustaches to grow, and altogether I was astonished at his good appearance. No wonder I did not recognize him at first. 'Tinker,' said I, calling to him, 'you are discharged from custody, and you must take your leave at once. I understand from the jailer you refuse to go: is it so?'

'I do n't see why I should,' replied he, with vast assurance. 'I am very well contented here. I've had plenty of business since I have been an inmate of this establishment; I am never at a loss for clients, and why my business is sought to be broken up, I can't imagine. If you eject me, it shall be a forcible ejectment, and then I will,' continued he, 'sue you in trespass, or trespass on the case.'

'Case!' replied I; 'still at case-making, eh?'

'Case!' thundered he, 'yes, 'case'—I'll make a 'case' of you.'

'Come, none of your threats;' and I took him by the arm, aided by the jailer and the turnkey, and showed him the outside of the jail.

His trespass on the 'case' and forcible ejectment against me never eventuated. I have not seen him for years; but it was the first and only event of the kind in my experience that a man once in jail desired to be kept in. But to him a reasonable, ay, a very reasonable conclusion ex-

hibited itself, inasmuch as he fared better 'just in' than 'just out.' I have always congratulated myself in having contributed to the disappearance of Justin Tinker, Esq.; being satisfied in a double enjoyment—one in having rid the profession of a nuisance in the way of mal-practice, and the other (of more consequence) in having rendered a service to those who follow after me, and who, like myself, may be engaged in the public service.

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R H A P S O D Y .

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AN ATTEMPT AT A NEW METRE.

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Boughs of the willow-tree o'er me are bending and swaying;  
 Waves of the river beneath me are sporting and playing;  
 Waves of the stream in the darkness are dipping and dancing;  
 Waves of the stream in the moon-light are gleaming and glancing,  
 Striking the stones at my feet with a silvery ringing,  
 Tuning their voices to chime with the crickets' shrill singing:  
 Washing and splashing, they dart down the river's dark edges,  
 Dashing and flashing, now in and now out of the sedges.  
 Shadows of night, by the moon-beams brought into being,  
 O'er the green-sward beside me are flitting and fleeing;  
 Slowly at times through the darkness are silently stealing,  
 Wildly again to the river-side rapidly reeling.  
 Breezes of night, in the boughs of the willow-tree blowing,  
 Solemnly, sweetly, not sadly, are sighing and southing.  
 Sentinel-stars from behind the barrier-hills are creeping;  
 Over them all her watch the pale moon is keeping,  
 Ruling the tides of the ocean, their ebbing and flowing —  
 Ruling the tides of my bosom, their coming and going.

Bright is your glance in the moon-light, O clear-running water!  
 Brighter the smile of my MARY, the miller's fair daughter.  
 Flashing so fastly, your waves to the moon-beams are leaping;  
 Quicker the change o'er her cheek, as she dreams in her sleeping.  
 Liquidly roll they, as lightly as steps of a fairy;  
 Like, but more liquid, the sweet summer laugh of my MARY.  
 Deeply your waters, O Spring! through the green turf are welling,  
 Clearly and deep in their bed of bright pebbles are swelling:  
 Eye of the earth art thou, 'neath the black brows of the billow;  
 Deeper the eye of my love, as she dreams on her pillow.  
 Dark are the rushes which hang where your still water creepeth;  
 Darker the lashes which lie on her cheek as she sleepeth.  
 Soft, O ye winds! in the ear of Night is your sighing;  
 Sweet are the voices of Night, to your whispers replying:  
 Softer and sweeter the voice of my MARY, and dearer —  
 Softest and sweetest when I am the only hearer.

Moon-light, and star-light, and night-wind, and clear-running water —  
 Fairer than all is my MARY, the miller's young daughter!

## T H E L O T O S - E A T E R S .

CALM is the life of the mystic band  
In the golden realms of their fairy-land;  
Slowly they move in their spirit trance,  
And strange is the gleam of their bright eyes' glance;  
    Silent, impassive, they glide by slow,  
    With step as soft as the falling snow.  
Soft gleams the sun through the misty air,  
And calm he sinks at the close of day;  
Sweet is the touch of the breezes fair,  
And gentle is the change of the night's decay.

Peaceful gleams the lotos-land,  
Where the white sea-surf beats the dark sea-sand;  
Where the liquid waters murmur low,  
Winding o'er pebbly beds below.  
There blooms in the sunshine clear and calm,  
The magic bud of the lotos-palm,  
Whose rustlings sigh to the sad wind's ears  
The tale of its life through its changing years;  
    Never ceasing, ever sighing,  
    In its own sad music dying.

Faintly sound in the haunted air  
The notes of the wood-sprites' earnest prayer;  
Sweet they sing in a fairy-voice,  
    While the sighing breeze,  
    And the bending trees,  
And the gently-flowing streams rejoice.

'Come,' they sing, 'to our dreamless home,  
Where the bright-eyed lotos-eaters roam;  
    Here glide the waters slow  
    From their native hills of snow;  
And they mimic the roaring waves of ocean,  
As they gurgling wind with a wavy motion.  
Richest here are the lotos-palms,  
And darkest the shade of their out-stretched arms.  
    Come and taste of the lotos-palm;  
    Come and taste of the spirit's calm,  
    That soothes to rest each weary heart,  
    And bids the shadows of grief depart.  
Sweet is the bliss of the dream-led band;  
Sweet are the joys of our favored land:  
    Human passions are not here,  
    Love nor hate, nor hope nor fear.'

Sweet is the lotos-eater's life,  
Though far he be from his home and wife.  
He himself has cut all the ties that bound him;  
He is dead to those who were once around him;  
And if the surges of memory roll  
Through the Lethæan tides that sweep his soul,  
He lives and walks in a trance-like sleep,  
And he hears strange voices call from the deep;  
And he feels sad thoughts neath the mourning trees;  
And he hears strange words in the sighing breeze.

Soft and unformed are the tales they tell,  
Like the murmured notes of the sad sea-shell,  
Which ever sighs for its ocean-caves,  
And the mellow roar of its ocean's waves.

If again he sees his boyhood's home,  
Though far away o'er the ocean-foam,  
He looks, with a calm and passionless dread,  
On the resting-place of his kindred dead:  
He marks once more each once-loved spot,  
And wonders half at his altered lot.  
But naught can quicken the rose when dead,  
Or touch the life whose soul has fled:  
So the aimless sport of the billowy sea  
Shall the lotos-eater's emblem be.

Evermore, evermore,  
By that silent, haunted shore,  
Shall the lotos-eater stand  
By the surf-besprinkled strand.  
Smoothly his life shall glide along,  
Like the wondrous strains of a fairy-song:  
Human words are left behind,  
And he heeds but the words of the changing wind.  
As he views the sun set bright in the west,  
Then, ere he turns to his wonted rest,  
Softly he sings through the darkening air,  
'The other lands of earth are fair;  
But evermore  
Will we dwell on the lotos-shore.'

CREDIA.

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D A N I E L W E B S T E R .

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BY HON. THOMAS J. PATTERSON

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Of all the nations, what one can claim so exalted a birth as our own? What a ray of pure celestial light is shed around its origin, seeming the reflection of that which shone on the plains of Bethlehem! Where the prophetic vision, the spirit of self-denial, the patient endurance, the far-reaching intelligence, the lofty patriotism and unbending virtue, to equal that exhibited first by the Pilgrims, then by our Revolutionary fathers, who, when hope seemed deserting them and darkness gloomed upon their pathway, went forth undaunted upon their destined mission through a passage of fire? Calm, grand, and sublime, they trod the waters of earthly strife, full of that expansive faith which, if no other deliverance had reached them, would have opened out for them a passage through the Red Sea, across the wilderness, over Jordan to that inheritance of liberty that was given unto them to possess. Their bright example rose, an illumination of glory that will shine with increasing brilliancy through the accumulating dusk of ages, lighting up the dark places of the earth;

in view of which, and the fruits of its reflections, the down-trodden and oppressed of all nations through succeeding ages will take hope again. It rises, the serpent in the wilderness, high and lifted up, unto which the nation in its darkest hours has only to look, imitate, and live. England, our once cruel, exacting and oppressive, but now proud and doting mother, little thought, when driving the colonies to rebellion, that they would spring so soon, united, undaunted, and full-armed, to the fray; defying her giant power, striking off the chains which she had forged for them, and at the same time declaring themselves for ever free: presenting a spectacle of heroism and moral grandeur in the fiery trials through which they passed, destined in its influence to confer inestimable blessings, that shall tell for good on the nation's as well as the world's great future, rather than part with which, the true descendants and kindred spirits of this and every other generation of that heroic race would encounter the perils of a hundred Revolutions.

Of all the distinguished actors in that great drama—an immortal ancestry of which we may well be proud—not one remains. Each, at the appointed time when their labors of patriotism were over, full of years and honors, 'rested from their labors, and their works do follow them.' They are now numbered with the mighty dead. And those too who inherited their fallen mantle, 'joined the innumerable caravan that moved to the pale realm of shade.' Of the most distinguished of their immediate descendants, that knew them best, and comprehended their great actions, and that have done most to present to our view the fiery trials through which they passed, drawing aside the curtain and unveiling them to us in the freshness of life, that we might see them in their robes of immortal dignity, and 'know them as they were known,' not one remains. But yesterday the most gifted and the mightiest of that consecrated band passed beyond the boundaries of time.

DANIEL WEBSTER, a child of the Revolution, the great statesman, the mighty instrument in forming and defending the institutions of the American Republic; possessing a comprehensive mind and grasp of intellect that has no parallel among the present generation of men, is no more. In his death the country has met with an irreparable loss. He had passed through the golden age of the Republic, and was the intellectual glory of it. No man, living or dead, was ever a more perfect master of the English language. He occupied the same position in the world of prose as Shakspeare in that of poetry. His greatest intellectual triumphs were obtained in the forum and on the arena of senatorial debate. His orations at Plymouth Rock, laying the corner-stone of Bunker-Hill Monument, and his eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, have never been surpassed. In the late Greek Revolution, the thunders of his eloquence, with that of his great compatriot, Clay, shot in trumpet-tones across the broad and deep Atlantic, seeming that of Demosthenes, awakened and invigorated from the slumber of ages: at its echoings the spirit of Leonidas revived, and those down-trodden children of oppression sprung full-armed to the fray, wrapping Morea's hills once again in fire. When the dark cloud of nullification hung over the land, with its thunders, its lightnings and tempest, lashing the angry billows into fury, with a sovereign State in arms, threatening a disruption of the Union, in view of which stout hearts fal-

tered and strong arms trembled, Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay, as if commissioned from on high to guard the Union, mounted the whirlwind and controlled the storm; saying to the angry tempest, 'Peace, be still!' sending the States once more, under a common convoy, down the stream of time, upon untroubled waters, bearing aloft and waving gallantly in every wind under heaven, the ensigns of the Republic, the star-spangled banner, with no star extinguished, nor a single stripe effaced. More recently, the agitation of the slavery-question, awakening the jealousy of the South, was rocking the Union to such a degree that patriotic and intelligent minds regarded its stability again in danger; when Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay, the two great champions of liberty, believing that upon the preservation of the Constitution and the perpetuity of the Union depended the realization of all our fond hopes; that they were the tree of life whose extended branches bore the only fruit capable of perpetuating freedom, healing and enfranchising the nations; guarded it with their eloquence as with a two-edged sword that cleaved the four winds of heaven, standing as firm as the everlasting mountains in its defence, whose adamant foundations meet and roll back the advancing waves. But Mr. Webster's impromptu reply to Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, in the great debate upon the Foote Resolutions in the winter of 1830, in the American Senate, which involved the principles of nullification, exhibited more than any single effort the majesty of his mighty, comprehensive, and resistless powers of mind. Mr. Hayne, the great Carolinian had made a masterly, and what was regarded an unanswerable speech of great power and eloquence, assailing Massachusetts, New-England, the North, and Northern patriotism, occupying near two days, and which closed the session of the Senate on the last day he spoke. Who was to answer the great Senator? Northern patriotism had been assailed by a mighty hand, and Northern pride and honor wounded in a tender spot. Who was to defend it? It was openly declared that no one was equal to the task. Mr. Webster was observed, when Mr. Hayne was speaking, taking notes, (he had been called upon by Northern members to reply to Mr. Hayne in the same debate a few days previous, and had done so,) and all eyes were turned to him as the champion of the North. He was engaged at the same time in arguing an important case before the Supreme Court, and found it difficult to remain in the Senate while Mr. Hayne was speaking. A single night only was left him to prepare for reply, through which he says he slept soundly. The Senate convened the next day; the surrounding galleries, the stair-ways, and every passage, nook, and corner, was filled to overflowing. Much of the beauty and intellect of the land was there. Officers of the Navy and Army in uniform, Foreign Ambassadors, Members of the other House, (which was nearly deserted,) venerable matrons, and ladies with rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, gorgeous robes, nodding plumes and gay bonnets, adorned the galleries and mingled on the floor with grave Senators, imparting elegance and beauty to the scene. Mr. Webster rose in his place in the midst of the imposing scene; and surrounded by that brilliant throng, with every eye gazing upon him, he commenced a reply in a low and subdued tone, which appeared like the muttering of distant thunder. The eloquent exordium fixed the attention of every one. As he proceeded, he warmed



with his subject ; his form dilated ; his gestures were majestic, adding double force to every sentence. When, in reply to Mr. Hayne, who, in reference to the defeat of Mr. Adams, and his connection with Mr. Clay, asked if it was the 'ghost of the coalition, the murdered coalition, which, like Banquo's, rose and haunted him ;' he gave the correct reading of Shakspeare, and said the allusion was unworthy of the Senator ; no man of common information believed a syllable of the charge ; that it had no application in this case ; 'that it was not the friends, but the enemies of Banquo, at whose bidding the spirit would not down.' 'It was at those who began with caresses and ended with foul and treacherous murder, that the gory locks were shaken.' Even-handed justice commended the poisoned chalice to their lips. He became excited ; his countenance brightened ; a ray of intellectual light played around it ; his eyes flashed fire. The audience caught the inspiration, and every nerve was strung to the utmost tension. The stillness of death prevailed in the Senate-chamber, broken only by those gasping for breath at the close of some of his magnificent and thrilling sentences, which fell with the force of deep-mouthed thunder upon the astonished ear — sometimes in a vein of sarcasm as cutting as a two-edged sword, then in a train of argument that was convincing, uttered in the loftiest strain of eloquence, carrying with it the painful reflection that there was death to his adversary in every blow. When, in a manner more subdued, with his bosom still heaving as if inspired with intense thought, he appeared the image of stern majesty, with his eyes rolling back in their sockets, as if surveying with his mental vision the whole field of knowledge, from whence he drew arguments which fell at first from his lips like the low murmuring of distant, troubled waters, swelling in volume as he proceeded, like the majestic gathering roar of the advancing flood ; with his noble form rising and bending forward, his eyes fixed and flashing fire as he gazed intensely upon his adversary ; with his arm uplifted as if grasping every argument, then hurling them with the force of a thunderbolt against, and subverting with them every position assumed by Mr. Hayne. It was a war of the giants, where mind grapples with mind in the noblest of all conflicts, the intellectual fight. Every step seemed the tread of an elephant. Mr. Hayne had spread a drag-net over the land, gathering false accusations against the North in 'musty pamphlets, abolition lectures,' and every form of scurrility, which were scattered to the wind in the light of truthful history. When Mr. Webster spoke of the sacrifices, the devotion, the patriotism, and mutual confidence existing between Massachusetts and Carolina, when, side by side in the struggle for independence, Washington rested his great arm upon them, and took counsel from them ; lamenting that petty jealousies and local prejudices should mar that good understanding, he said of Carolina, 'I claim part of the honor ; I partake in the pride of her great names ; I claim them for countrymen, one and all : the Lawrences, the Rutledges, the Pinkneys, the Sumpters and Marions — Americans all, whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines than their talents and patriotism are capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.' 'In their day and generation they served and honored the country, the whole country.' Sooner than detract one iota from their just renown, he would rather his



arm should fall palsied at his side, and his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth. 'I shall enter,' he said, 'upon no encomium upon Massachusetts. There she is : she needs none. There she is : behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history : the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker-Hill, and there they will remain for ever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingling with the soil of every State from Maine to Georgia, and there they will remain for ever. And, Sir, where American liberty first raised its voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it ; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at it ; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand in the end beside the cradle in which its infancy was rocked ; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gathered around it ; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amid the proudest monuments of its own glory, on the very spot of its origin.' At the revelation of this sublime conception, patriot bosoms rose and fell, and strong men wept like children.

Every argument of Mr. Hayne was made to roll back upon him with all the resistless force of a numerous, badly-defeated, and frightened advance-guard, upon the main body of the army. Every out-work had fallen before an intellectual battery more potent than the eloquence of Demosthenes, which Philip of Macedon declared more powerful than machines of war and battering-rams, that he with the united armies of Greece could not resist. And the American Hercules advanced upon the lofty and well-proportioned temple reared with care by Mr. Hayne, and with the arm of a Samson hurled its ponderous pillars from their firm foundation, and they fell promiscuously around him, bringing down the mighty fabric which cost years of toil to rear, and which crumbled, like the walls of Jericho, with a crash, burying beneath the ruins the ideal creations of the noble architect :

'THE engineer that places the last stone in his sea-built tower,  
That cost him years and years of toil to rear ;  
Smiling upon it, bade the winds and the waves to roar and whistle now —  
So in a night beheld the tempest sporting in its place' —

stood aghast, as Mr. Hayne and his friends did at the entire overthrow of their cherished theory.

The victory was perfect. At the close of the magnificent peroration, those who had been enchained for hours by an eloquence as resistless as the voice of blood, were still held spell-bound, as if in rapt contemplation of some heavenly vision, with tearful eyes, and bosoms heaving with the inspirations of patriotic joy. The North was triumphantly vindicated. No victor at the head of his vanquishing legions had ever achieved a more signal triumph. The glad tidings spread on the wings of the wind, thrilling and electrifying the nation, and Mr. Webster stood before the world in a crown of intellectual glory. Those who have not read that speech, should do so. They will find passages in it that will inspire them with a thrill of intellectual and patriotic joy. As a specimen

of unpremeditated senatorial eloquence, exhibiting great and comprehensive powers of mind, that seem god-like, it has no equal.

Mr. Webster bore about him the stamp of an intellectual king. Wherever he went, he was regarded the first among men. The writer met him a few years since in London, where, in the Senate-chamber and among the first intellects of the world, he was the most noticed and marked man. No American has ever met with a more flattering reception there. Sir Robert Peel, Lord Brougham, Lord Melbourne, the then Prime-Minister, and all the most distinguished nobility, paid him marked attention. He spent several days at Kensington-palace, with the Duke of Sussex, the Queen's uncle, and one of the most gifted of the brothers of George the Fourth. Every moment was occupied; even his morning-hours were devoted to private festivity. He was every where a welcome and invited guest. On different occasions, when calling upon him at ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, I found him going out to breakfast with some distinguished Englishman. His fame had preceded him. The London populace understood and appreciated his greatness. The beauties of Daniel Webster were every where placarded in the shop-windows. Such was his presence, commanding person, and large head, with its extraordinary developments, that in passing through the streets he commanded marked attention; even the street-laborers regarded him with wonder and admiration.

Intellectually great; great and distinguished in all the high positions he filled; endowing and imparting additional lustre without ostentation to the most exalted stations known among men, yet simple and child-like in his intercourse with them; never manifesting by his actions that he was any thing more than one of the humblest of them, the least of whom were placed as much at home and at ease with him as if in company of an equal, and sometimes unconscious of his superiority until, by the unaffected flashes of his intellect, they were made sensible of the brilliancy of his genius, of the fountain of knowledge welling up in him, overflowing and beautifying the arguments with which he unfolded with clearness the mysteries of every subject he undertook to grasp. Viewing the matter under consideration from a variety of points, as he analyzed it; fortifying his positions by a chain of argument that was resistless; presenting new views, true to nature, expressed in language so simple, as he cleared up that which seemed obscure; causing you to wonder that you had not comprehended the subject before.

He had his faults: they were few compared with his many virtues, and are buried with him; while his exalted patriotism, his good deeds, and the reflection of his mighty intellect, will clothe his memory in perpetual green. No position, exaltation of intellect, nor earthly power could shield him from the great destroyer. Full of years, in the midst of his usefulness, with his armor on, and crowned with honors, he obeyed the call; 'approaching his end, soothed and sustained by an unfaltering trust, like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'

What a sublime reflection, that in the 'wreck of matter and crush of worlds,' the immortal mind survives! Man may, as he does, fall like the leaves of autumn. The tall oak, that has withstood the storms of a thou-

sand winters, falls to the earth and decays. The lofty temple that has reared its glittering dome on high for ages, crumbles. The volcano explodes the primitive foundations of the everlasting mountains, and they sink into annihilation. Cities and empires rise and fall. 'Earth may die ; its habitants may exclaim, Earth is passing away ; its requiem may ring around heaven's ramparts, stir the thornless rose in heaven's arbor, and shake the very drapery around the throne of God ;' 'but intellect survives ;' and Mr. Webster, with the millions of imperishable mind, exalted and in a new and nobler form, will yet witness from the observatory of Infinity the going out of the great light of nature, and read thy epitaph upon thy tomb-stone, that thou too hast fallen, O Death ! In the spirit of his own magnificent conception applied to Adams and Jefferson, his disembodied spirit has gone to join our WASHINGTON, and those other stars that revolve around their common centre in the clear upper sky ; where may he, with Demosthenes and Cicero, Chatham, Burke, and Pitt, and our own illustrious Adams, Patrick Henry, and Henry Clay, like the far-off evening-star, that brightens with the increasing darkness of the night, continue to shine brighter and brighter through the added dusk of each succeeding year, until time shall be no more ! And may this, and every other generation of this fair land, be permitted to walk the course of time in the fulness of their reflected light !

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A N N I E M A Y .

GONE from the hearts that love her  
Gone from her home away ;  
Gone in her childish beauty,  
Little ANNIE MAY.

Gone like the moon-light's glimmer  
From off the rippling stream ;  
Gone like the joyous pictures  
Of childhood's glowing dream.

Gone as the flowers of tearful spring  
Gone as the dew at morn ;  
Gone like the songs of summer-birds  
Fled as the stars at dawn.

But in a land of beauty,  
Of never-fading flowers,  
Where care and sorrow come not,  
(A holier clime than ours,)

She dwelleth now, and kneeleth  
Beside the throne of God,  
In praise to HIM who raiseth  
The spirit from the sod.

## T H E S T O R M Y P E T R E L .

i.

'Twas when in the morning  
 The rainbow gave warning  
 To the sailors that traversed the wild raging sea;  
 That the music was heard  
 Of this stormy bird  
 As she skimmed o'er the mountain-wave free.

ii.

'Twas a strange, wild thing,  
 With a motionless wing,  
 That touched neither ocean nor air as it flew;  
 But ever pursued,  
 With its phantom brood,  
 The white-winged ship and its dauntless crew.

iii.

I had watched her flight  
 At the noon of night,  
 And wept for this bird of the tireless wing,  
 That hath no rest  
 On the heaving breast  
 Of the sea, with its ceaseless swing!

iv.

And she hath no home  
 But the snow-white foam,  
 This wanderer out on the wild, deep sea,  
 Where her chosen nest  
 Is the billow's crest,  
 When the storm pipes loud in his ocean glee!

v.

It is said of this bird  
 That her wailing is heard  
 When the mariner sinks to his final rest;  
 And she glides away  
 O'er the darkling spray  
 When the sun goes down in the far bleak west

vi.

That her wings are kissed  
 By the morning mist,  
 When the sun comes up from his ocean stream,  
 And she bathes anew  
 In the bright foam-lew,  
 When the day dissolves with his parting beam:

vii.

That there is no rest  
 On the ocean's breast  
 For this storm-loved bird of the wailing night,  
 That o'er the sea  
 Flies ceaselessly,  
 Like the parting wind in its pathless flight!

R. W. W.

## The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF  
THE FUDGE FAMILY

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

CHAPTER NINETEENTH

WASH. FUDGE AND FRIENDS.

'Tell me with whom you live, and I will tell you who you are.' SPANISH PROVERB

OUR good cousin WASHINGTON is not to be forgotten. We must go back to Paris to find him. He is luxuriating in the way that most very young Americans are apt to luxuriate in the gay capital. It is an odd truth, but confirmed by very much out-of-the-way observation of my own, that if you put a young New-Yorker in the road to the D—l, he will gallop there faster than any youngster of any nation upon the face of the globe. The old adage of the beggar on horse-back will occur to the erudite reader; yet it is not, as WASH. could say in *la belle-langue*, *apropos*: for a beggar is not often on horse-back; but a travelling New-York youngster is rarely pursuing his journey in any other direction than that which I have suggested.

Those elegant young gentlemen who introduce the fashions for shirt-collars, small pantaloons, charms, short canes, schottisch, or *matinées*, are not, in a general way, very robust of brain: the atmosphere of Paris is almost uniformly fatal to those who are not robust in that organ. The ladies must explain why it is that such feebleness in our city scions is becoming common. It is my opinion — whatever Mr. THEODORE PARKER or Miss ABBY FOLSOM may say — that ladies, young and old, are much more accountable for the intellectual and moral habits of our thriving boys, than they are for slavery, or a low tariff. Under the present hop-and-skip aspect of the town society, it is certain that strong-minded ladies content themselves with a side-view, and do *not* take an active part in the entertainment of such young gentlemen as my cousin WASH. FUDGE. The consequence is, that the young gentlemen alluded to grow up in the bosom of a large family of nimble and anxious young ladies, very similar in their qualifications to the ambitious WILHELMINA. It is needless to say that they riot here; and even maintain a preponderance in the social scale which it would seem rash to expect from them under any circumstances.

With such antecedents, I think it can easily be imagined how utterly weak such gentlemen prove when transferred to the society of those ladies *entreprenantes* of the Parisian ball-room, and to the courtesies of the masked fêtes. If even a strong man, of healthy, country energy, and practical mental development, has been known to yield, what could be hoped of a young gentleman reared above Bleeker-street, and a star at *matinées dansantes*?

Alas, for the good old Dutch days (I was young then) when a boy was nurtured by the good old Dutch mammas in some sort of manliness; when a little of the Spartan hardihood and good sense dwelt even in the blaze of wealth; and when the scions of the old stock were not wilted, as they are now-a-days, into shadowy vestiges of men, with no trace of the masculine character about them, except their names and their boots. Poor, weak young gentlemen; and my poor cousin WASHINGTON, my heart bleeds for you!

And so would his mother's, and even his papa's, the stout SOLOMON's, if he had known of his sad losses in the saloon of the pretty, but middle-aged Countess de GUERLIN. I do not know that it would have greatly mitigated the old gentleman's pity to have witnessed the ravishing tenderness which the GUERLIN did certainly show to the FUDGE heir. Nothing so touches the heart of a stranger in a foreign land as this tender kind of sympathy.

'Oh, *mon petit*,' said the charming countess, 'I like you so much! and that odious colonel, who has won your money, I detest him; *il est monstre!* But, my dear, it will turn better, I feel ver' sure. Cou-rage, VASHY!'

And the three thousand already mentioned are not all. Indeed, a sight-draft (which my uncle SOLOMON abominates) is on its way for double the amount. And the little suppers—charming affairs—are more and more frequent; and so are the drives in the pleasant Bois de Boulogne.

Once or twice it does occur even to the darkened mind of WASH. FUDGE, that it might possibly be better to forswear high society, live quietly, and observe a little more attentively what might be worth observing in so extended a tract of country as Europe. Once or twice, I say, this does occur, with a winning fancy of some definite object in life, more than looking on, or dancing, or losing money at '*écarté*;' but it is a shadowy fancy; the straggling remnant of some magazine suggestion, or fragment of a sermon; and has none of the vitality about it which belongs to the graceful speech of the GUERLIN.

Moreover, the mamma, Mrs. PHOEBE, riding in her claret coach, is she not spending years in just such conquest of brilliant connection as the hopeful WASHINGTON has leaped upon at a bound? Is not our lively boy dutifully pursuing the bent of his early impressions? And the advices in the occasional letters of the mamma do not offer any very firm stand-point for a new course of life. Therefore he slips on in his GUERLIN coupé, with very much the same quietude of conscience with which the stout woman, my Aunt PHOEBE, prosecutes her daily drives with the angelic WILHELMINA, amid the delightful scenery of human vanities.

But there are roughnesses even in the soft paths of life; and to anticipate them is almost a conquest. Mrs. FUDGE will find it so. WASH. FUDGE has found it so.

The draft for five thousand being on its way, WASH., charmed with the GUERLIN still, continues to lend the attraction of his presence to the *petit soupers* in the *Rue de Helder*. The old gentleman in the white moustache is unfailing; and the colonel, the monster, presumes also to be present, and to play unflinchingly at '*écarté*.' It is in strong evidence

of the disinterestedness of the countess, that she has never received from Mr. FUDGE the amount of her private earnings; she has, indeed, transferred a few of his souvenirs of indebtedness to the gentleman of the white moustache; but WASHINGTON feels bold and grateful; he playfully provokes, upon a certain evening, very large bettings with the countess, and loses. The delicious supper and the excitement of the evening drive the matter out of his mind. Indeed, it might have escaped him wholly, if the colonel had not called upon him a few days after, and urged, in his blindest manner, that he, WASH. FUDGE, should cancel that little debt to the countess.

WASHINGTON is surprised. He will call on madame.

'Pardon; Madame la Comtesse is engaged to-day.'

Mr. FUDGE cannot act in the matter without authority from the countess.

Mr. FUDGE may relieve himself of all anxiety, since Madame la Comtesse is the wife of his obedient servant, the Colonel DUPREZ.

The French are a polite people, as the colonel's manner abundantly proved. He even volunteered an explanation in reply to WASHINGTON's expression of distrust.

'I wish to say, Monsieur,' (and the colonel tweaks his moustache,) 'that my wife (*c'est à dire, la Comtesse de GUERLIN*) has handed to me these little *billets*. They bear, I think, your name, and a promise to pay, *de vue*, twenty-five hundred francs. *Pas grand chose, but les affaires me pressent beaucoup. Je vous attend, Monsieur.*'

'The wife of Colonel DUPREZ? Impossible!'

'*Vous croyez, Monsieur?*' And the colonel plays with his moustache.

In despair, Mr. FUDGE asks if the colonel can wait until to-morrow.

'With the greatest pleasure.' And the colonel withdraws, leaving our pleasant hero in a very excited condition. Twenty-five hundred francs are not so very much: but to be so deceived! Surely the countess can be no party to this imposition. And he is the more confirmed in this opinion by the present receipt of a delicate note, in the handwriting of his 'distressed countess.'

'She fears that *monstre*, the colonel, has importuned him; has told him — all, perhaps! Oh! the false-heartedness and vexations of the world! Poor, trusting woman! her tears blind her as she writes. Do not, dear Mr. FUDGE, be disturbed. — *A bientôt. — Marie de GUERLIN.*'

And very soon it is that the charming *coupé* stops at the door of Mr. FUDGE's hotel, not, as formerly, to command the attendance of our hero; but, in the grief of the late disclosure, the countess worthily abandons her pride, and finds her way in person to the apartment of our excited cousin. Never before had Mr. FUDGE taken such pride in the elaborate elegance of his salon; never before had his mirrors reflected such distinguished presence.

And the countess is bewitchingly dressed: such gloves; such a delicately-fitted boot and waist; such a coy, half-yielding of the veil! Poor WASHINGTON!

'And, *mon cher VASH.*, the colonel has been here?'

'Yes, Madame la Comtesse.'



'*Monstre!*—and he has told you —'

'A very queer story, Madame.'

'*Ah, mon Dieu! Que je suis malheureuse!*' and the pretty veiled head falls upon the pretty gloved hands, as if tears were being shed.

WASHINGTON is sympathetic, and his tones show it.

'*Ah, mon cher!*' says the countess, recovering, and walking up and down in a very excited, but very dramatic manner, 'it is too much! too much! He has taken all—all but this poor heart, [a dainty glove presses pleadingly upon the heaving bosom,] this poor heart—he has not—oh no, no, *mon cher Monsieur!*'

WASH. FUDGE is sympathetic, and takes her hand—a charming little hand! 'Can he do nothing for his dear countess?'

'She fears not: even her jewels are to be sold.'

WASH. FUDGE says her jewels shall not be sold.

She does not hear him. 'My dear mother's jewels'——

'They shall not be sold: I will save them!' says WASH., excitedly.

'*Ah, quel bon cour!*' and the countess looks fondly and gratefully upon poor WASH.

And poor WASH. is failing fast; and the tears gather in the eyes of the countess; and she hides them: she can hide them only by dropping her head upon the shoulder of our suffering hero.

Now just as WASHINGTON FUDGE found himself in this very affecting attitude, the door was suddenly opened, (as doors open in melo-dramas,) and there appeared the figure of Colonel DUPREZ!

The countess shrieked. The colonel looked—iron. Yet he was generous. WASHINGTON allowed it; although an aggrieved man, he showed great magnanimity. He led away the countess in a drooping condition. He turned a last look upon the horrified young FUDGE—a look of marble, which was worse, even, than the iron one.

He sent a friend to Mr. FUDGE to arrange a meeting for the next day in the Bois de Boulogne.

This did not leave pleasant matter for reflection with our young friend. It is my opinion that New-York fashionable education does not cultivate those powers of observation which contemplate gaily a possibility of death, even with broad-swords, or duelling-pistols. And yet, judging from the small-sized limbs belonging to most of the present habitués of Broadway, one might suppose they could allow themselves to be shot at from an honorable distance with perfect impunity. Mr. WASHINGTON FUDGE showed no appreciation of this advantage of person.

I cannot say that he slept soundly. It was a capital thing to boast of, provided he should escape. What a thing to tell down at Bassford's, on his return; or at the New-York Club; or to mention incidentally and apologetically at the Spindles's—those elegant people, who had made considerable capital out of a challenge once sent by a third cousin of theirs to Colonel MAGLOSHKY! What a thing to hint at, as a trifling occurrence, when dining in company with the tall Captain GOHARDY, of Governor's Island!

It has often been a wonder to me what would be precisely the sensations of a man of no very strong nerve, in anticipation of standing up to be shot at. They can hardly be pleasant. There may be a wild sort

of satisfaction in shooting at a brutal fellow who has injured you; but for him to have a shot at you is a different matter. It is a rational admission, so far as there is any rationality in it, that your lives are on a par, and that your own is quite as worthless as his. This, indeed, may well happen; but, so far as my observation goes, it is not currently recognized: most of us possess an instinctive and weakly leaning toward the belief that our own lives are comparatively invaluable. WASHINGTON FUDGE had long nursed this fancy, in a subdued and quiet way.

It is a very brave thing to fight a duel, but uncomfortable. If a man could be sure of a ball in the right quarter—say the fleshy part of the arm, or of the thigh, or a grazing shot upon one of the ribs; or, indeed, a ball plump through the heart; or no hit at all—it would be well enough. But it is not pleasant to anticipate (especially if one has a slight acquaintance with anatomy) a bullet in the shoulder-joint, occasioning infinite pain, and a crippled limb for life: or a ball in the hip, badly scratching the femoral artery, and bloating up into aneurisms, or one in the abdomen, is disagreeable to think of; or in the articulation of the lower jaw, splintering bones of importance; or one in the lungs, producing great wheezing and weak wind for the residue of life; or in the stomach, allowing much gastric juice to escape, and spoiling all thought of dinners for ever.

It is much the same thing with the short-sword; there is no determining in advance what particular spot our antagonist will select for a home-thrust; and under the short-sword excitement, he may be quite as apt to 'stamp the vitals' as any other part.

I must confess that I am no duel-theorist. In the place of my cousin WASH. FUDGE, (which, however, I should cautiously have avoided,) I think I should have declined fighting, considering that if my life were worth any thing either to SOLOMON, Mrs. PHOEBE, WILHELMINA, or the world in general, or self in particular, it was worth more than that of any such antagonist. As for insults, the man who insults without reason is either good subject for information, or he is beneath explanations, either by tongue or pistol. Should he commit assault, why then I have a theory that self-defence is quite justifiable, even to the use of very effective weapons—very effectively used. This may not be altogether Peace doctrine, but it is FUDGE doctrine, and altogether human.

Howbeit, WASH. was not strong enough or bold enough to have the world speak ill of him; and although trembling in his shoes at the bare thought of Colonel DUPREZ and a broad-sword or a pistol, he trembled still more at the thought of the SPINDLES and the PINKERTONS; and he determined to go out.

It was a dull, gray morning which followed upon the arrangement of the meeting, and which was to precede the final catastrophe. At least, our friend WASH. said it was a dull, gray morning, in his letter; and such times are apt to be of a dull gray. It was a dull, gray evening, if I remember rightly, that preceded the killing of MACBETH; and it was a dull, gray day when HAMLET stabbed the man behind the arras, thinking he was a rat. And it was a dull, gray day when ROBINSON CRUSOE went ashore, and built his cave, and so on; and it was another of the same sort of days when OLIVIA PRIMROSE ran off with a bad fellow, to wit,

young THORNHILL. And it must have been, I think, (though THACKERAY does not mention it,) a day of the same color when RAWDON CRAWLEY was smuggled out of prison, and found Lord STEYNE in little BECKY SHARPE's parlor, very lover-like and engaging in his manner.

But in the midst of the grayness, the old *Concierge* came up the stairs and delivered a letter from aunt PHŒBE. It is surprising how a letter in a well-known hand, bringing up old-fashioned thoughts and feelings, will often break down the most splendid imaginative flights in the world; and turn us back by a grasp—not of iron, but of home-knit mittens—from the fancy and ideal world, into a world of almanacs and home-affection! Even in the most extraordinary epochs of life, when we fancy ourselves giants, or heroes, or saints, a letter from old-time friends, very quaint, very familiar, very full of our old weaknesses, reduces us at a blow to the dull, standard actual, and convinces us, against our glowing hope and thought, that *we* too are, after all, frail mortals, tied to the poor fabric of every-day life by the same bonds which tied us always! We never rise to be more than sons, or more than brothers, or more than men. And happy is the calm-thoughted fellow who knows this from the beginning; and who so orders his designs that every purpose may help toward the symmetric fulfilment of a destiny which is only ours by the ordering of PROVIDENCE; and which we may qualify by worthy deeds, but never shake from us by a spasm of pride or of anger.

Thus, while WASH. FUDGE was about to submit his valuable life to the turn of a short-sword, the mamma was all hopefulness and beatitude; foreseeing a magnificent triumph for her darling WASHINGTON with the SPINDLES and the PINKERTONS. He was casting up his mortal longings and immortal speculations, upon the hinge of two hours' time; and she, rubicund in her sprawling periods, was enjoying the charming fancy of the elegant young FUDGE in Parisian neck-tie and seductive vest-pattern!

'My dear boy,' she says, 'I hope you are quite well, and have got over the cold in the head you spoke of. It is charming weather in New-York, and old TRUMAN BODGERS is dead; died aboard the Eclipse, which burnt up two weeks ago, and a great many valuable lives lost, which we regret very much, making true the words of the Psalmist, which I hope you read, that in the middle of life death comes and overtakes us. He has left considerable property, which your father says will be divided between aunt FLEMING and myself, which will make a pretty sum for you by-and-by, being eighty thousand dollars, as SOLOMON says, in all.

'The Count TALLE I spoke to you about, dear boy, is ravished with WILHE., and I think will propose, though he has not yet. He is a great lion, and the SPINDLES admire him very much. Papa thinks you are expensive, which I hope you won't be, as it's much better to spend money here than there, because people see it then; unless you wish to marry there, which I don't advise, for fear you will be taken in.

'I told you about little KITTY FLEMING, who is pretty. And young QUID, who is distinguished-like, and whom we know, and whom you remember aboard ship, is very attentive to her; only because she is so pretty, we all thought. But papa met him down at Newtown, where he went to look after TRUMAN's property, and thinks he has an eye on the property.

'Now I think of it, WASHY, why, since she's pretty, and is to have money, would n't it do for you to come home and court her? I do n't think QUID has made any proposals as yet; and I am sure with the *eclair* (that's French) of just getting hom from Paris, you could make a sensation in society, and so have a very good chance.

'But we would n't let this, in case you should come, stand in the way of any thing better, and control your affections in any way, my dear boy.

'Try to speak French, and mix as much as you can in genteel French society. I like your acquaintance with the countess you speak of. She must be a very refined person, and I should like to visit her, which I will do in case I ever go to Paris. Take care of your health, WASHY; be careful about your dress; don't spend too much money, now; tie a muffler on when you go in the damp air. And here's hoping you may be an ornament to every body that knows you.

'From your loving mamma,

PHŒBE FUDGE.

WASHINGTON attempted to leave a few lines for his mother. He went

on very well for a sentence or two, when he grew desperate and broke down; exclaiming meantime, much more reverently than he was in the habit of doing, 'O LORD!' and shed a few tears.

It was, as I said, a dull, gray morning; and it continued to be dull and gray as Master FUDGE pursued his course, thoughtfully, in a hackney-cab, out to the Bois de Boulogne. This wood (for wood it is) is just outside one of the gates of Paris, and is a scrubby, low forest, where one can find quiet places for duels, or any diversion of that kind.

Never in all his experience of Paris coachmen had WASHINGTON found a *cocher* who drove with such spirit and zest. He seemed to advance upon a gallop. The shops flitted dismally by. The fountains, and gardens, and gay equipages, seemed to have lost very much of their charm. And yet WASHINGTON was loth to leave them behind him.

Once in that fast drive the wheels splashed very near the great gateway of *La Charité*; it was open; and they were carrying a man upon a litter, whose shoulder had been shattered by a fall. A wounded man upon a litter in the street, with crimson blood dappling the white sheet that half covers him, is at any time an unpleasant sight. But to our friend WASH. it was painful to the last degree.

On and on rattled the furious *cocher*.

'A little slower,' said WASH.

And the driver slackened his speed along the quay, where a group of invalid soldiers were lounging on a bench, and reposing their wooden legs.

WASHINGTON turned to look upon the river, gliding along placidly enough, bringing down floating weeds and sticks from the laughing country of Bourgogne, which WASH. remembered with a sigh. And over the clanking bridge the hackney-coach rolled on; and under the trees of the Elysian Fields—very Elysian and gay to those of my cousin's taste—and up the long reach of that great avenue, toward the triumphal arch, plunged on the hackney-cab that bore our depressed hero to his first field of battle.

Now, it is my opinion, that the most serious part of the embarrassment which beset the brilliant WASH. FUDGE, lay in the fact that the whole drift of his elegant education and his fashionable tutelage bore him as straightly and irresistibly to the duelling-ground as the impetuous *cocher* himself. It was a very awkward way of living up to Mrs. FUDGE's mark; or, what would be still more awkward, of dying up to the mark.

A man who puts a reasonable value on his life, has a respectable excuse for taking care of it, and for keeping it, on ordinary, private occasions, out of the reach of musket or pistol-shot. But the man, on the contrary, who lives principally for the attainment of elegant, boudoir opinions, has no sort of apology for shirking any demand which the boudoir code of honor may make upon him, whether as the mark for a cool eighteen-pace pistol-shot, or the revolver of an aggrieved husband.

In short, young WASH. was just now paying in the penance of cool perspiration for his extraordinary steps toward high life. And he trembled perceptibly when he landed from his cab upon the spot designated. As yet, no one had appeared upon the ground. Mr. FUDGE sauntered about uneasily. The sky was still gray. The sound of the retiring

coach had died away; a field-fare or two were twittering in the bushes.

No one approached.

Mr. FUDGE looked at his watch, and found it some ten minutes past the hour agreed upon. His spirits revived somewhat. It might be that the colonel had thought better of the matter; at least there was hope; and he amused himself by calling up old scenes—his elegant mother, the dashing WILHELMINA, the pretty cousin KITTY; all which thoughts, however, were presently dashed by the approaching sound of wheels. The sound grew nearer and nearer. The perspiration gathered upon the brow of Mr. FUDGE.

It was not a spot to which a carriage would drive except by appointment. Therefore, when the coachman reined up within a yard or two of Mr. FUDGE, he knew there could be no mistake.

A few minutes more, and he felt assured that he would become a hero or a badly-hurt man; perhaps both.

At least so it appeared to WASHINGTON FUDGE, when the carriage-door opened, and there alighted—the FEMME DE CHAMBRE of the Countess de GUERLIN!

This accomplished young lady was the bearer of a note, which ran in the following very incoherent and distressed way:

'CRUEL! cruel! *et vous, mon cher*. And can you think that I would suffer your blood to flow under the hands of that *monstre*, whom I will not name? No! no! I know all! I have detained him, but only for a little time, perhaps. Will you fly?

'No, for that would be misery to you; that would be cowardice. I cannot counsel that. Yet the colonel is insatiable, reckless. Misguided, unfortunate woman that I am! O, *cher Fudge*! there is one resource. How dare I name it to one who is the soul of honor?

Avarice is the bane of my wretched husband's life; yes, avarice! To that I am sacrificed. By feeding that horrid vice I survive. And you, *cher Fudge*, you too may escape.

'But think not I would sacrifice your honor: *jamais, jamais*! He shall not know. It shall be I will tempt him. Send me only so much as will quiet the monster. As you love me and regard my happiness, do not fail. Strange vice! that the miserable sum of three thousand francs should make him wear the charge of cowardice. Yet such is his debased nature.

'Yours, *cher Fudge*, will be the honor; his the shame.

'Do not fail. *Je vous embrasse mille fois*.

'BEATRICE DE GUERLIN'

It is needless to remark that WASHINGTON breathed more freely; drove to his rooms with the French *femme de chambre*; revolved the matter; drew upon my uncle SOLOMON for a matter of five thousand francs; and was safe—safe for his dear mother's transports; safe for the BODGERS legacy.

Life in Paris is very gay for a young man of parts. Subject to ups and downs, to be sure, but gay. On many accounts it is desirable; chiefly, however, for those of cool tempers and active brains. I do not think my cousin WASHINGTON is possessed of these. I fear he is in the way of difficulty. I have my doubts about the sincerity of this Countess de GUERLIN. I may be mistaken.

I hope I am.

#### SIN'S PROGRESS

WE are not worst at once. The course of evil  
Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,  
An infant's hand might stem its breach with clay;  
But let the stream get deeper, and Philosophy,  
Ay, and Religion too, shall strive in vain  
To turn the headlong current.

## LYRICS OF THE MODERN CONQUEST.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY COPPER, U. S. A.

## CHOLULA: A VISION OF THE PAST.

DAY was dying; and the Even glided like a dark-haired nun;  
Lit her stars for funeral-candles, sang his vesper-dirge alone;  
Wept alone his fading glories, deeper spread his sable pall,  
Till the pale-faced moon in pity came to light his burial.  
Mid his solemn funeral-service, solitary and alone  
Stood I on Cholula's chapel, once the Temple of the Sun,  
Where of old the Aztec Saviour raised his meek and tender eyes  
Fervently to bless the horrent rites of human sacrifice.

Like a map lay out beneath me the magnificent plateau,  
Watered, as of old was Eden, by a thousand springs in flow;  
While before me rose MALINCH, like a warder tall and grim,  
With a waving cloud for truncheon mid the fading light and dim.  
There, like offspring of the Titans, shooting from that tropic land,  
Shining in the swelling moon-light, lo! the twin volcanoes\* stand;  
Cold and hoar they raise their white, sepulchral summits into heaven,  
Like the ghosts of mountains stalking 'mid the silences of even.

Just beneath my feet Cholula twinkled from her sacred spires,  
Where of old a thousand cressets fed the Indian vestal-fires:  
At the sight my fancy soaring, then I heard a mingled sound,  
Indian-horns and Spanish bugles pealing from the Holy Ground.†  
Listening still, these notes historic die upon the ear of night;  
Sleep comes gently earth-ward, spreading far and wide her mantle light;  
Spanish hosts and Indian traitors now alike their eye-lids close,  
And my heart, like Fancy's troopings, seeks in holy night repose.

Lying on my horseman's sur-coat, just before the chapel-door,  
Numbering the star-mosaics tessellating heaven's floor,  
Mused I on their gaze, which witnessed stirring scenes of earlier years,  
Gladsome with a nation's laughter, streaming with a nation's tears.  
By their light I saw fierce CORTÉZ from the coast in fury sweep;  
SANDOVAL and BERNAL DIAZ, ALVARADO of the Leap;  
Saw them gather, ominous and silent in the shadowy night,  
To the great square of the city, in the moon-light pale and white.

Then I heard the Spanish clarion sound one shrill and piercing blast,  
And beheld the city swarming, men and women flying fast;  
Men in panic, women shrieking, children running to and fro;  
Yet no battle clamors reached me from the peopled square below.  
But I heard the voice of CORTÉZ — straight the mighty crowd was dumb;  
Thus he spake: 'With friendly purpose to your city did we come:  
In the black depths of your spirits lies a treachery blacker yet!  
Ha! the Christian's God hath warned us, and your treachery is met.'

\* Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl.

† Cholula was the Holy City of Anahuac.



Then the tawny cheeks were paling; then beseeching lips and eyes  
 Broke into quick prayers for mercy from the 'children of the skies';  
 Vain, alas! One match-lock fired is the leader's ordered sign;  
 Then, mid groans, and shrieks, and shouting, red blood flows like ruby wine.  
 Now they come! the horsemen charging, like the lightning from on high!  
 Now they come! the footmen closing with a loud and vengeful cry!  
 'Tis the battle-cry of Spain! 't is the Spanish rolling drum,  
 Mingled with the groans of anguish, mingled with their city's hum.

Then the mailed Castilian rushed upon the cotton-armed cacique,  
 Smote him with his trenchant sabre, cleft him through the skull and cheek;  
 Then Hascalan allies tore the nursing children from the breast,  
 Swung them twice with whirling arms, dashed them down with savage zest,  
 Till I rose and cried in horror: 'Shall this bloody butchery last?  
 Once again a bugle sounded, long and loud, a lordly blast;  
 'Santiago y España!' cried I, leaping from my dream:  
 Lo! the stars and moon had vanished, and I saw the sun's first beam

'T was our bugle — there lay Puebla, shining in the early day;  
 There our army, small in numbers, strong in spirit, sleeping lay,  
 Like a lion gorged and sleeping, soon in fury to awake;  
 Soon to spring in deadly hunger on the CITY OF THE LAKE.  
 Oft the vision now returneth of that gorgeous tropic night,  
 Gleaming from the stars and mountains in a pure historic light;  
 And to give it form and substance which before was viewless air,  
 I have written and related what you now have deigned to hear.

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## THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

A FAITHFUL AUTOBIOGRAPHY; RENEWED BY REQUEST.

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BY OLIVER SAULTZ M. D.

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PREVIOUS to the meeting which I had with Doctor Troy Ranters, which was the only formal occasion having the nature of a *quasi* consultation on which I encountered him — although I frequently had the pleasure of exchanging a nod with him as he drove about the country with his cow, and was once indebted to his politeness for a bundle of blood-root — I lost a colored patriarch, named Frank Jones. He was gathered to his fathers at the ripe age of eighty-five, and was placed in the family burying-ground on Shinnecock Hills. He numbers about five hundred descendants in all, from those who were able to reap the fields and put a polish on the resistant leather, to the small heads on which the curling fleeces have just begun to grow. Nor is that army of five hundred sustained with less facility from the bounteous earth than the aforesaid Frank was when he walked alone upon it. What feudal chieftain with such a princely band of retainers could say as much? They wield the axe, they wield the scythe, they chop wood, they pick up chips, they 'stick pigs,' they catch fish, they dig clams, and any mention of Liberia is a downright insult. They



are weaned from Africa, as a child is from its mother. They know enough of geography from their tatooed grandfathers, to know that it is a far country, where living is precarious among the tribes, where poisonous serpents and charmers abound, and colored people are sacrificed to the colored gods. When I have urged it upon them to emigrate, and endeavored to give them an idea of the liberal policy of President Roberts, who sways the destinies of the Liberian republic, they have replied that this country is good enough for them. Frank Jones was hale and hearty until a short time before his death; and on Saturday nights, or on training-days, or any festive occasion, he was as nimble with the heel and toe as any of Young Africa. When I occasionally met him with the salutation, 'What, Frank! alive yet?' he would reply, with an hilarious guffaw, 'Yes, Massa, and likely to live!' But Frank seldom waited for me to come up with him; he approached voluntarily, the moment he got a twinkling of me, with accelerated steps, stretching out his hand with a confident smile, and saying in an under-tone, 'Say, Massa, have n't you got a sixpence for an old nigga?' Mr. Jones, at a late period of his life, was prevailed on to attach himself to the 'Total Abstinence Society,' a movement which proved very beneficial to his temporal interests. His mind also became excited on religious subjects at a camp-meeting, and he took praiseworthy determinations in that way; but Mrs. Jones afterward told me that he had subsided from his promises in both these respects; that his spirit was willing, but his flesh was weak. Frank Jones had not the fear of death before his eyes; for he had so long continued without a symptom of sickness or token of old age, that he began to look on life as a mere matter of course, and that he should live to be jolly on Saturday nights and on training-days, for centuries to come. Frank Jones came of a long-lived stock, and it would not require more than forty or fifty links in the chain of his family to reach back to his fore-father Ham, and to the time of Noah's deluge, or forward more than forty or fifty, to reach the probable duration of the world. But he was at last taken sick, and all Africa was inquiring at the door of his cabin how Uncle Frank did. I perceived by his pale lips, and the rattle in his throat, that his time had come; and was not slow to inform him that the things of this world would soon be to him as though they were not. He received the message with apparent indifference, merely shaking his grizzly head on the pillow, and saying, 'Do no', Massy Docky; old Frank got a good deal of strength into him yet.' 'But I know, Frank. You are an old man, and I wish you to be sensible of your condition, that you may think on your latter end.' I only mention his case in order to record one characteristic anecdote to be added to many others about the 'ruling passion.' I administered some trifling palliative, cast a last look at the poor old man, whose face had been familiar to me for so many years, and took up my hat to depart. I had only reached the door of the hovel when his wife arrested my steps, saying that Frank wished to speak to me. I approached his bed-side, thinking that he had some last request or favor to ask, which was, in fact, true; but it was of a different kind from what I anticipated. For the very poorest often have some Will to make, though it is deficient in codicils, and may not task the attention of any executor. It may be the glance of a parting look, or the transmission of a grateful word. I bent

my head low, for he could hardly speak above a whisper, and was almost in the article of death.

‘What is it, Frank? If you have any request to make, speak, and I will endeavor to have your wishes attended to.’

‘You hear what the Doctor says,’ chimed in his wife; ‘speak plain: the Doctor says he will do it for you.’

A smile played over the pale lips of the sick man, and with the same cunning confidence of expression which I had noticed in his well days, he said in a hushed voice,

‘LOOK-A-HEE, MASSY DOCKY; CAN’T YOU GIVE POOR OLD NIGGER A SHILLING?’

‘A shilling, Frank! why, what will you do with it?’

‘Oh, I do somethin’ with it.’

‘Well, well, certainly, if you wish it, Frank; but you had better think of other things.’

It is hard to refuse a last request; so I gave him a shilling; but before he had time to spend it, he died.

It was supposed that he was ‘pisoned;’ and so he was, in fact, but by a very slow poison — that of old age.

Another of my African patients who died about the same time, and after he had attained nearly the same age, was a man who was familiarly known as Uncle Moreau. This was his only name. Uncle Moreau was a native-born African, and he retained some muddy recollections of matters and things in his native land. He afterward became the property of a French gentleman who lived at St. Domingo, where Moreau had been well trained in the science of arms. At the time of the massacre he escaped with his master, who came to the United States, where he built a cottage on Long Island, and lived in much elegance during his life.

When his master died, Uncle Moreau became free to go where he pleased, and entered into the service of a gentleman in my vicinity. He was uncle, grandfather, and oracle, among the blacks. He fully believed in poisoning, and had lost many relations in that way. He had been twice married, *unceremoniously*; the first time to a yellow woman whom he left in St. Domingo, and who afterward followed him; but he was obliged to dissolve that match, as he had espoused Dinah, a fat black woman, by whom he had a large family. They lived amicably together, for Moreau was a steady worker, and never left home except once a year, when he went to the city to see an old friend of his master, Dr. Burger, on which occasions he usually received into his hand a silver piece, beside eating a good dinner in the kitchen. Moreau was fond of flowers, as his master had been in the habit of keeping a handsome green-house, and Mademoiselle Charlotte, his niece, trained the plants about his pleasant enclosures. Following a good example, the old black dugged a pit, and had a few old frames glazed with broken glass, which structure he called a green-house; and in it were a few knotty and aged orange-trees, some geraniums, and other plants. It was a great resort on Sundays for all the colored ladies who called in after meeting.

‘Come, Uncle Moreau, you must show us your green-house.’

‘Oh, yes, yes, Uncle Moreau, we’ve heard so much about it, and that

you've got so many beautiful plants. Them tamarind seeds you gave Holibama has all come up.'

So they would go trailing after the old man, who applied the key to the padlock, and they stepped down, one after another, into the warm pit.

'Oh, dat is lubly! What's dat, Uncle Moreau?'

'Dat? Dat's what-you-call-'um — dat's liburnum.'

'What's dat?'

'Dat? Dat's what-you-call-'um — dat's stock-jelly.'

'And what's dat?'

'Dat? Dat's — dat's — dat's what-you-call-'um — dat's camelia.'

'Wha's dat, Uncle Moreau?'

'Oh, dat? Dat's verbena. Smell.'

'Oh, a' n't dat sweet? Do smell dat, Aunt Viney.'

'What's dat?'

'Dat's Egyptian lily.'

'A' n't dat beau'ful?'

With French politeness, Moreau did not permit the visitors to depart without plucking a full-blown rose, and presenting it with a limber bow to the most blooming of the party. Very much respected was Moreau among all colors, and the Gallic suavity of his manners was much admired among the fair sex of his own race. He always wore a pleasant face, always had a good word, and always for white people a bearing of unalterable respect, from which no provocation could induce him to swerve in the utterance of an unseemly or impudent word. He bore scolding with a stoical indifference, and with the most unruffled temper. His only frailty was a turtle-like slowness of locomotion and dalliance in the perfection of jobs. And this is inherited by his progeny. To this day, if you tell his grand-children to run, they will flap their arms at their sides, shuffle along at the same rate, and imagine that they are making time. Moreau was in great glory when walking in procession, with a blue scarf about his shoulders, at the head of the 'Negroes' Mutual Benefit Society,' on some gala-day. He was the president of that institution, which had its laws and by-laws, and a very good one he described it to be. 'If we get sick, dey take care ob us; and if we die, dey bury us.' His recollections of St. Domingo were better than those of Africa, and he could afford some authentic and interesting reminiscences of Toussaint, and of other characters who figured upon the stage. He could still go through the military drill with precision, giving the word of command in French, and wheeling about on his heels, and to the end of his days had somewhat of a military bearing. He had forgotten his native language, and spoke only broken English and broken French; a compound jingle. But in this respect he was no worse off than many whites, who never make up for their loss by acquiring a new tongue. Such was Uncle Moreau, a respected patriarch, a polished black; and his departure from the stage of action excited more sympathy, and of a longer duration, than Frank Jones. This is said without any disrespect to the memory of Mr. Jones, who was also balsamed in the kind regrets of his family and friends.

Blacks are not apt to be long sick. Although their well-lubricated systems work kindly, and they can endure much labor, and are proof against many influences deleterious to the whites, yet, because they are

easily disheartened, they often sink down suddenly, like a tallow-candle in the socket, and the spark of life slips out of their oleaginous bodies. I have not known many of them to die instantaneously, but disease with them often advances at a galloping rate. The same property which makes their flesh so soft, their limbs so mobile, their bodies so well rounded, their voices so mellow, their tempers so gay, and their laughter so hilarious, causes them to dissolve quickly at the first touch of the Destroyer, and sends them to that land whose climate bleaches the complexion, and where moral qualities shall alone occasion subdivision into 'black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray.'

Moreau was taken with a fever, and notwithstanding the buoyancy of his feelings in health, like the rest of his race, when once down, he gave up right off. Notwithstanding his great age, he might possibly have got well by exerting the same force of resistance as the pale faces. But, alas! his time had come, and as he had none of that tremendous responsibility which attaches to whites, and causes them to clutch eagerly at the slightest chance of life, he was contented to fling up his arms and float unresistingly down the stream. His green-house was soon to cave in, his orange-trees and geraniums were to be transferred to another spot, and he was to leave after him the fragrance of a good name, whatever might be said of other people. He knew his time had come, and it was in vain to stimulate him with words of encouragement, or with the hope of getting well. When I found that he could not live long, I asked him if he had any request to make; but before he could comprehend, his mind wandered. He was off to St. Domingo, murmuring about Toussaint, L'Ouverture, and Monsieur Cossart, his old master; humming tunes which he had heard Mademoiselle Charlotte play to the accompaniment of the harp; talking about rose-buds and geraniums, interspersed with 'Lord-mercy! Monsieur Frederique,' and all that.

'Moreau! Moreau!'

I shook him gently by the shoulders: he lifted his head above the yellow pillow and the rags on which he lay, opened his eyes, and was himself again.

'Moreau! do you know you have not long to stay?'

'Ah, oui! oui! Ready — make —'

He was about to wander again in the direction of military affairs, but was recalled. He also had a favor to ask, and I expected that it was something relating to his wife and children, who stood around his bed sobbing. But it referred to himself and his old master. He stated in effect — for I will not attempt to quote all his broken words, which might rather cast ridicule upon so solemn an occasion — that he had lived with M. Cossart many years, and asked me if I remembered that big sycamore which stood before the house where the Frenchman lived. That sycamore he had carried on his shoulders when it was a small tree, and planted with his own hands, and now it overshadowed all the road. 'Monsieur Cossart good man! good man! but he die; leave poor old Moreau. Now he die too. He go see Mr. Cossart — never part.' Then he went on to say how kindly Mr. Cossart had treated his domestics, and gave them wine every day. I asked Moreau to say what he had to say as quickly as possible, for I feared that his mind would again wander,

that he would be off to St. Domingo or the spirit-land. I thought he might desire some one to say with him a parting prayer; for though his religious emotions were never very powerful, he had been a lay attendant and member of the church. He lifted himself slightly and said he was 'much obliged,' that there was one thing which he needed very much, and that I would do him a great favor in procuring and that was — A GLASS OF CLARET! Poor Moreau! It came too late to revive him. The next day he was buried by the NEGRO BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

A H M E !

BY FLORENCE B. PLIMPTON

NEVER were there days more dreary —  
                   Ah me!  
 Never heart than mine more weary,  
                   Ah me!  
 For the eye that mine delighted  
           Never shall I see,  
 And the love I nursed is blighted —  
                   Ah me!

When I wander down the meadow —  
                   Ah me!  
 On my heart then falls a shadow —  
                   Ah me!  
 Butter-cups are yellow, very;  
           Pink is vale and lea;  
 But she's gone who made them merry —  
                   Ah me!

When the evening winds are sighing,  
                   Ah me!  
 When the plaintive dove is crying,  
                   Ah me!  
 To their wail my heart replying  
           Evermore will be,  
 Brooding where the loved is lying —  
                   Ah me!

Oh, the path I tread is lonely —  
                   Ah me!  
 And my heart keeps sighing only,  
                   Ah me!  
 By the dark and solemn river  
           She who walked with me  
 Sleeps for ever and for ever —  
                   Ah me!

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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**MEMOIRS OF MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.** In two volumes. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY. 1852.

THESE two volumes have been sometime before the public, and have served as foundations for good, bad, and indifferent criticism. They can never be popular in any 'UNCLE-TOM' sense of the word. The school and its teachings forbid it. Into this sanctuary of thought but few will care to enter; and on its threshold they must divest themselves of all the common weeds of an every-day experience, and walk in privacy and calmness of judgment.

In style and idea these volumes are completely original. The rhetoric is pithy and masculine; the thought impulsive and suggestive. They are sweet kernels from the nut of Transcendental Literature. No super-refinement is here. Cultivated intellect is married to common-sense, and there is a superlative freshness, which savors of New-England forests wet with morning-dew. The analysis of character is so perfect, so beautifully complete, so regardful of light and shadow, that it is as if we beheld a natural landscape, where every exquisite detail but perfects the unity of the whole.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI was born in Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, on the twenty-third of May, 1810. 'My father,' she says, 'was a lawyer and a politician. He was a man largely endowed with that sagacious energy which the state of New-England society for the last half-century has been so well fitted to develop.' Speaking of her mother in the same connection, she beautifully observes, 'She was one of those fair and flower-like natures which sometimes spring up even beside the most dusty highways of life—a creature not to be shaped into a merely useful instrument, but bound by one law with the blue sky, the dew, and the frolic birds. Of all persons whom I have known, she had in her most of the angelic: of that spontaneous love for every living thing—for man, and beast, and tree, which restores the golden age.'

MARGARET'S education was early cared for by her father, who fell into the common and fatal error of stimulating her intellect to a precocious degree. She ascribes to this, visitations of spectral illusions which defiled nightly before her over-tasked brain, in shapes more hideous than those which for years besieged the Opium-Eater.

She early imbibed a taste for literature—more particularly for the literature of southern Europe—believing her intellectual affinities all pointed that way;

and DE STAEL, RACINE, PETRARCH, and ROUSSEAU, engrossed a homage which a more liberal and corrected taste afterward bestowed upon the masters of English and German literature.

From the school of Misses PRESCOTT, in Groton, Massachusetts, whither her father had sent her for a time, MARGARET returned to live in Cambridge. Here she applied herself to the culture of her mind, and formed many friendships which endured for life. Her reading and study were extended and severe. She was already acquainted with French, Italian, and Spanish literature, and qualifying herself for the reading of German. In three months from the time she commenced German, she read with ease the flower of its literature. All this reading did not affect her judgment, nor bias, in any considerable degree, her intellect. She thoroughly understood the nature and relations of each author whom she read, and never placed him above or below his true standard. SCHILLER, JEAN PAUL, and NOVALIS, exercised a powerful and invigorating influence over her; but GOETHE—the wonderful, universal, and many-sided—drew her by the force of his superior attraction. ‘It seems to me as if the mind of GOETHE had embraced the universe. I have felt this lately, in reading his lyric poems. I am enchanted while I read. He comprehends every feeling I have ever had so perfectly, expresses it so beautifully; but when I shut the book, it seems as if I had lost my personal identity; all my feelings linked with such an immense variety that belong to beings I had thought so different.’ The effect of GOETHE ON MARGARET was complete. She was perfectly timed to it. She found her moods met, her topics treated, the liberty of thought she loved, the same climate of mind. Of course, this book superseded all others for the time, and tinged deeply all her thoughts. The religion, the science, the Catholicism, the worship of art, the mysticism and demonology, and withal the clear recognition of moral distinctions as final and eternal—all charmed her; and FAUST, and TASSO, and MIGNON, and MAKARIA, and IPHIGENIA, became irresistible names. It was one of those agreeable historical coincidences, perhaps invariable, though not yet registered—the simultaneous appearance of a teacher and of pupils, between whom exists a strict affinity. Nowhere did GOETHE find a braver, more intelligent, or more sympathetic reader.

The shock and impulse of delight which MARGARET, as well as many others, experienced from the battery of German transcendentalism, was communicated by a master-spirit of the age—THOMAS CARLYLE. In a series of essays of deep and original splendor, this great thinker had challenged the attention of the youthful world of literature to the essential truth which German philosophy symbolized.

Transcendentalism, in its original sense, was a philosophic protest against the teachings of Hume and the materialistic spirit of the age. In its later and more significant sense, it was an appeal from all traditional and sectarian dogmas, to the direct inspiration of the soul by God. It eschewed all binding formulas, and proclaimed, as its end, the attainment of absolute freedom. On the stepping-stones of patience, culture, agony of soul, solitude, and long watching for inspiration from the ‘wind which bloweth where it listeth,’ its disciples sought to ascend to the mystical heights of rapture and ecstasy, to stand upon the prophetic mount, and catch glimpses of the promised Canaan.

Toward the realization of this result, all nature contributed. Each stone became a sermon; each flower a hint of mystery. Man’s body was the temple



of the living God; man's heart was the Paradise of promise and perfect bloom; and love and poetic rapture constituted at once the sweetest incense and the purest praise. Intuition usurped the seat of logic; and precept and morality were to be realized in active life.

The standard orthodoxy had become divided into a multitude of sects, each of whom claimed to be the receptacle and participant of the entire truth. The division-lines were marked and impassable, and the sentiment of religion, which is spontaneous, overflowing, and pervading, was inextricably interwoven within the meshes of dogmatic controversy, and personal praise and worship were neglected for party wrangling and bigotry. Then came the reaction. The appeal was lost amid the clash and din of contending sects, and its intent and purpose was misunderstood, because its essence could not be bounded by a creed. Day by day it grew stronger, gathering many pure and good into its open and unforbidden communion, and constituting a living church gathered from all sects, and involving the 'spirit of all-creeds, and the substance of all formulae.' In short, it was the inception of a new theology, whose hopes embraced all humanity, whose law was love,<sup>1</sup> whose end was absolute freedom and perfection.

Theoretically, transcendentalism is sublime in the extreme. It involves, as a condition of its growth and symmetrical development, the employment of every passion and faculty that is beautiful and noble in humanity. It appeals, with equal reason, to the heart and the intellect. The graces and embellishments of life are not to be sacrificed to its sterner and coarser demands; nor, on the other hand, are they to be retained as indispensable to a high culture. Affection and reason divide the empire of being, and God and humanity acknowledge no tie but that parental and reverential love which on the one side is pure and perfect, and on the other devoid of fear. The practical philosophy and holy aim of transcendentalism attracted and quickened the finest intellects of the age; and side by side with the names of Emerson, Carlyle, Parker, Martineau, Clarke, and Ripley, who illustrated and still adorn the school, must be placed that of MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI, who, equally by her trustful energies and by her poetic and penetrating genius, exercised a sweet and welcome influence over many kindred hearts.

MARGARET realized in herself the perfect combination of teacher and disciple. Her intellect and soul were open to all the daily aspirations which exhale from the gardens of nature and humanity; and in turn, the flower of her genius and the altar of her heart distilled a fragrance and precious incense which revealed the beauty of the blossom and the purity of the worship. 'The world is the book of woman,' says Rousseau; and it is certain that, much as MARGARET was indebted to literature, her obligations to persons were weightier and of more benefit.

Her conversational powers were of an original and suggestive order. She intuitively perceived the thought and character of her audience, and surprised individuals by this genius of insight, which opened the casket of the inner heart, and revealed treasures which came to one as a memory and a dream. Those who were repelled in the original contact, and those who were prejudiced by hearsay, came at last to be delighted auditors of this Delphian maid and priestess of the soul. Her conversational efforts were the offspring of present excitement, and included a more varied range, a greater depth, and greater life and vigor, than are to be found in her printed works. 'With the firmest tact, she led the

discourse into the midst of their daily living and working; recognizing the goodwill and sincerity which each man has in his aims, and treating so playfully and intellectually all the points, that one seemed to see his life *en beau*, and was flattered by beholding what he found so tedious in its worldly weeds, shining in glorious costume. Each of his friends passed before him in the new light; hope seemed to spring under his feet, and life was worth living. The auditor jumped for joy, and thirsted for unlimited draughts. What! is this the dame who, I heard, was sneering and critical? This the blue-stocking of whom I stood in terror and dislike! This wondrous woman, full of counsel, full of tenderness, before whom every mean thing is ashamed and hides itself; this new Corinne, more variously gifted, wise, sportive, eloquent, who seems to have learned all languages — HEAVEN knows when or how — I should think she was born to them — magnificent, prophetic, reading my life at her will, and puzzling me with riddles like this: 'Yours is an example of a destiny springing from character;' and again, 'I see your destiny hovering before you, but it always escapes from you.'

The charity of MARGARET's opinions may be read in her remark on Shelly: 'Had he lived twenty years longer,' says she, 'he would have become a fervent Christian, and thus have attained that mental harmony which was necessary to him.'

It is refreshing to find amid the shallow cant and fashionable persecution of the day, such true perceptions of the inharmonious relations of one whose temperament was as spiritual as that of FENELON, whose heart was as brave as FICHTER'S or JEAN PAUL'S, and whose defects, and long-seeking for bright views and settled convictions regarding the sublime problems of life and death, are attributable to the sinister influences of a misdirected early education.

We read constantly of MARGARET's enthusiastic admiration of great intellect and great men, and yet she was no hero-worshipper in Carlyle's sense of the term. She did not subscribe to the exaggerated statement that 'society is founded on hero-worship.' She felt, as all feel, the magnetic attraction which adheres to marked personality; and owned — as who does not! — such influence as grows out of the really beautiful and true in human character. But she constantly disowned the imperfection of man. For every word of flattery, she had another of plain, honest, out-spoken truth; and to her clear discernment, the naked soul of the king was revealed through all the disguises and trappings of royalty.

Her nearest and dearest friends were not exempt from this severity. Affection was met by affection, kindness by kindness, caresses by caresses. But then this intimacy was to be strengthened and purified by counsel, advice, and, if need be, stern rebuke. She did this 'boldly and sincerely.' In her estimate, truth was more than friendship, and true friendship she would weigh against the world. And yet she called for equal sincerity on the part of her friends. Truth gives wings to strength; and so, on the stepping-stones of self-knowledge, love, and friendly advice, she advanced into higher kingdoms of perfection, and into atmospheres of perpetual and unclouded beauty.

MARGARET's acquaintance with RALPH WALDO EMERSON commenced in 1835, and was productive of benefit on both sides. The philosopher was stimulated by her genius, and puzzled by her character. He observed in her a continual strife between passion and common-sense. Now she was driven into strange asser-

tions, and isolated positions, and an hour following her good sense prevailed, and established harmony of thought and action. This unequal poise of passion and intellect, giving to the one or the other temporal ascendancy, constituted her in character and sphinx, whose riddle it was hard to resolve.

She had the popular and unpopular sides. In criticism her writings were characterized by 'directness, terseness, and practicality.' What she wrote for the New-York *Tribune*, the *Dial*, and in published books, was loaded with common-sense, and charged with popularity; but her strong ties of friendship were twisted of the fibres of passion; and in her private correspondence, where she is liberated from the irksome decorum and established formality which beset popular writings, where affection prompted instead of intellect, she unburdens her soul of all its griefs and raptures, and, carried away by her abundant temperament, floats out into the sea of mysticism, and of poetic ecstasy.

But we pause for the present. Farther and concluding remarks upon these volumes must be reserved for our next number.

ONE YEAR: A TALE OF WEDLOCK. By EMILIE F. CARLEN. In one volume: pp. 356. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER, Brick-Church Chapel.

THIS work is translated by Messrs. KRAUSE and PERCE, who have tolerably rendered the Swedish into our modern English; being evidently much more familiar with the former tongue than with the latter, which is the more difficult language, it must be confessed, of the two. Whatsoever EMILIE CARLEN writes is true and affectionate, and beautifully domestic. She loves home-hearths and fire-sides like a cricket; and wherever you hear the crackling of the logs; wherever you see the cheerful blaze, and the genial faces gathered around it, you may be sure that every sound she utters will find some quiet human heart for its home and resting-place. This is a story of young married life; gentle, and tender, and true; showing what the fond heart of a woman has felt, and what her faithful pen can record in simpleness. We do not know that we can say more than this. It is enough to create affection for this good Swedish woman's books; and, as that affection will amply reward the reader, he or she will doubtless share our pleasure in the reading of it. It is gotten up with Mr. SCRIBNER's customary neatness.

HOME LIFE IN GERMANY. By CHARLES LORING BRACE. In one volume: pp. 450. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER, Brick-Church Chapel.

THIS is a very fair record of burgess life in Austria, one of the southern countries which compose that *terre qui n'existe pas*—Germany. Mr. BRACE tells very pleasantly what he saw and heard in the houses to which he had access; and with such records, and his own thoughts upon politics and religion, fills up a volume of four hundred and fifty pages. He exhibits a considerable amount of observation; he has enjoyed full opportunity of observing the worthy Austrian bourgeois, and paints them with a kindred and sympathizing pencil. Bating an occasional Phariseism, such as the description of his praying in the Vienna Cathedral, where he believed 'that in all the superstition around me, there were many that worshipped the INVISIBLE BEING *as purely and spiritually as I*;' bating this, the 'Home Life in Germany' will recommend itself to all the admirers of Mr. BRACE's first book, 'Hungary in 1851.'

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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*Up the River, April, 1853.*

'A FEW rare gleams of lightning sometimes dart out of the skies in mid-winter, followed unexpectedly by a rattling peal of thunder; for electricity, vital force, is every where and alway. When not accompanied by all its visible play of crackling light and blinding flashes, it is recognized in the spasmodic action of every thing which lives or moves a muscle — in the beating of the manly heart, or in the outstretching of the stalwart arm. Impalpably diffused, it burnishes the subtle links of all the golden chain which round and round entwines the realms of life and beauty. Passing from the portals of the ETERNAL ONE, who makes the flames his messengers, it has returned and gone again before another pulse can beat, or another leaf tremble. It is the mightiest agent, the subtlest essence, the very archangel with wings of fire to set in motion the material universe. Breathing, we feel it, as it is wafted through the arteries, and illuminates the dark alleys of the blood. We are invested with its halo; it oozes out of the finger-ends; and every human being is a golden bowl, a censer full of this undying fire, kindled when man became a living soul. How strange that for so many ages it should have been a secret emissary, accomplishing the circuit of all space, and reporting to no one but God that it had been on a journey! For the waves murmur audibly at our feet, and we walk at the very bottom of that mobile and transparent ocean of air which rolls in many a shifting tide above our heads, and these impress more constantly with their material presence. But for the molten globules of that subtle flood which glibly rolls about all space, men scarcely marked till yesterday the action of its silent, steady, operative current. They knew it only in its grandeur and terrific might, and not in its continual and immutable laws. Now we never see a sudden flash, except to think with admiration of that new PROMETHEUS who stood beneath the surcharged cloud, holding in his hand, as it were, the key of knowledge, wherewith to unlock the dark pavilion where it had been enshrined so long, and light a torch from heaven. He sent his child-like missive to the skies, and received answer in a thrilling spark. That key was a master-piece of bold conception, and when it turned the bolt, revealed with startling flash the secrets of the Universe, the untold mysteries of the Past. And where is that key of the great Bastile of Nature, wrested in that mighty revolution of science, which imprisoned the fiery spirits held by the same timid

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despotism of ignorance which chained GALILEO and made the earth stand still! Where is that splendid emblem of advancing light and knowledge, with all its wards and bright compartments annealed in fire, when

‘HEAVEN opened wide  
Its ever-during gates, harmonious sound  
On golden hinges turning ——?’

Has it been lost among the crumbling ruins of the old systems of Ignorance and Superstition! Hangs it in the halls of this great Father of reviving Science, to be suggestive to the eyes of those who come after him! Where is the key with which FRANKLIN drew down the lightnings from heaven!

‘Another thought comes to me when I behold the storm lower; it is suggested by the rolling thunder, and it flashes upon me with the flashes of light: the most punctual adaptation of discovery and invention to the immediate times and necessities of the world. As only a faint phosphorescence glimmered over primeval chaos, and then the gorgeous sun appeared above the earth when it had been arrayed in a paradise of beauty, so gradually bursts forth the light of knowledge; and it shall shine only in meridian splendor when moral order has been established in all the vasty void. Thus, when the germ of civil liberty was ready to be transplanted, then, and not till then, did the virgin soil which was congenial to it loom up, with all its marvellous riches, beyond

‘—— the dashing,  
Silver-flashing  
Surges of San Salvador.’

Not till the *Magi* of the East were prepared to follow it ‘westward,’ did ‘the Star of Empire take its way.’ And so, while this rough, uninhabited land was being subjugated, the art of printing was scattering the idea of liberty among thick populations like thistle-down upon the winds. Then, when the soil was ready, and not till then, did starvation, and famine, and wars, and pestilence, combine to drive the densely-clustered people of the Old World precipitately to new and more favored realms; and lest the natural love of country should prevail over them, the all-omnipotent passion for gold urges its appeal, and the very laboratories of Nature appear to have been discovered at the far ends of the earth, and alchemy is at a discount. And now, too, when the ideas of men are quickened, and more think, and swifter channels are demanded for thought, and the press of FRANKLIN no longer avails, lo! the very lightnings which he brought down from heaven become subservient to man, and his ministers are the flames of fire.

‘But I must not philosophize, though sitting in a sylvan bower among these scenes of more than Andalusian beauty, *up the River*. Like SOLOMON, I must describe the natural things, even from when the tender grass begins to flourish, until the winter spreads upon the earth the melancholy pall of death.

‘I was going to describe a tremendous thunder-storm which visited these regions a week ago — one of the most sublime which I have ever witnessed, and unexpected. There are two seasons when you may look for the most startling phenomena of electricity. The first is at mid-summer. When the day begins with sultry heats, without the bracing elasticity of the morning, and through its long hours the incessant sun shines down attempered by no fanning winds, and the steaming vapor ascends upward, and vegetation wilts, and the tongues of panting animals distil pellucid drops, and the small goat squirms on your moistened hand, and the blood boils in the veins, and Imagination, dreaming of

water, water, water, travels to where the surf beats on the Rockaway beaches, or puts into many a desired cove over the snow-white pebbles most musically sounding, toward those grassy slopes whence naked feet descend to meet the flood—*then*, when toward the set of sun you hear the muttering of distant thunder and the sound of pattering rain, look for great exhibition and equipage of the Deity. The storm is often grand and overwhelming at this time; and as we hear the ALMIGHTY'S chariot-wheels roll thundering on around the hemispheric mountains, 'My FATHER! my FATHER!' we are ready to exclaim, 'the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!' Oh! I should love to stand upon the threshold of a bamboo cottage in the tropics, where the burning sun hangs vertical above the equator, to gaze upon the very grandeur of the storm; to see the hurricane tear up the stricken roots of centuries, and whirl the crests of trees like feathers on their sportive breath. For perfect love entirely casts out fear: and never, from a boy, could I rush to mother's arms, or coil in feather-beds; but rather rock upon the swaying branch, and watch the zig-zag lightnings and the bolt strike down into the heart of the solid oak. There is an eloquence in the storm which no tongue can equal; for God speaks with his thunder and his earthquake to a continent in the twinkling of an eye. If it be pleasant to stand upon the sun-lit plain when the gorgeous procession of the summer is passing by, while only soft breezes fan the cheeks, and the sheep graze peacefully beyond the precincts of their fold, it is more exulting to walk beneath the dome when clouds and darkness overgather, and when the tempest is at hand. The tranquillity of summer is apt to lull us into forgetfulness; but the tempest, the tempest causes us to adore God in his power, and to love Him not less when he rides upon the whirlwind and directeth the storm. O ye lightnings and clouds, bless ye the LORD! praise Him and magnify Him for ever!

'But another period when a thunder-storm will burst out with most terrific violence—though more rarely—is at the vernal equinox. This I have lately had occasion to witness. The day was uncongenial, and a cold fog, as if it came from ice-bergs on the coast, or snow-capped mountains, rolled about in the hollows, and rested in white clouds almost on the edge of the plains. After the balmy weather which had preceded, it was such a day as would almost drive one to despair. Within-doors you could not help feeling gloomy in the extreme. No cheerful fire was on the hearth; a leaden dulness brooded over all created things, and animation appeared to be extinct; for I could neither read a line nor write a word; only now and then would open the door, and gaze out listlessly upon the lazy scene, and think that the vegetation did not advance by the most imperceptible degree. It seemed impossible to stir up any feeling; for although it was not cold, the heart felt congealed; and although it was not hot, you drooped and lagged behind the time. It was an apathy the most profound. Have you ever felt so? There is an influence in external things which sometimes produces this estate. There was no sound, no sight, no memory, and no prospective. I remember, toward evening, I was sitting on the sofa trying to read a book, and throw off the incubus, when I heard the wind howl like some beast in a distant lair, and in an instant the type became indistinct, and the night advanced by fast degrees.

'Before I could look out of the window, I heard a noise as if some one had thrown a handful of stones against the clap-boards of the house, and I said to myself, 'That is hail; a great hurricane is coming on.' Quicker than a



word, the rains descended and the floods fell; a blinding flash illuminated all the panes; an elm yawned, cloven as by a wedge from where its glorious boughs branched out from the summit of the massive trunk, and a storm of grape-shot pelted the roof. The birds, driven from their nest, sought to be admitted within-doors. The play of intense lightning was incessant, accompanied by the roll of thunder. I gazed upon the scene between the intervals of light and darkness, and beheld the green grass completely covered with bullets of ice. Then I opened the door, and walked upon the porch to contemplate the glorious scene, and the thousand fiery, darting snakes, and splendid fire-works which were in the sky. Soon after this the hail stopped, but the rain fell in torrents; the thunder ceased, but the skies flashed as before. Then I took an open glass vessel, and baring my head, and walking out upon the lawn, by the light of the lightning I began to gather the icy pellets, some of which were of the size of a full-grown walnut. The grass was covered with them as if it had been January, not April; and I could see that a part of the disc of these globules was snowy-white, and the remainder part perfectly clear and pellucid; and they were collected most at the roots of rose-bushes and in hollows on the grass. I gathered the vessel full in a little time, and it was with no ordinary curiosity that I surveyed them afterward as they liquefied in a tumbler. Beside these, there were a great many flakes and scales of ice which lay around, and were too thin to be collected. In a half-hour the violence of this storm passed over, and nothing was to be heard but the dripping of a steady rain. As I write the account of it, the millers flit around the lamp, most eager to be consumed; the little insects crawl about the dark mahogany, and with wings fast-closed, some miller (I do not know his Christian name) feels with long antlers the very point of the pen with which I write. Another, with spare wings, spare legs, and sparer body—a juvenile DADDY LONG-LEGS, though having wings—rushes into the flame. Now I hear only the rain drip from the eaves, and the toad trill in the tree, and the frogs croak from the distant meadow.

‘There is one marked characteristic of the month of April—I speak not of its fickleness, but of the softly-falling rains. They are not driven at an angle with the ground, nor dashed into your face and eyes like water hurled against windows; but one by one, like individual honey-drops, come down so lightly as not to bend the tender blades of grass; and they stir the surface of the water-tank which stands beneath the eaves with not more commotion than the leaves of flowers which float upon its brim; and it is most delightful to hear the dripping and the dropping, impalpable as the distilment of tender tears. For you do not sit behind a window to look upon these gentle showers, just as you do when cold drops from the north-east hit and break against the glassy surface; but you go out of doors, and bare your head, that a few sweet particles may insinuate themselves into the very top of your brain; and you open your mouth, and stretch forth your hands, and thrust your slippers into the beaded grass. An April rain is like a dew made visible, and is the very honey of the skies. It is a blessing for which the heart of man should be as grateful as the thirsty land. O ye dews! bless ye the LORD! Praise Him and magnify Him for ever!

‘In the midst of these vernal showers the birds sit among the blossoming limbs and trim their plumage, never intermitting their song—the blue-bird, and the chuckling wren, and the blithe robin—and last Sunday for the first time I greeted the returning swallows. They are now dashing up and down the highway as they did last season, ever circling about the spot where stood an ancient



barn which has been torn down; and as those who have been for a long time in a dormant state, whose previous impressions yet remain, they still keep diving into the imaginary port-holes, and through the imaginary open doors, and search for the sheltering roof and well-pegged beams, and rafters, and angles, where, alas! there is only air. Once more they twitteringly pounce into the chimney of my house; but as a little smoke curls upward from a slight wood-fire, they will keep aloof for a few days and then return, because their instinct teaches them that fire will not be necessary long. But catch them building a nest in the kitchen-chimney, which is for ever in a blaze. They do not like the smell of vegetables, fat meat, and burning soot. Swallow is very careful not to return too soon, as the more adventurous of his crew are apt to perish the victims of an icy and untimely wind; but he has yet to learn that a telegraphic wire is not a natural perch; for if a steam-ship is in the Manahattan offing, and there is a fresh war in Europe, or the bells in merry England have been ringing for the birth of another prince, off goes the spark to bear the tidings to the remotest corners of the land, and swallow drops down dead. Oh, *Hirundo*! thou art one of the most welcome messengers and presagers of the Spring. The flight of thy lithe and agile body can almost equal the swiftness of the electric spark.

F. W. S.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — In the twenty-first number of the '*Ollapodiana Papers*,' published in the KNICKERBOCKER for November, 1837, appeared in one of its subsections the following: 'To those who are disposed to glean philosophy from the mayhap less noticeable objects of this busy world, there are few sights more lovely than childhood. The little cherub who now sits at my knee, and tries, with tiny effort, to clutch the quill with which I am playing for you, good reader; whose capricious taste, varying from ink-stand to paper, and from that to books, and every other portable thing—all 'movables that I could tell you of'—he has in his little person those elements which constitute both the freshness of our sublunary mortality, and that glorious immortality which the mortal shall yet put on. Gazing upon his fair young brow, his peach-like cheek, and the depth of those violet eyes, I feel myself rejuvenated. That which bothered NICODEMUS is no marvel to me. I feel that I have a new existence; nor can I dispel the illusion. It is harder, indeed, to believe that he will ever be what I am, than that I am otherwise than he is now. I cannot imagine that he will ever become a pilosus adult, with harvests for the razor on that downy chin. Will those golden locks become the brown auburn? Will that forehead rise as a varied and shade-changing record of pleasure or care? Will the classic little lips, now colored as by the radiance of a ruby, ever be fitfully bitten in the glow of literary composition?—and will those sun-bright locks, which hang about his temples like the soft lining of a summer cloud, become meshes where hurried fingers shall thread themselves in play? By the mass, I cannot tell. But this I know. That which hath been, shall be: the lot of manhood, if he live, will be upon him; the charm, the obstacle, the triumphant fever; the glory, the success, the far-reaching thoughts,

'THAT make them eagle-wings,  
To pierce the unborn years.'

'It is with others as with ourselves: 'We know what they are, but not what they may be.' Time adds to the novel thoughts of the child, the tricks and

joyance of the urchin; the glow of increasing years, the passion of the swelling heart, when experience seems to school its energies. But in the flush of young existence, I can compare a child, the pride and delight of its mother and its kindred, to nothing *else* on earth, of its own form or image. It is like a young and beautiful bird; heard, perhaps, for once, in the days of our juvenescence, and remembered ever after, though never seen again. Its thoughts, like the rainbow-colored messenger discoursed of in the poetic entomology of La MARTINE:

“ BORN with the spring, and with the roses dying —  
Through the clear sky on Zephyr's pinions sailing :  
On the young floweret's open bosom lying —  
Perfume, and light, and the blue air inhaling ;  
Shaking the thin dust from its wings, and fleeing,  
And soaring like a breath in boundless heaven :  
How like Desire, to which no rest is given !  
Which still uneasy, rifling every treasure,  
Returns at last above, to seek for purer pleasure.”

WILLIE GAYLORD CLARK, JR., so feelingly and fondly alluded to here, now sleeps by the side of his mother and father, gone before him to the ‘better land.’ As he lay in his coffin, he looked as if fallen into a calm sleep. We never saw a more natural expression on a living human face; nor could a more faithful miniature of his loving father's features have been presented. The long lids were closed upon the ‘large, bright, spiritual eyes’ which, with his rich auburn hair, he derived from his mother; and the classic lips wore a ‘still smile.’ Mother, father, son — all rest together — a ‘family in heaven.’ In a few days ‘WILLIE’ would have been sixteen years old. He was much beloved for his affectionate heart, his bright intelligence, and ‘his little winning ways.’ He was fond of reading, and his love of humor was very characteristic. In the country, a few miles from Philadelphia, where it was his custom to pass three or four of the summer-months with a kind and affectionate maternal uncle, he won the hearts of all who knew him. He loved to whip the trout-streams and sport in the woods of his relative's beautiful farm in Bucks county. But alas! ‘the places that knew him once will know him no more for ever.’ He has gone, in the freshness of his early spring-time, ‘ere sin could blight or sorrow fade;’ and he leaves behind him only fond regrets and tender recollections. ‘Whom the gods love die young. Better that the light cloud should fade away in the morning's breath, than travel through the weary day, to gather in darkness and end in storm. ‘It is well with the child.’ - - ‘C. J.’ writes us from Prairie Ronde, Kalamazoo county, Michigan, in the following plaintful style: ‘I am angry with you. I am annoyed, seriously annoyed, by the cool and blundering manner in which your ‘Bunkum Flag-Staff’ Editor, ‘WAGSTAFF,’ runs ‘*Our Bourbon Question*’ into the ground. I say *our* Bourbon question, for we of Michigan have the PRINCE on our soil, and we have entertained high expectations of making the most out of this modern discovery. This is the second mischance that has occurred to us of the ‘Peninsular State’ within the current year. We intended to have managed the political relations of this country for four years from and after the fourth of March last; that chance was lost by the accidental use of the term ‘Old Fogy’ by some astute editor, or ‘scaliwag’ member of Congress, and our brave old General and kind-hearted fellow-citizen ‘did n't come in.’ The city of ‘Gotham’ can't abide the idea of having a veritable ‘Bourbon prince’ so far away in the West, and she must needs ‘set on’ your ‘WAGSTAFF’ to make the thing superbly and magnificently ridiculous. Out upon your envy, hatred, and

malice! I shall invoke the aid, for condemnation, of your 'Up the River' correspondent, after his 'busy season' of looking after his broods of young 'Shanghais' has passed. If you had been honest, and privately addressed us upon the subject, we would have submitted some propositions under which you might have had a chance for a portion of the honors, and a small share of the profits. We had just worked this same 'Bourbon question' along to a point, and already had the proposals drawn out, in lawyer-style, with folios strung together with red tape, and seals properly stuck on, under which BARNUM would have been duly delegated and commissioned to make a compromise with LOUIS NAPOLEON, and we, the people of Michigan, had the pleasure of counting and spending a 'large pilé' of French gold. Tell 'WAGSTAFF' that this is *one* of the blunders that is worse than criminal.' - - - It must have been sheer envy on the part of Mr. C. CONKLIN NEPPING, that excluded the following stirring 'pome' from the columns of '*The Quog Literary Gem*.' We take an early occasion to do justice to the talents of the author, K. N. PEPPER, Esq., who writes us that he 'has chose the *hydraulic* measure, because, next to *hydrameters*, he considers it the most effectool:'

SUBJECT: A COLLISION BETWEEN A ALEGAITER AND A WATER-SNAIK:  
TRIUMPH OF THE WATER-SNAIK: DETH OF THE ALEGAITER.'

'THEIR is a niland on a river lying,  
Which runs into Gautimaly, a warm country,  
Lying near the Tropicks; covered with sand:  
Hear and their a symptum of a Willow,  
Hanging of its umberagious lims & branches  
Over the clear streame meandering far below.  
This was the Home of the now silent Alegaiter,  
When not in his other element confine'd:  
Hear he wood set upon his egs a sleep  
With l ey observant of flis and other pasing  
Objecta: a while it kept a going on so:  
Fereles of dainger was the hapy Alegaiter!  
But a las! in a nevil our he was fourced to  
Wake! that dreme of Blis was two sweet for him.  
I morning the son arose with unusoal splendor  
Whitch also did our Alegaiter, coming from the water,  
His scails a-flinging of the rais of the son back  
To the fountain-head whitch tha originly sprung.  
But having had nothing to eat for some time, he  
Was slepy and gap'd, in a short time, widely.  
Unfoalding soon a welth of perl-white teth,  
The rais of the son soon shet his sinister ey  
Because of there mutooal splendor and warmth.  
The Evil Our (whitch I sed) was now come;  
Evidently a good chans for a water-Snaik  
Of the large Specie, whitch soon apeared  
Into the horison, near the bank where repose'd  
Calmly in slepe the Alegaiter before spoken of.  
About 60 foot was his Length (not the 'gaiter)  
And he was aperiently a well-proportioned Snaik.  
When he was all ashore he glared upon  
The iland with aproval, but was soon  
'Astonished with the view & lost to wonder' (from WATS)  
(For jest then he began for to see the Alegaiter)  
Being a nateral Enemy of his'n, he worked hisself  
Into a fury, also a ni position.  
Before the Alegaiter well could ope  
His eys (in other words, pirceve his dainger,)  
The Snaik had envelop'd his body just 19  
Times with 'foalids voloominus and vast' (from MILTON)  
And had tore off several Scails in the confusion  
Besides squesing him awfully onto his atomic.  
Just then, by a fortunate turn in his affairs,  
He ceazed into his mouth the careles tale  
Of the unreflecking water-Snaik! Groan desperate.  
He, finding that his tale was fast squesed  
Terrible, while they roaled all over the iland.

‘It was a well-conducted Affair: no noise  
Disturbed the harmony of the Seen, except  
Once when a Willow was snapped into by the roaring.  
Each of the combatance had n’t a minute for holering.  
So the conflict was naturally tremendous!  
But soon by grate source the tale was bit completely  
Of: but the eggzertion was too much  
For his delicate Constitution: he felt a compression  
Onto his chest, and generally over his body:  
When he escaped his brething, it was with grate  
Difficulty that he felt inspir’d again once more.  
Of course this State must suffer a revolution.  
So the Aleghater give but 1 yel, and expire’d.  
The water-Snake realed himself off, & survey’d,  
For say 10 minutes, the condition of  
His foe: then wondering what made his tale hurt,  
He slowly went off for to cool.’

IN reading the following account of a horrible and sublime spectacle, many a reader's thoughts, we cannot help thinking, will revert, as ours have done, to the wreck of the PRESIDENT, in the bottom of the 'cold, terrible sea:' 'It will be remembered that the steamer VICTORIA was sunk near Dublin a few months since, carrying to the bottom a great number of passengers. A diver went down into her cabin once, and succeeded in bringing up all her plate; but nothing could induce him to go down a second time — not all the riches at the bottom of the sea. The diver says that on entering the cabin he thought he was in a wax-work exhibition; for the corpses had evidently not moved from their position since the vessel sank. There were some eighteen or twenty persons in the cabin, one and all of whom, although dead for days, seemed to be holding conversation with each other; and the general appearance of the whole scene was so life-like, that the diver was almost inclined to believe that some of them were living. From their various positions and countenance, he thinks they could have had no idea of the disaster which was hastening them on to so untimely an end. He could not be induced to repeat his visit, although offered large sums to renew the search. - - - 'I was amused with the experience of a clerical friend of mine,' writes a new correspondent, 'in his first essays to tie the 'knot divine.' 'I had nursed,' said he, 'my first case very carefully; had published the banns in due form for three successive Sundays; had studied the service thoroughly, so as to be entirely *au fait*; and had even had a rehearsal of his part with the love sick swain, in my study, explaining to him the ceremonies, responses, etc., until I was quite sure he would be able to appear creditably on the occasion. To 'make assurance doubly sure,' however, I requested him to take an early opportunity to study the service over with his intended; and as he had no prayer-book, lent him a very choice one, which I had in my little library, and informed him that I should endeavor to be punctual to the hour appointed, and hoped that I should find him and his beloved fully prepared. The day came, and just as I was leaving for the residence of the bride-elect, my prayer-book was returned to me, with a dirty scrawl wrapped around it, to the following effect:

“ SIR: the gal and me has concluded not to be married your way. The old man says Elder JONES is got better, and thinks he will do the job for us just as well. JAMES B. BROWN

‘My next case was still more provoking. As I was entering the church for morning service, I was accosted by a young man with: ‘Are you the elder of this meeting-house?’ I replied that I was the rector; and as he seemed to hesitate, I asked him if I could do any thing for him! Blushing, he handed me a

paper containing a notice of intention of marriage, and requested me to read it to the congregation, which I accordingly did, closing with the usual form, 'This is the first time of asking.' The two following Sundays the notice was repeated, and I then expected, of course, a summons to the marrying, and besides enjoying a feast of cake and fat things, to pocket, in anticipation, a handsome fee. On coming out of church, after giving notice the third time, one of my parishioners touched me on the shoulder, and, drawing me aside, said: 'I observe that you publish the banns of Miss A. and Mr. B. week after week. Perhaps you don't know that they have been married for nearly three weeks.' This was a damper to my expectations, you may be sure. The sly rogue, impatient of delay, had given his notice to three clergymen on the same day, had married and returned home from the honey-moon trip, before I knew any thing about it! - - - 'Knowing our friendship for little people,' sundry of our friends and correspondents in divers places have sent us several pleasant anecdotes connected with their artless ways, a few of which we present in this juvenile subsection of our desultory 'Gossipry.' They represent children-lovers in the east and the west, the north and the south:

'THE sayings of the 'little folk' in recent numbers of your 'EDITOR'S TABLE,' revive many recollections, which tempt the recital of what otherwise would have remained unwritten. Surely naught but good can come of the distribution of those wisdom-drops from the lips of those who were called to His presence because 'of such was the kingdom of heaven.' Has your experience in watching the development of those flowers of eternity never informed you that the child's year of all others richest in graces of body and mind is the *fifth*? Mine has. I well remember how often, when my boy was at that age, the clear look of the large, round eyes, that seemed to mirror heaven, and the few simple words from the frank lips, told like a rebuke upon some light word or act of the parent. And now his sister has reached that most interesting period, so rich with lessons worth heeding.

'We live in the country, and our neighborhood is measured by miles, not 'blocks.' One winter-evening, not long ago, while the family were, as usual, gathered around the centre-table, a neighbor drove up, and entering soon with hearty friendliness, had KITTY on his knee. 'Come, KITTY,' said he, 'won't you go home and live with me?' The child looked up in his face; the golden curls fell backward to her shoulders; and her deep-blue eyes met his, as she answered: 'God gave me to this house.'

'The tone was simple as the words, and the silvery voice was childhood's; yet, for a moment the sounds seemed as if wafted from a far-off world where angels only dwelt. A shadow — no, not a shadow, but a sober brightness, as of something profound and holy — was cast over the meditative mood of the dwellers in 'this house;' and every heart within it swelled with gratitude for the great God's gift.

'KITTY still calls my daily trip into town 'going down-town,' as when we lived 'up-town. The other day, she was sitting alone with me in the library, and, as usual, on my knee; when, after a moment's reflection, she threw the brightness of her blue eyes into mine, and said: 'Do you get time to say your prayers down-town, Papa?' 'HEAVEN bless thee, child! No! no! Too little time is taken in the turmoil of 'down-town' for breathing a prayer to HEAVEN for its blessing on our work!'

'Not long since, I was on a visit to a sister, whose home is made joyous by the presence of three bright-eyed 'wee things,' whose unceasing chatter makes sweet household-music. I arrived in the early evening, just in time to hear their sweet good-night; and in the morning with the lark I heard their frolic voices. I was soon among them. It was one of those gorgeous autumnal mornings which sometimes kiss the fading brow of October. As I descended to the parlor, 'How do you do, Uncle?' was the united cry; when a dear little girl of four smiling summers caught me by the hand, and hanging fondly thereby, raised her bright eyes, and, with a half tearful expression, said: 'I am so sorry, Uncle, that you staid so long in your room!' 'Why, my dear?' said I. 'Oh dear, it's all gone now!' she replied; 'but I do wish you had been up early, for the Morning made the sky look so beautiful when the Night went to bed!'

'A friend told me the following as having occurred under her own eye; and well does it illus-

trate that false dignity which is too often assumed by those who wear the vesture of the pulpit in their intercourse with the people of their charge. Door-bell rings : the Rev. Mr. — is introduced to the family-room, where three children are busily engaged at play, snuggled in the corner of the room, the mother diligently engaged in sewing. She rises to meet 'the minister,' and salutes him, while he, with lofty, cold, repulsive dignity, says : 'Good-morning, Mrs. —, are you well to-day?' And as dignifiedly takes a seat. After a moment's pause, he says, in the same unbending, unfamiliar manner : 'I trust, Madam, that you have been well since I saw you last?' 'Thank you, Sir, quite well.' A brief pause. 'I hope your family have been, and are, in health?' 'Well, I thank you, aside from the ordinary sickness of children.' Another pause. 'I trust that you have found consolation and rejoicing since my last visit?' etc., etc. And thus passed away some ten or fifteen minutes ; the children all the while having suspended their play with a kind of indescribable fear, which children only can look ; first glancing wonderingly at each other, and inquiringly at the mother. Rising to depart, with the same unrelaxing dignity, the clergyman said : 'I leave my blessing with you and your family, Mrs. —, and will bid you good-morning.' Hardly had the door closed, when a little boy of four years ran toward his mother, and clinging tightly to her dress, raised his eyes inquiringly, and with all the simple earnestness of a child, said : 'Mamma, mamma, was dat Dob?' I thought the reply conveyed a most important lesson, and one so plain that none could misunderstand or misinterpret it, coming as it did from the lips of innocent childhood.'

'In the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, I used to visit a venerable Virginia gentleman of the olden time. His house was the abode of genial hospitality and refined opulence ; and surrounded by his children and grand-children, I never saw a more perfect picture of domestic happiness.

'It was Mr. P.'s custom to call his little grand-son to his side morning and evening, and on his bended knees, and with his little hands clasped and raised to heaven, teach him to utter the simple prayers appropriate to lisping infancy. One morning, the good old gentleman ventured to instruct him in the Lord's Prayer ; he had advanced most successfully as far as the petition, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' when little WILLIE looked up, his eye sparkling with animation and delight, and exclaimed : 'O! Gan-pa, put some butter on it!' Even the gravity of my venerable friend yielded to this assault.'

'I know a family very strict in religious observances—evening prayer, grace before meat, etc. On a recent absence of the parents, grand-ma (who makes no pretence to piety) presided at the tea-table. Observing the silence, MARY C —, a very tiny girl, whispered : 'Grand-ma, I can say grace.' Permission being given, little MARY put her hands together, closed her eyes, and with an air of great sanctity and gravity, repeated the following :

'Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep :  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take.'

'SEEING in one of the numbers of the KNICKERBOCKER an extract from the letter of a lady, giving an account of a very characteristic prayer by her little brother, I was reminded of one by my little flaxen-haired nephew, which will serve, like that, as an *entremét* to your monthly feast. The family, I must premise, consists of the grand-mother, my brother and his wife, two children, myself, and a dog yclept 'FANNY ELSSLER.' Last summer, the little three-year-old boy lay in his bed chattering away to himself : at last he paused, and clasping his chubby hands together, began : 'Lord bless gran'ma, and make her a good gran'ma ; Lord bless papa, and make him a good papa ; Lord bless ma'ma, and make her a good ma'ma ; Lord bless Aunt M —, and make her a good Aunt M — ; Lord bless 'TOOTY,' [his way of calling his little sister Lucy,] 'and make her a good 'TOOTY ;' Lord bless 'FAN,' and make her a good 'FAN.'

'The little fellow evidently is a believer in the doctrine that dogs possess souls, the 'philosophers' to the contrary notwithstanding.'

WITH all his faults, it has always seemed to us that there was much to admire in the stern severity of CROMWELL. That he was a hypocrite, with murder in his smile ; a formalist in religion, with no genuine piety in his soul ; a hater of royalty while secretly desiring to grasp the sceptre and the crown, no impartial reader of his eventful life can for a moment deny. But there was something almost approaching the sublime in the stern severity of the man—in the fearlessness of his great soul. Common minds withered before its fierce influence ; great minds bowed themselves before that iron will, in whose path-



way no difficulty dared to lurk. These thoughts have been suggested by reading CROMWELL's speech on dissolving the Long Parliament, which may be found in the Parliamentary Debates. We have never met with it elsewhere; and think it will be new to a great majority of our readers. It is a fine specimen of the rude, vigorous eloquence of this singular man, and so characteristic that it must remove all doubts as to its being genuine:

'It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which ye have dishonored by your contempt of all virtue, and defiled by your practice of every vice. Ye are a factious crew, and enemies to all good government. Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches, and would, like ESAU, sell your country for a mess of pottage, and like JUDAS, betray your God for a few pieces of silver. Is there a single virtue now remaining among you? Is there one vice ye do not possess? Ye have no more religion than my horse. Gold is your god. Which of you has not bartered away your conscience for bribes? Is there a man among you that hath the least care for the good of the commonwealth? Ye sordid prostitutes! have ye not defiled the sacred place, and turned the Lord's temple into a den of thieves? By your immoral principles and wicked practices, ye have grown intolerably odious to a whole nation. You who were deputed here by the people to get their grievances redressed, are yourselves become the greatest grievance. Your country, therefore, calls upon me to cleanse this Augean stable by putting a final period to your iniquitous proceedings in this House, and which, by God's help, and the strength He has given me, I now intend to do. I command you, therefore, upon the peril of your lives, to depart immediately out of this place! Go! Get you out! Make haste! Ye venal slaves, begone! Take away that shining bauble there, the Speaker's mace, and lock up the doors!'

Wasn't *that* a 'moving speech!'—and can any one wonder after this that the Parliament 'vamosed the ranch?' We think we see OLIVER following the members out, with 'indignation in 's aspect,' and, as CARLYLE says, 'in those broad nostrils of his a kind of *snort*!' - - - A CUNNING old Dutchman was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature some years ago from ——— county. On one occasion he promised a lobby-member to vote for a certain local measure; but when the measure came up, he voted against it, and it was lost. The lobby-member came to him in great wrath, and the following colloquy ensued: 'Sir, you promised to vote for my bill.' 'Vell,' said the Dutch member, 'vat if I did?' 'Well, Sir, you voted *against* it.' 'Vell, vat if I did?' 'Well, Sir, you *lied*!' 'Vell, *vat if I did?*' was the cool reply. - - - A LADY-friend in Ohio shall not appeal to us in vain for a hearing on the subject of '*Second Marriages*.' She must bear in mind, also, that while we give free expression of opinion to our contributors, we do not always endorse their conclusions. Our fair friend writes: 'It was in your February number, wasn't it, that '*Second Marriages*' were 'read out!' Now, ever since my first remembrance, I have looked upon you as unquestionable authority. Only think of me then, a young, and as I had supposed until now, a very happy wife, reading from your ever respected pages a denouncement of all my theory of bliss; a perfect crushing of the crystals through which—poor, simple heart!—I believed I saw life's richest colors. I have been studying upon the matter, trying to get resigned to my unfortunate destiny, hoping that, may be, no one else thought as did your contributor. But now even *that* hope is destroyed, for another, in your May number, returns a vote of thanks. Now it is n't in my heart to dispute their view of the matter; but then they, of course, are not reasoning from experience, no more than did our little FRANK, who, with a faint vision of his angel-mother playing about his childish memory, wondered, upon the advent of his new mamma, what we were to do when we all got up in heaven! 'for,' added the little thinker, 'I shall want to be with you some, and with my other ma.' The matter was at last settled



in his own mind by deciding that we would 'all sit up close together.' Tears stood in my eyes as I listened to the little prattler, but they were not tears of regret; and the halo seemed to brighten around my heart at the thought of training that beautiful boy for the angel-sphere as yet so faintly comprehended, not by *him* alone. I am no logician; but I know that God has given me a heart that gives and claims an ocean of love; I know that in our dear cottage-home the memory of the parted one is cherished with beautiful devotion, and comes to us like some guardian-angel; a link between our earthly Eden and the heaven we hope to win. I enclose you some lines suggested by the articles already alluded to. It may be that their only claim to merit lies in their being the truthful breathings of a second wife:

## THE SECOND WIFE.

They told me he had won before  
Another heart than mine,  
And laid his first and deepest love  
Upon an earlier shrine:

They said my spirit oft must grieve,  
If I my lot would cast  
With one who held so sacred still  
Remembrance of the past.

I heeded not; my bark was launched  
With his on life's swift tide,  
And earth holds not a happier heart  
Than mine — a *second* bride.

I know that he has loved and lost  
What life may ne'er give back;

The flowers that bloomed in freshness once  
Have withered on his track.

I know that she, the angel-called,  
Looks out from yon blue heaven,  
A watcher o'er the earth-bound soul  
From which her own was riven.

Together do we oft recall  
This dream of other years;  
Nor do I love him less to know  
He once had cause for tears.

More blest am I that it hath been  
My love-appointed task  
To wake anew the 'light of home'  
In which his soul may bask.

MYRA.

The following elegant and perspicuous *Prospectus of a Hotel at Pompeii* was copied by a correspondent at the 'VITTORIA SALERNO,' Italy. The document was printed in two columns, one French, the other an English translation. 'I transcribe it,' says our friend, 'exactly as I saw it printed. There was some uncertainty at first as to the phrase *'Fine Hok.'* It evidently does not refer to the 'stranger wines' of the hotel, but is a mis-spelling of 'Fine Look,' which is a literal translation of 'Belle-vue,' the name of the house:

## RESTORATIVE HOTEL: FINE HOK:

KEPT BY FRANK PROSPERI, FACING THE MILITARY QUARTER, POMPEII.

'THAT Hotel, open since a very few days, is renowned for the cleanness of the apartments, and linen, for the exactness of the service, and for the excellence of the true French-cookery. Being situated at proximity of that regeneration, it will be propitious to receive families, whatever, which will desire to reside alternatively into that town, to visit the monuments new found, and to breathe thither the salubrity of the air.

'That establishment will avoid to all the travellers, visitors, of that sepult-city and to the artists (willing draw the antiquities) a great disorder, occasioned by the tardy and expensive contour of the iron-whay: (*chemin de fer.*) People will find equally thither, a complete assortment of stranger wines and of the king-dom, hot, and cold-baths, stables and coach houses, the whole with very moderated prices.

'Now, all the applications, and endeavours of the hoste will tend always to correspond to the tastes and desires of their customers, which will acquire without doubt, to him, into that town, the reputation which he is ambitious.'

A good many years ago, as we gather from a friend, in a certain pleasant town in this State, a descendant of the ancient KNICKERBOCKERS held the position of Justice. A case was to be tried before him, and he had, as he supposed, given out the proper time; when one Sunday morning, as he was 'getting ready' for

church, the parties appeared, and, very much to his astonishment, insisted that *that* was the day he had set. He seemed considerably nonplussed at his mistake, but after a moment of profound cogitation, turned to them and said: 'Well, shentlemens, I cannot try dis case on der Shabbath; derfore, I adjourns it to one week from next Wednesday. Now, ILANS,' said he, turning suddenly to his son, as the bright idea struck him, 'git der almanac, und see if dat comes on Sunday!' - - - HERE is an epistle from our friend and correspondent, 'CARL BENSON:' and, like all the communications to this Magazine from that lively and accomplished 'Gossiper' and scholar, it will prove as acceptable to our readers as it is to the EDITOR:

'20 Rue Barbet-de-Jouy, Paris, February 10, 1853.

'DEAR KNICK.: Knowing you to be fond of songs and songlets in all languages, I send you translations of two, which I scribbled off the other day. One is a bit of German sentiment, and, as is apt to be the case with such effusions, a little cloudy of purport, though with a great *appearance* of simplicity. I warrant your *other* KARL, (does he spell his name with a K because he is *kurious*, as I spell mine with a C because I am *centimental*\* — 'over the left' sometimes?) I warrant 'MEISTER KARL' has often heard a lot of Teutons going into fits over the plaintive chorus:

#### THE THREE RIDERS

'THREE riders went out at a castle-gate,  
Farewell!  
Their loves at the window were weeping thereat,  
Farewell!  
And since, alas! we must parted be,  
Then give me thy ring, to remember thee.  
Farewell! farewell! farewell!  
Such parting 'twere pity to tell!

'There is one who parts us — 't is DEATH, the churl,  
Farewell!  
He taketh so many a rosy girl,  
Farewell!  
He parteth so many a husband and wife  
That made for each other such pleasure in life.  
Farewell! farewell! farewell!  
Such parting 't were pity to tell!

'He taketh the child in the cradle laid,  
Farewell!  
Oh! when shall I meet with my nut-brown maid!  
Farewell!  
Ah! not on the morrow! Oh, were it to-day!  
For both of us then would be happy and gay!  
Farewell! farewell! farewell!  
Such parting 't were pity to tell!

'The other, quite a contrast, is a favorite French ditty. 'Mr. Crow' is as popular in Paris (thanks to the comic talent of LEVASSOR, the singer) as his name-sake, Mr. James Crow, in our own country. The metre of my version may appear somewhat rough, but I assure you it follows that of the original exactly, and is perfectly adapted to the music:

'ONE day old Mr. Crow, among some high trees,  
Was holding in his beak a nice piece of cheese,  
When cunning master Fox, attracted by the smell,  
Came sneaking up to wheedle him, as he knew well,  
With his *tol lol de-rol*, with his *tol lol de-rol*,  
With his *tol-lol de riddle lol de ray*!

\* Cf. The story of the three aldermen's ladies playing at the game 'I love my love with a letter.' The first began, 'I love my love with a G because he is a Gustice;' the second, 'I love my love with a N because he is a Night;' the third, 'I love my love with a F because he is a Fisician.' It was the 'Gustice' himself who gave the famous toast, at a literary dinner: 'The three R's: reading, riting and rithmetic.'

"Adz! ade! ade!"  
Ya, scheiden und meiden thut weh."

' Good morning, Mr. Crow! pray, how do you do?'  
 ' Very well, I thank you, Master Fox; and how are you?  
 And all our little folks, except my daughter JANE,  
 Who caught a cold quite recently from all this rain,  
*With her tol lol de-rol,' etc.*

' By Jingo! my dear Crow, why, how well you dress!  
 You got your clothes at Paris, now you must confess.  
 With that the silly bird, being regularly caught,  
 Presented him his tailor's card upon the spot!  
*Singing tol lol de-rol, etc.*

' Now, really, if your voice is equal to your coat,  
 LABLACHE and MARIO with you can't sing a note!  
 Pray, tune us something up, however short it be:  
 We know you're all musicians in your family!  
*With your tol lol de-rol,' etc.*

' So thereupon the crow, without being more preat,  
 Began to sing an aria, his very best;  
 But as he had to ope his beak ere he could sing,  
 He let go of the cheese — and it fell down *ping!*  
*With its tol lol de-rol, etc.*

' Now, cunning Master Fox was looking out for it;  
 He jumped upon the cheese, and he laughed to split!  
 Then to the crow he said, 'I've made a fool of you;  
 You're very badly dressed, and you can't sing true,  
*Not even tol lol de-rol,' etc.*

' The poor deluded crow gave a mournful caw.  
 ' What a pity that the duel is forbid by law!  
 I'm regularly choused! By Jove! it is no use  
 To be so old a crow, and act so like a goose!  
*Singing tol lol de-rol, etc.*

## MORAL.

' Of our instructive song, the moral is this here:  
 So, little crows and big, I pray you give an ear.  
 It's very 'slow,' indeed, says an epicure and wit,  
 If you are fond of cheese, to talk while eating it,  
*Even tol lol de-rol, even tol lol de-rol,  
 Even tol lol de riddle lol de ray!'*

CARL BENSON.

'A WORD OF WISDOM,' to be heeded: Whoso travelleth Philadelphia-ward, and sojourneth for whatsoever period in that beautiful city, should 'make the acquaintance' of the '*Washington House*,' Chestnut-street, near Seventh, Philadelphia, and its popular proprietor, Mr. A. F. GLASS. Those who live in GLASS's house will never 'throw stones;' for such a bountifully-supplied larder; such APICIAN cookery; such delicious wines; such well-kept parlors; such cool, clean, airy sleeping-rooms; and such studious assiduity to make a guest 'happy and comfortable,' would mollify the most pugnaciously-disposed stone-finger in the world. Mr. GLASS is, himself, an accomplished gentleman, of the old Kentucky school; such a man as it is pleasant any where and at any time to meet. Our readers will recollect the enthusiastic description given by a correspondent in these pages some months ago, of the wines to be met with at the '*WASHINGTON HOUSE*,' selected and imported by the proprietor himself; the delicious sherries and Madeiras; the *more* delicious early vintages of Hocks, of the Duke of Nassau's 'Cabinet;' and the most delicious 'sparkling Johannisberg' and 'sparkling Moselle.' We remember thinking at the time that our correspondent's praise was a little *too* enthusiastic: but not so. These wines *are* the finest it has ever been *our* good fortune to taste at any hotel in this country; and that is saying a good deal in this 'City of Hotels' of unsurpassed fame. - - - At the National Academy, a few evenings since, we stood near RANNEY's picture, representing the purchase of Manhattan Island from the Indians, in 1620. A long-legged dandy,

with a few thinly-settled hairs on his upper lip, was just before us. Being asked the subject of the painting by a by-stander, he looked 'wondrous wise,' and replied: 'It's WILLIAM PENN *treating* the Indians!' The same 'learned Theban,' later in the evening, classically described the 'Hip-pod-ro-me,' and its popular performances as 'clevaw.' - - - 'In your 'EDITOR'S TABLE' for March,' writes our ever-welcome correspondent, 'BEVERLEY,' 'you refer to a passage in one of the epistles of St. PAUL, as presenting a powerful specimen of eloquence. The passage is undoubtedly very fine. The character of that noble apostle has always appeared to me a most sublime model for a Christian. Combining a woman's softness with the energy of a lion; a woman's tenderness with a heroism and will to bear that no terror could daunt, he passed gloriously through the eventful scenes of his arduous ministry, and then, by a painful death, went to enjoy his martyr's crown. But there is nothing, in my view, so sublimely eloquent and impressive in the New Testament as the simple story of the life on earth of the pure and gentle FOUNDER of our religion. Take away the epistles, with all their doctrinal points, and leave me the simple gospel narrative of the life of my SAVIOUR, and I want no other evidence to assure me of the divinity of HIM whose religion I profess, and 'what manner of man I ought to be, if I would see HIM where HE is.' The Old Testament prophetic writings are full of sublimity, whenever they allude to the coming of HIM for whose advent all the movements of the world were adjusted, empires rose and fell, kingdoms waxed and waned. What can be finer than this sublime allusion to the characteristics of the expected ONE, written a thousand years before the manger cradled HIM in Bethlehem:

'FOR unto us a CHILD is born; unto us a SON is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called WONDERFUL, COUNSELLOR, the mighty God, the everlasting FATHER, the PRINCE of PEACE.'

'No unprejudiced mind can sit down calmly and read the prophetic allusions to the Advent, and believe CHRIST to have been mere man: and I well remember, when quite a lad at the Flushing Institute, having been deeply impressed with this truth upon hearing a sermon on the subject from Dr. MCHLENBERG, then as now one of the finest pulpit-orators in this country. I have preserved one passage: '*Ex uno disce omnes*:'

'LET us suppose that we were near the walls of some ancient city of the East, and were witnessing the march of a magnificent procession just entering its gates. It is a numerous and imposing train; and its purpose is, we learn, to usher into the city a long-expected personage. The arrival of this personage is a theme of general congratulation. We are arrested by his name and titles in every part of the procession. They are sounded by the heralds, written on the standards, and shouted by the choirs. One herald, as he rides up to the gates, cries: 'Awake! awake! put on thy strength, O City! put on thy beautiful garments!' Another announces: 'HE whom ye seek is suddenly coming in his temple.' A third exultingly exclaims: 'Behold, thy KING cometh unto thee: HE is just, and having salvation.' Mark the snowy banners as they float in the breeze, while his name glitters upon them in letters of gold; and listen to the voices: 'Blessed is HE that cometh.' The crowd in the city echo it back, and the children keep up the strain: 'Blessed is HE that cometh! Hosannah! hosannah in the highest!' The procession is nearly within the gates: and now for the triumphal chariot, the glowing crimson, the blazing gold, the exalted personage himself! Nothing of the kind appears. The train concludes with a solitary herald, riding in the rear. Has it been an empty pageant, a triumphal procession about nothing? Just such an absurdity is the heresy that CHRIST was no more than man. For what magnificent preparations were made for HIM! What a procession had there been of prophets, priests, and kings, reaching downward from the creation through four thousand years! What descant sweet did the harp of prophecy keep ringing on HIS name! How did they give the watch-word from generation to generation: 'Behold, HE cometh! Behold, HE cometh!' How

did the impatient Zion console herself with types and shadows of His glory, and sing beforehand, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates!' How did the patriarchs strain the eyes of their faith that they might see Him through the mists of centuries; and the prophets climb the highest peaks of the mountains, that they might catch a glimpse of the distant light! And at last there comes forth a mere prophet; after all, the MESSIAH is a child of mortality. HE, the 'unspeakable GIFT,' whose birth GABRIEL himself came down to proclaim; HE, the WONDERFUL, the COUNSELLOR, the PRINCE of PEACE, the everlasting FATHER, a worm of the dust! Never! never! never!

'But, aside from all prophecy: take that simple Gospel narrative of the life of the 'MAN OF SORROWS' while here on earth; and he must be less than man who can read it without deep emotion, and who does not feel an irresistible impulse that it is true, and that it is the inspired story of the sufferings, trials, and loving deeds of one whose love was more than human, and whose nature was divine. It beams upon us in every step of his lowly progress upon earth, in every miracle that he performed for the alleviation of human suffering. It speaks to us from those beautiful, god-like precepts that flowed from his lips on the Mount. It glows in that incomparable prayer for his disciples, that none but a God could utter, when his soul poured itself out in those touching words:

"NEITHER pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe in ME through their word, that they also may be one, as THOU, FATHER, art in ME, and I in THEE, that they also may be one in Us. . . . I in them, and THOU in ME, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that THOU hast sent ME, and hast loved them as THOU hast loved ME.

"FATHER, I will that they also whom THOU hast given ME may be with ME where I am. that they may behold My glory which THOU hast given ME, for THOU lovedst ME before the foundation of the world.'

'It trembles in that agonizing supplication in Gethsemane, mysterious for the depths of suffering it opens: 'O my FATHER, if it be possible, let this cup pass from ME; nevertheless, not My will, but THINE be done.' It filled with glorious effulgence earth and heaven when the bowed head of the sufferer fell upon his agonized breast, and the cry of expiring agony, 'It is finished!' restored man once more to the estate lost by the fall.' - - - 'TALKING about cats' in our April number, brings us this missive: 'When I was a law-student, and a bachelor, (both which I am yet, although now practising,) I gave my days to school-teaching, and my nights to study. But while yet a student only, I had a favorite female *felis*, which, to the best of my knowledge and belief, remained in my room all the day, as I know she did at night, for then I was personally present. Escaping from the weariness and toil of the school-room, my cat would escort me from the yard-gate to my study-room with the most bewitching grace, purring along as I might fancy a pretty little wife to chatter at my return. Ahem! what miserable fellows we bachelors are! But let that pass. When seated, she would spring upon my lap; then, at her pleasure, upon my table, and from that perch herself upon my shoulder; and peeping round into my face, seem to be quietly comparing her whiskers with my own. After seeming to have assured herself that I was 'all right,' receiving sundry caresses, and repaying them with her inimitable purring, she would retire to her comfortable rug by the stove, and take a nap. Subsequently, she would seat herself upon my table, watching intently the motions of my pen, and ostensibly studying the meaning of the hieroglyphics I was drawing upon the paper. Who shall speculate upon the thoughts of that cat at such moments? But all this seems long since. Since the occurrence I have related, my cat has gone where all good cats of right ought to go: *Requies-cat in pace!*' - - - 'THE physician who borrowed the 'Advocate' to read the 'Country Doctor' papers from the 'KNICKERBOCKER,' is respectfully

informed that another very humorous one will be published next week; and the price of the paper is only one dollar a year.' The editor of the journal from which the above paragraph is taken, (as well as all our exchanges,) is requested to notice that each number of the *KNICKERBOCKER* is '*entered according to act of Congress*,' in order to secure, among other things, the copy-right of several articles now going on. '*The Fudge Papers*,' by *IK MARVEL*; '*Letters from Up the River*,' by *Rev. F. W. SHELTON*; and '*The Country Doctor*,' are secured for the benefit of their several authors. The publisher of this Magazine is preparing to issue '*THE COUNTRY DOCTOR*' in a handsome illustrated volume; when physicians and others can enjoy the benefits of his '*practice*' for the sum of one dollar; and if they do not find it the cheapest and best '*doctor's-book*' they ever bought, we will '*unyoke*.' - - - At the last term of the Circuit Court in the city of Janesville, the gentleman who '*spells God with a small j*,' thus beautifully illustrated his command over metaphor: In assessing the damages done to a farm by the location of a rail-road over it, it was contended by the counsel for the company that nothing should be allowed but the value of the land actually taken. Criticising this argument, and endeavoring to portray the strong influence of domestic habits, and the tender attachments we form for familiar places, the orator indignantly exclaimed: '*Ah! gentlemen, the argument of the counsel might be very well if man was a shark, that gets up in the morning and eats his breakfast, 'smouses' around all day, and at night lays down like a dog. But, gentlemen, man is not a shark!*' - - - '*Once upon a certain time a 'law-suit' was held in the town of Little Valley, Cattaraugus county, in which a strong effort was made to impeach the testimony of one H — S —, whose character was considered rather 'scaly.'* Several witnesses were called by the '*party*' wishing to exclude H — 's testimony, for the purpose of proving that he was not to be believed under oath. Among the rest was one '*BOB DAVIS*,' a jolly raftsmen, and a son of the '*Emerald Isle*.' '*Bob*' was a good, faithful hand, and well '*posted-up*' in all the requirements of his laborious avocation. H — had worked with '*Bob*,' and had proved rather an unhandy oarsman. Mr. Justice SHALLOW held out the '*Testament*;' '*Bob*' took the required oath, and the '*learned counsel*' (Mr. A —, who has since risen to political eminence) began propounding the usual questions. He asked '*Bob*' if he was acquainted with H —, and received an affirmative reply: '*Well, ROBERT, from your acquaintance with H —, should you say that his general character for truth and veracity is good or bad?*' '*An', sure, yer Honor, I knows nothin' about his gin'ral karackter for thruth and veracity; but he's a miserable cuss at an oar, an' I'd belave no sich man on his oath!*' This reason was not deemed very valid, and as '*Bob*' could offer none more substantial, he was allowed to stand aside, and make room for the next witness. - - - '*Below you will find*,' writes a Pittsburgh contemporary, '*a gem of correspondence addressed to the editors of the 'Union' newspaper of this city, which should, I think, figure in the 'Editor's Table' of 'Old Knick.'* The '*correspondent*' alluded to is a lawyer, a country store-keeper and justice of the peace, a colonel of militia, principal stock-holder in some iron-works in Clarion county, owner of three saw-mills, and last, though not least, a good fellow. But let the '*parrowgraff*' speak for itself:

“ *PROFIT AND LOSS.* — A correspondent from Clarion writes as follows: '*We had higher waters yesterday than have been known for ten years. There has been great loss of property on Clarion and Red Bank. I am perfectly safe: did not lose a dollar. About sixteen thousand saw-logs came down to the mill. Kept them all!*' ”

In a small country-town located in the vicinity of the junction of the Chenango with the Susquehanna river there is a church in which the singing had, to use their own phrase, 'run completely down.' It had been led for many years by one of the deacons, whose voice and musical powers had been gradually giving out. One evening, on an occasion of interest, the clergyman gave out the hymn, which was sung even worse than usual — the deacon, of course, leading off. Upon its conclusion, the minister arose and requested Brother — to repeat the hymn, as he could not conscientiously pray after such singing. The deacon very composedly 'pitched' it to another tune, and it was again performed with manifestly a little improvement upon the first time. The clergyman said no more, but proceeded with his prayer. He had finished, and taken the book to give out a second hymn, when he was interrupted by Deacon — gravely getting up, and saying, in a voice audible to the whole congregation, 'Will Mr. — please make another prayer? It will be impossible for me to sing after such praying as that!' - - - We had the ill-luck, the other day, in passing from our tonseur's in Ann-street to Nassau, to drop a parcel, directed to 'Mr. LESTER,' the capable 'first-officer' at our printing-office. It must have been picked up within half a minute after it was dropped, but it has never been returned, although it contained abundant evidence of where it belonged. There were in it sixteen pages of KNICKERBOCKER proof-sheets, and some five or six pages of 'Gossip,' embracing a recent letter from a friend dated at the Planters' Hotel, Saint-Louis, with an amusing story; a humorous poem, commencing, 'I took the cars at Albany,' or 'words to that effect;' a communication from 'BEVERLEY,' another from 'J. F. O.,' and divers little articles, beside, from the pen of the EDITOR, including remarks upon the National Academy of Design, the 'SHAKESPEARE Club,' and the 'Progress of the Daguerrean Art in New-York.' Much good may it do the person who found and who retains it! It is a very *useable* 'treasure-trove,' isn't it? Perhaps a reward was expected? Ah ha! verily the finder '*has* his reward!' — at least all that he ever *will* get. Meantime, we must ask the correspondents mentioned above to send us duplicates of the communications to which we have alluded. We shall re-write for our next number the remarks upon the exhibition of the National Academy, which included brief notices of pictures by DURAND, ELLIOTT, HICKS, HUNTINGTON, BAKER, LANG, KENSETT, GRAY, CHURCH, STEARNS, the brothers MOUNT, CARPENTER, RICHARDS' CAFFERTY, PEELE, GIGNOUX, and others, not forgetting the sculptors, PALMER and JONES. We again invite attention to the exhibition. We are not surprised to learn that its superior merits attract unwonted patronage, both from citizens and strangers. - - - VERY pretty is '*The Song of the Dove*,' rendered into English from the Swedish of Miss BREMER, by our fair correspondent 'CREDIA:'

'THERE sitteth a dove so fair and white  
Upon the lily-spray;  
And she listens how to JESUS CHRIST  
The little children pray.

'Lightly she spreads her friendly wings,  
And up to heaven hath sped;  
And to the FATHER in heaven she brings  
The prayers which the children have said.

'And back she speeds from heaven's gate,  
And brings — that dove so mild —  
From the FATHER in heaven who hears her speak,  
A blessing for every child.

'Then, children, lift up a pious prayer;  
She hears whatever you say,  
That heavenly dove so white and fair,  
That sits on the lily-spray.'



IMPUDENT pettifoggers, as our readers have often seen, sometimes get their fingers bitten in their own trap, by their insolent brow-beating of witnesses. Here is a new instance: In a Justices' Court 'down-east' a trial was under way for trespass in cutting wood from a neighbor's premises without authority. One of the plaintiff's witnesses was a plain old farmer, whose testimony went clearly and directly to prove the charge. The defendant's counsel, a blustering man of brass, after the most approved fashion of country pettifoggers, thought to weaken the force of his evidence by proving idiocy to be a trait of his family. He therefore interrogated him thus: 'Mr. —, you have a son who is an idiot, have you not?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'Does he know any thing?' 'Very little.' 'How much does he know?' 'Well, almost nothing; not much more than you do!' The witness was allowed to retire without farther question, amidst the most uproarious 'skreems of lafture.' - - - 'DUNIGAN'S *Haydock's Family Bible*' does not fall off in any respect from its early promise. The twelfth number, recently published, contains the *Paralipomenon*, or *Chronicles*. If there be any change at all, it is that the engravings are improving, some of them being exceedingly beautiful, as in this number that of JACOB in the House of LABAN, an American engraving of rare excellence, from the burin of STEINLE. Indeed, every new number issued is a new and the best recommendation for those who have not already subscribed, to do so as soon as possible. - - - The following epitaph is copied from a tomb-stone in the Vernon burying-ground, near Brattleboro', Vermont:

' HERE lies, cut down like unripe Fruit,  
A son of Mr. AMOS TUTE,  
And Mrs. JEMIMA TUTE, his wife,  
Called JONATHAN of whose frail Life  
The days all summed (how short the account!)  
Scarcely to fourteen years amount.  
Born on the twelfth of May was he,  
In seventeen Hundred sixty three.  
To Death he fell a helpless Prey  
April the five-and-twentieth day,  
In seventeen Hundred seventy-seven  
Quitting this world, we hope, for Heaven.  
But though his Spirit's fled on High  
His Body mouldering here must lie.  
Behold the amazing alteration  
Effected by Inoculation!  
The means improved his life to save  
Hurried him headlong to the Grave  
Full in the bloom of youth he fell.  
Alas! what human tongue can tell  
The mother's Grief, her anguish show  
Or paint the Father's heavier woe,  
Who now no other offspring has  
His ample fortune to possess:  
To fill his place, stand in his stead,  
Or bear his name when he is dead.  
So God ordained — His ways are just,  
Though Empires crumble into dust:  
Life and the World mere bubbles are  
Let loose to these — for Heaven prepare.'

THERE is a village in a large and flourishing State 'out West' which boasts of quite a philosopher, astronomer, etc., in the person of its principal merchant, a singularly odd specimen of humanity, 'by all accounts.' He has lately discovered the mode in which the moon acts upon the sea to produce tides. This has never been entirely settled or explained until now, and the sage aforesaid has the honor of being the discoverer. He says that 'Tides are caused by the moon squatting down into the water!' The very latest theory 'out.'